

TOM CLIFTON
OR
WESTERN BOYS
IN
GRANT AND SHERMAN'S ARMY

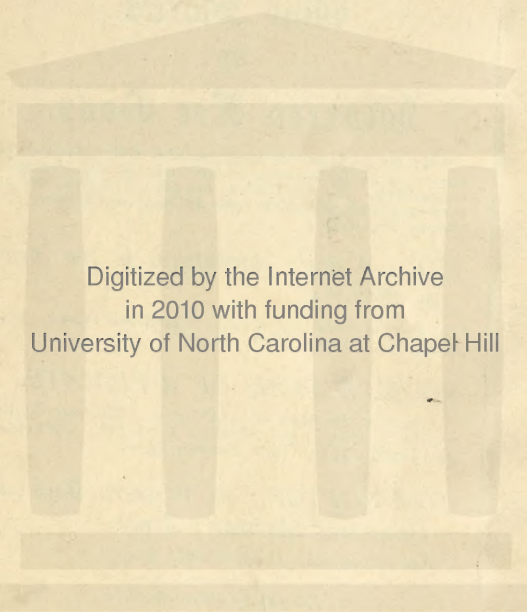
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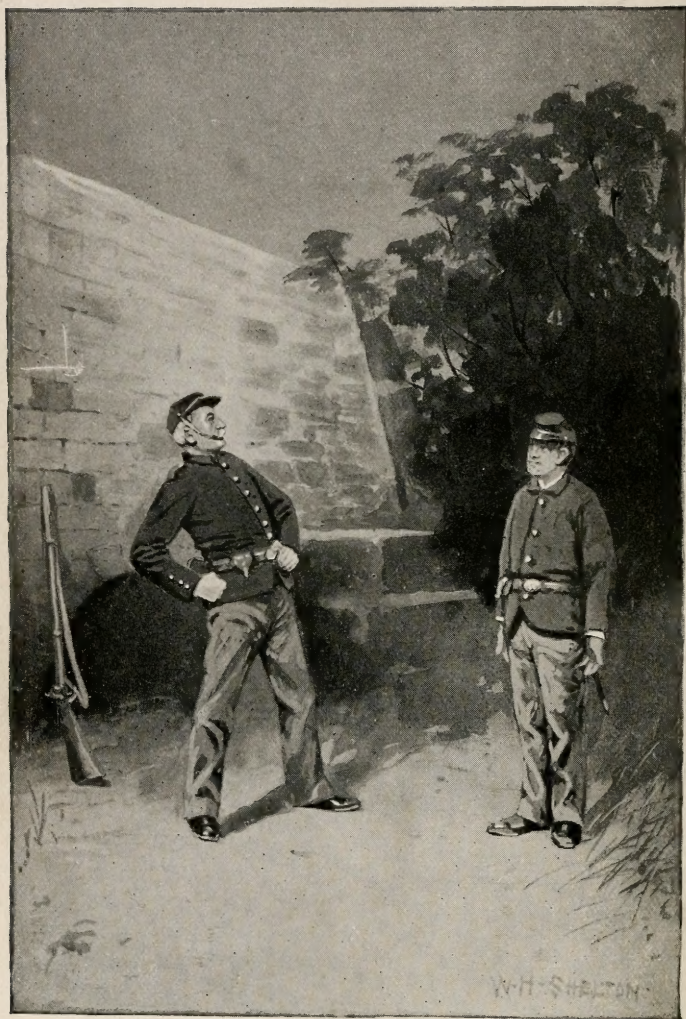
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WILMER COLLE



TOM CLIFTON

OR

WESTERN BOYS IN GRANT, AND
SHERMAN'S ARMY, '61-'65

BY

WARREN LEE GOSS

AUTHOR OF "JED," "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE," ETC.

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145 HIGH STREET, BOSTON.

DEDICATED TO MY COMRADES

OF

Sedgwick Post No. 1,

DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT,

G. A. R.

602931

P R E F A C E.

THIS story has reason for its existence only as it teaches, illustrates, or emphasises some truth or moral.

The author seeks to impress the youth of to-day with the vital lessons of that grand conflict which preserved the Union, — the patriotism, self-sacrifice, and the heroic character of the boys of '61 and '65 by whom this nation was saved.

The most wonderful feature of that great war is, that it was so largely the work of boys; the average age of those who fought its battles being only twenty-two years. To teach the lesson of their heroic lives by song or story is a sacred duty.

This book aims to illustrate by truthful pictures some of the noble deeds that have given to Americans of to-day so much of enduring good. To keep alive the memory of the boys who marched and

suffered and battled for their Country, is to help preserve the greatness of the State, and to inspire in other boys the sentiment of noble citizenship. Patriotism thrives best where it is best nourished, and cannot be maintained where the memory of those who suffered or died for the common good is neglected.

That there was no hatred or malice in the hearts of those who fought these battles, is shown by the scenes at Vicksburg and Appomattox, where the victorious boys in blue shared their food and drank from the same canteen with their former foes, — foes no longer, but fellow-countrymen restored to their allegiance under the old flag.

The writer does not believe in unreal descriptions, for a book that gives exaggerated views of any phase of life is demoralizing in its tendencies. If it seems inconsistent with these views that some of the scenes of this book are intensely dramatic, the reader must remember that war is dramatic, and an actual narration of its incidents must necessarily be realistic.

To his gallant comrades of the armies of the West the writer is indebted for many incidents and personal reminiscences of that wonderful organiza-

tion, "the Army of the Tennessee," that fought at Shiloh, conquered at Vicksburg, and marched with Sherman "from Atlanta to the Sea."

The descriptions of army life in this volume are the results of painstaking studies made by the writer; and its scenes are mostly real.

While many of the characters are fictitious, the author believes that his comrades in arms who may chance to read these pages will see in them a reflection of the faces they have known in their marches and battles.

The author submits these pages with the hope that the reading of them may inspire the youth of to-day with the same love for their country that animated the boys of '61 and '65 in restoring to the Union those States without which the Republic could not exist, or slavery have been abolished.

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“I never did see a boy that hated soap and water as this boy does!”
— Page 1.

TOM CLIFTON;

OR, WESTERN BOYS WITH GRANT
AND SHERMAN'S ARMY.

CHAPTER I.

FAILURE OF SOAP AND WATER MORALITY.

AUNT MEHITABLE was getting me ready for school. As a part of that getting ready she was applying what seemed to me a needless amount of strong soap and water, which got into my mouth and eyes just in proportion as I attempted to protest.

“I never did see a boy that hated soap and water as this boy does!” Here I attempted to wriggle from her; when she exclaimed, “You are just like an eel; hold still! I declare, I shall have to scald and scrape you with a clam-shell, as they do pigs in killin’-time!”

My father, who was the village minister, was reading the *Congregationalist*. He looked up with a half humorous smile, saying, “What’s the matter with Tom this morning, Aunt Hitty?”

"Matter? Why, he gets into all the dirt and mischief there is in the neighborhood; and he hates to be cleaned wus than any young one I ever saw. See that patch of tar on his hands!"

The tar, as she called it, was shoemakers' wax I had got from Silas Eaton.

"The soap gets into my eyes, and the water all runs down my back" — I was going to explain further, when a dose of the hated mixture filled my mouth; and the rest of my protest came in sounds as if I was bubbling with woes and protests that could not find articulate form. What reasonable boy ever lived that did not hate soap and water applied suddenly, or otherwise?

My father smiled in a sad, deprecating way, and, while wiping his spectacles, said, "I suppose, Aunt Hitty, that all boys have uncivilized instincts; they have to be tamed and domesticated, in part, like wild animals, before they become good members of society. I was reading lately that missionaries can do but little in Christianizing savages until they have first caused them to be washed and dressed. It is an acknowledged fact that personal cleanliness is the best ally of moral purity; it seems to precede the Lord's Prayer in the alphabet of social ethics, and it is constantly being demonstrated that little can be done for the improvement of morals, or in reaching the soul, until something is first done to improve the body in which the soul has its abode." My father, discovering that he

had got on his sermon tone, here dropped his voice, saying, "So you see, Aunt Hitty, you are a missionary in your way."

"I don't know anything about that," said Aunt Hitty; "but I believe my soul and body you'd preach if the dirt was knee-deep on this boy!" (Aunt Hitty always "believed her soul and body" when she desired to be emphatic.) "As for savages, I believe Man Friday was twice as easy to civilize as this boy. He gets into the dirt as naturally as a pig does. He and Garrison" (Garrison was a black Newfoundland dog, and for brevity I called him Garry) "are the plague of my life. They both of 'em take to water naturally enough, though, when there's no soap in it, but plenty of dirt."

This seemed to start unpleasant reminiscences in my father's mind, for Centerboro was only about fifteen miles from the sea, of which he had a horror; for he was not a native of that place, though a resident preacher for many years. Aunt Hitty and my mother were both natives of a seaport town near, and my maternal grandfather and Aunt Hitty's husband had both been lost at sea,—my father said drowning seemed to them a natural death,—while my brother Bill had run away to sea two years before this narrative begins. My father had never overcome his fear or repugnance for the rough dangers of a seafaring life, by which, as he expressed it, he was "encompassed about."

He turned from my aunt with a sigh as he said, "I suppose it is needful that men should go down to the sea in ships, but it is a very dangerous vocation, though some people seem to consider it a natural condition."

"Yer father's as scart of water as a cat; and I believe he'd rather see yer chop wood for a livin' than see ye the master of a ship," said Aunt Hitty in a contemptuous undertone, as she smoothed my hair, tied a sailor's knot in my silk necktie, settled my stiffly starched collar (how that collar did chafe my neck!); and then, with my chin in her hand, she looked down admiringly into my soap-burnished face, and, as if half ashamed to show her feelings, gently kissed me, and with a pleasant smile turned me loose.

That that soap and water did not reach very deep into my moral nature the incidents of the morning proved. Of my father's four children, I was my aunt's favorite. Notwithstanding the scolding that accompanied each morning's scrubbing, she, with what seemed to me singular inconsistency, expressed but little pleasure with those who agreed with her when she censured me.

Mehitable Ryder was the widow of Captain Joshua Ryder, who was lost at sea on a voyage to Calcutta, while commanding a clipper ship. My mother died before I could remember her gentle influences, leaving two boys, myself and my brother William, and two girls, Bess and Jane. My aunt

had taken hold to "help bring up the family." She had great respect for my father's goodness, but little or no confidence in his practical wisdom. To use her own expression, he was "a good man, but no manager." He was immersed in books and theology, instead of the practical things connected with what my aunt termed "the bread-and-butter question."

He was in ill health, which neither the climate nor his sedentary habits improved. He had started out in life with some property, increased by my mother's portion in her father's estate; but his liberality to poor parishioners, and want of good management, had materially diminished it. To use Aunt Hitty's expressive language, we were "growing poorer and poorer every day of our lives." My father often debated some means for bettering his health and fortunes, but none could be agreed upon until the incidents I shall narrate forced him to make a change, or, as Aunt Hitty said, not politely, "drove him out of town."

On the morning in which this story opens, on my way to school I played at bendy on the ice in a painstaking, conscientious manner; stamped on the frozen pools by the roadside; sat down in the wet to show the red bottoms of my new boots to Dick Nickerson (for when the red wears off the glory of a boy's boots departs); and then, hurried by my sister Bess, started at a full run for

school, with Garry barking at my heels. I had not been very anxious to go to school that morning, and when the exercises opened with the singing of: —

“ Our youthful hearts for learning burn,
Away, away to school,”

I did not feel that it applied to my condition of mind.

Uriah Johnson, a lank specimen of the Vermont schoolmaster, was the presiding genius of the winter term of the district school. He had promised me a whipping, and I was fearful that he might keep his promise.

Upon his first assuming the duties of schoolmaster I had been a favorite pupil, and he had overlooked some of my most mischievous pranks ; but at a spelling-school, in an evil hour for me, I had by a suggestion made him my enemy, for which I can truthfully say I was not to blame. For a boy of twelve I was a good speller, and on one or two occasions had stood up “to be spelled down” among the best spellers of the school, most of them older than myself.

At the spelling-school in question Uriah Johnson was giving out words with unusual pomp, when the members of the school began to go down before the simple word “hen-house.” I was one of those who had been spelled down, and the rest of the school were fast following. As I sat in

amazement that so simple a word should go so far, and wondering how words could so suddenly change in spelling, an explanation occurred to me, and I raised my hand as a signal that I had something to say, and inquired, "Isn't it *heinous* instead of 'hen-house'?"

The master turned beet-red with confusion, and the girls giggled, for the word was *heinous*. Since that time I had fallen in Johnson's estimation to such a degree that he had ceased to overlook my mechanical device of crooking pins for others to sit down on, cutting my initials on desks, and mortising holes in my desk for confining vagrant flies, and other such uses. So, as I had a new knife, I was driven to other expedients in order to make use of it during school-hours.

My cousin, who was five years my senior, and who had been to sea, had just taught me that if I attempted to open the blade of that knife with the thumb nail of my right hand, while the knife was held firmly with the blade upward in the left, the blade of the knife, by some hocus-pocus, as he termed it, would fly back and cut across the ball of the thumb of the experimenter, in witness whereof I had seen the mark. Not being selfish, I was burning with ardor to communicate my newly acquired knowledge.

When the master's attention was turned to the first class in arithmetic, I whispered to my school-mate that my knife could not be opened in the

manner described. After cutting his thumb he communicated with the boy across the aisle, and he, having tested the experiment and gained knowledge by the same process, spread it along a whole row of seats, the occupants of which were sucking their right thumbs and looking out of the corners of their eyes to those who were getting knowledge of the same character in experimental philosophy.

The scene was too ludicrous for me to restrain my laughter; and after several attempts to stifle my appreciation of the scene, I finally snorted out in such a way as to call the attention of the whole school, the master included, to myself. He took in the situation very quickly, and grasping me by the collar pulled me into the middle of the floor, while I was yet unable to control my laughing fit. He there applied a switch until I "laughed out of the other corner of my mouth," as he termed it.

I angrily protested by showing fight, for human nature is large in a boy, at which Uriah literally "mopped the floor with me," exclaiming, "I'll learn yer to snigger," and then put me in the closet under his high desk and turned the button.

This desk stood on a platform in the rear of the schoolroom opposite the door. There I was left to reflect on my misdeeds. I did not find much that was amusing in this closet. There was a long-necked quart bottle half filled with ink, and in one corner a spider's web. A large knot-hole in the front of the desk would have given me a full view

of the schoolroom but for the fact that its angle of view was partially downward instead of straight, so that my prospect was very limited. After a little it ceased to interest me, and then, curiously enough, my conscience, which up to that time I had heard little from, began to trouble me.

I have often since observed that my conscience has been most troublesome when isolation and suffering have both given it a pretext for making me miserable. From this I draw the inference that solitude and suffering are both essentials in producing repentance. I can remember at this day the pangs I suffered at thought of the mild but pained expression of my father's face, and I even felt a twinge of remorse that the soap and water morality of the morning had been wasted.

This contrite mood was, however, driven away by the voice of the master. The remembrance that I had kicked and bitten him gave me a sort of savage delight. A little considerate reasoning is always more potent in reforming the conduct of boys than brutal punishment, and even at this day I cannot believe that the latent good that is in any boy can be easily reached by violence.

In the midst of these conflicting reflections I made a discovery which permanently diverted my attention and conscience. I discovered that the nose of the quart bottle, if inclined at an angle of forty degrees, would go into the knot-hole. My

first thought was to take out the cork and pour the ink upon the floor below. Yet I was not seriously tempted until the master darkened the knot-hole with his person. Sitting with his back towards me, and perilously near my knot-hole, he called the class in geography. The lesson that day, if I rightly remember, was on the rivers of New England. In any case it was something about the course of rivers, for he began in his grating, dictatorial tones a kind of chant as follows:—

“Connecticut,—Connecticut rises in Connecticut Lake,

“And flows south four hundred miles,

“Between New Hampshire and Vermont,

“Through Massachusetts and Connecticut,

“And into Long Island Sound.”

My heart throbbed painfully with conflicting feelings. Something said, “Think how it will pain your good father! What will your Aunt Hitty say? Don’t do it, Tom!”

As I heard Uriah Johnson’s categorical tones, the desire to astonish and punish him was so great that I was no longer master of my own actions. I felt that I could not help myself if I died for it. He had just reached “Connecticut, and flows into Long Island Sound,” and, as fate would have it, the top of his yellow head was just under my knot-hole. I removed the cork from the bottle, thrust the neck through the hole, and the dark flood poured down over his head, his collar, and

coat. The master jumped up with a terrified yell, not knowing what had befallen him, and the girls screamed. My sister Bess fainted (she always fainted and does to this day on state occasions). I had moved away from the knot-hole as if to escape the consequences, which were much more dramatic than I had anticipated, and in so doing struck the door of my prison and it burst open.

For a moment I did not understand my deliverance, but soon seeing, what my father would have termed a providential leading in it, in the confusion I got out of the schoolhouse, and lost no time in reaching the house of my married sister, where in times of trouble I had often before taken refuge.

To my sister Jane and her husband, Captain Jonathan Atkins, I made a clean breast of the whole affair, and felt relieved at my confession.

During the recital they had both laughed until the tears came to their eyes; but at its conclusion, Captain Jonathan said, —

“Youngster, you are in a scrape, and you’d better lay low till the squall blows over. You’ve done so much skylarkin’, that if I was ready to sail I’d advise yer to slip yer cable and go a voyage with me, for if that schoolmaster gets ahold of yer, he’ll keelhaul yer, as sure as yer live. I’m awful sorry for the parson. I guess, Jennie, I’ll go over and see him now, and spin

the yarn before anybody else can get a bight on him. Better hear it from me than some one else less impartial."

I did not understand the term "keelhauling;" but I did dread meeting my father, and the thought of it was worse than any other possible punishment.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN *vs.* WRONG IN BOYS.

THE reader may infer from the previous chapter that I was what may be termed a terror. A veritable bad boy,—as ministers' sons, in spite of, and I sometimes think because of, good examples often become. It may naturally be supposed that the incidents I have narrated created a commotion. In an isolated inland village like Centerboro, anything which concerned the minister or schoolmaster was duly talked over; and the collision between the minister's son and so important a person as Uriah Johnson became a matter of great consequence, and was a subject of gossip in every house in the neighborhood.

I had been severely punished by my father for my misdeeds, but the worst punishment to me was the sight of his sorrowful face. Aunt Mehitable scolded me for my "capers," as she called them, but would allow no one else in her hearing to censure me.

Among those of his parish with whom my father was not in accord, was Deacon Eli Weston, who was also a member of the school committee. The deacon was very impatient of contradiction, yet

very fond of controversy. My father was peaceful, — not fond of debate, but on matters of principle was what Silas Eaton the shoemaker called “very sot.”

The year of which I write, 1854, was one of great political excitement in Massachusetts, a time in which the conscience of our people was in collision with their financial interests; when justice and right were arrayed on one side, against trade with the South on the other.

My father, God bless his memory, was an anti-slavery man, while the deacon was a pro-slavery man, or one who professed not only to believe in the right of men to hold slaves, but also in the right to catch them when they ran away, and to extend the area of slavery wherever the national flag waved. Shameful as at this date it may appear, a vast number in our Northern communities were of the deacon’s manner of thought.

By the passage of the Nebraska Bill in 1854 a vast tract of territory lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, larger in area than Great Britain, France, and Spain, had been thrown open to slavery, though previously by the Missouri Compromise Act it had been especially dedicated to freedom. It only remained to secure Federal protection to slave property in transit in the free States, to complete the pro-slavery mastery of the entire Union. This Act may be said to have been the beginning of our great Civil War.

Two days after the passage of this Act, Anthony Burns was arrested in Boston as a fugitive slave from Virginia, and the popular sentiment and interest in this subject were intense. Our little town in part reflected the sentiment of the metropolis but a few miles distant.

During the excitement, the fact of the Court House in Boston being surrounded with chains to keep back the multitude that surrounded it was seized upon by Abolition orators, and Wendell Phillips, in a speech of great dramatic power, used for his topic "The Court House in Chains." The papers opposed to making Massachusetts a slave hunting-ground, abounded in similar headlines. Commissioner Loring, a Massachusetts judge, gave the order for sending back Anthony Burns to slavery. This was considered by many to be a disgraceful act.

While yet this question was a topic of conversation, father met the deacon in the village post-office and grocery. "What do yer think of these Boston abolitionists, pa'son, defyin' the law and Constitution, and makin' such a row 'bout sendin' back that nigger to his master?"

My father for an answer took from his pocket a Bible and read, "'If a man be found stealing any of his brethren of the children of Israel, and maketh merchandise of him, or selleth him; then that thief shall die.'"

"Ahem, well, pa'son, neow you don't think that

applies to that nigger, neow say, do you, pa'son?" said the deacon.

"This Anthony Burns," replied my father gravely, "is a member of the Christian church, and is your brother in Christ, and Christ has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,'" and, not caring to enter into further controversy, he walked out, leaving the deacon to consider the question.

The next Sunday after this encounter my father had preached a sermon on the "duty of the Christian church in the free States," that caused a great commotion, because he claimed that this was not politics, but practical Christian teachings which it was his duty to preach.

Said my father, "It enables the political body to which we belong, no matter how wicked or weak, to make any man an outcast, and as having no significance as a man. Man is not the creature of the State; he has rights that date before all charters and communities, eternal as the powers and laws of his being."

Heedless as I may appear to have been at that time, these views made a powerful impression on my mind, and were the seeds which afterwards bore fruit in largely influencing my life, by making me a soldier in the Civil War and a friend of the slave.

The deacon and his party (for these sentiments

produced a division in the church) professed to believe that the minister's teachings defied the laws of the land and the Constitution of the United States. I do not here propose to discuss the subject, except so far as it influenced the deacon and changed the current of my after-life, and influenced the events of which this story is a history.

My mischievous pranks (which were wholly wrong), and my father's high moral position on the slavery question (which was wholly right), combined to produce a serious discord in my father's parish, so that he began to feel that his usefulness as a minister in that town was at an end.

Uriah Johnson was a political weathercock — all things to all men. When he was with the deacon he was a pro-slavery man; when talking with my father he was a friend to the slave.

After the events narrated in the first chapter, the master was very angry. He called on the deacon, and, after assenting to his most pronounced pro-slavery views, interested the deacon in his grievances, and requested him, as a member of the school committee, to call on the Reverend William Clifton and ask him to correct and punish me.

With this in view, the deacon had put on his best suit and his high starched collar, and had started to call my father to an account for the moral and legal heinousness of my offences, and incidentally to discuss the slavery question and the tariff.

It was just about sundown when I saw the deacon coming up the driveway leading to the parsonage, which stood a little back from the main street. On one side of this driveway was a stone wall, on the other a fence, and it was my evil destiny to have a strong string attached to the fence, about a foot from the ground, at the upper end of the driveway nearest the house.

When I saw the deacon coming I was behind the wall, through a chink of which I had run the string. This was slackened and lay on the ground ready to be pulled taut for the entertainment of a certain Dick Nickerson, whom I had invited to call on me. Dick was about my age, and had entertained me in a similar manner a number of times.

When I saw the deacon, with his red face protruding over his high collar, strutting up the road, talking to himself, and beaming with anticipation of the unpleasantness of his mission, in a moment of terrible temptation I forgot myself and all my good resolutions, and pulled the string taut just as the deacon reached it, and sent him sprawling to the ground. The string had broken and been quickly pulled through the chink, and I think he would have never known the cause of his downfall had I been able to keep back an unfortunate snicker at his very untheological and amusing exclamations.

The deacon was a very tall, athletic man, and, hearing my snorts of laughter, looked over the wall,



Tripping up the deacon. — Page 18.



seized me, and lifted me bodily into the driveway, and with one hand holding my collar, applied the toe of his thick cow-hide winter boot to that part of the boy which is most in danger when he is most in mischief, and in this way propelled me towards the house. My father, hearing my screams, — for the deacon's temper and muscle were both well developed, — rushed to the door, and saw the deacon and me coming up.

"I'll teach yer, yer young Satan's deer-trap, yer catamount yer, to play pranks on and assault yer betters!" he yelled.

My father was shocked, both at the deacon's language, and at his taking it upon himself to punish me for my faults in school, for that was the understanding he had of the deacon's language.

"Deacon Weston, why do you beat my boy, and use unseemly language?" exclaimed my father.

"The young scamp has been assaulting his elders," replied the deacon wrathfully.

My father, still thinking that his remarks applied to my affair with the school-teacher, replied, "I am well aware of it, Deacon Weston, and I assure you he has been severely punished."

"Well, yes," said the deacon, with a grin of satisfaction; "he *has* been punished moderately well, according to my age and strength; but if I had had a good cow-hide whip I'd try a little more correction on the young scamp." And he wiped off the blood from his big nose, which he had hurt in his fall.

My father expostulated with the deacon again, when he angrily retorted, "Yer see, pa'son, what your doctrine of defiance of the laws has led to! Yer boy is a sample of the work ye are doing in teaching our people to disregard the law."

My father understood this allusion to his sermon and his anti-slavery views, and warmly replied, "He who attacks the strong, deacon, shows a courage which does something to redeem his violence; but to tread on the neck of the weak is to add meanness to wrong."

"Yer justify this boy in his attacks on a man of character in this community, then, do ye, pa'son?" exclaimed the deacon wrathfully.

"No," replied father; "I spoke in general terms, on general principles; for where injustice and oppression are potent God has no empire, and then, as some ancient sect taught, it is truly the empire of the principle of evil, — of the power of darkness."

"Well, pa'son, I thrashed that boy on general principles, and in a general way, for the general mischief he has done, confound him!" said the deacon, with just a touch of humor in his wrath.

By this time Deacon Weston had got into the sitting-room, where a light revealed his wounded nose. My father's anger gave way to pity when he saw the deacon's wounded condition, and he called out, "Mehitable! Mehitable! Get a basin of warm water and some sticking-plaster: the deacon is wounded."

My aunt and sister Bess, who had not heard the disturbance, came ; and my father's compassionate inquiries, seconded by my aunt's attempts to learn the cause of the injury, mollified the deacon's wrath so that he began to understand that my father had not recognized the cause of his outbursts of temper. The deacon, pleased to be the centre of so much attention, explained my misconduct towards him. I had meanwhile escaped, sore and conscience-stricken at the trouble my father was likely to have on my account.

But for an unfortunate discussion of the slavery question which ensued, I believe peace might have been declared, notwithstanding my aunt was very angry when she heard of the deacon's attack on my person. I never knew the cause ; but the deacon left the parsonage in but little better humor than he entered, yet he intimated his opinion that my father's days of usefulness as a minister in that neighborhood were over, — a sentiment with which my father, after mature deliberation, agreed.

He then made his decision to change his field of labor as soon as he could make proper arrangements.

The day following the deacon's visit he formally took me from school, apologizing for my misdeeds ; and on the Sunday following announced to his church his purpose to leave the parish of which, for twenty-five years, he had had charge. He did not decide to what place he should remove, until,

during the next week, he received the following letter from my Uncle John, written at St. Paul, Minnesota: —

ST. PAUL, 1854.

DEAR BROTHER, — I have often urged you to come out here with your family to live, and when I received your letter I thought to answer it in a day or two, but two weeks have elapsed without my getting to it. I feel anxious to have you come West, and am convinced that you will be better satisfied in the end than to remain where you are. Nothing can be more certain than that St. Paul in a very few years will be a great city, like St. Louis or some other of our Western cities. You may count on three great cities on the Mississippi, — New Orleans, St. Louis, and St. Paul. The climate here will be just what you need; and it is morally impossible for one to fail in faithfully venturing almost any business or profession for a livelihood in a place like this. The prospect for your children in this great West is certainly far better than in the East. If I knew you would come, I could now secure a house for you. I will help you in every manner possible, in whatever direction you wish to act.

Yours,

JOHN CLIFTON.

This letter, followed by other correspondence during the succeeding weeks, was the means of persuading my father and Aunt Mehitable to remove to the great and then comparatively unknown Northwest.

My father preached his farewell sermon the following January, and before another month we were well on our way to New York, preliminary to going to Minnesota.

I should fail to do justice to the neighborhood in which we lived, if I did not say that on learning my father's intentions the current of public opinion which had set against him turned and ran furiously in the opposite direction. Even the deacon came and urged him still to tarry with the church, and intimated even to me that he had known very unruly boys to make good men.

My misdeeds were forgotten or overlooked by all except Uriah Johnson, who apparently thought them too serious to be overlooked.

So when we left town my aunt said, "Them that had jawed the worst, butter wouldn't melt in their mouths;" while my brother-in-law declared we were "leaving with flying colors." Many of my father's parishioners came to labor with him to induce him to remain in the service of the church; but he remained firm, declaring that both his health and waning fortunes, as well as differences with his church on moral questions, determined him to persist in his intentions.

Before leaving Centerboro my father received from Uncle John the following letter of directions in regard to the trip.

ST. PAUL, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM, — You asked in your last letter what would be the best route, and if you would be liable to be imposed upon. I think, with your characteristics, you are more likely to impose upon yourself than to be imposed upon. No man who minds his own business and uses

the precautions which all travellers should use, will be troubled with impositions. It is just as pleasant a journey as a man would wish to take with his family. As you start from New York, you had better take the Erie Railroad to the Lakes. When you reach Lake Erie you can keep right on by railroad, or take a steamer to Detroit, and then the railroad to Chicago, and on to Galena, or a little farther, to some other point on the Mississippi River. When on the cars you can stop over night at some city, if you find that you are getting tired out, and then resume the trip the next day. The first night you had better stop in Albany, and the next in Buffalo. When you reach the Mississippi secure a good stateroom on the boat. Should you find a boat just leaving, and the staterooms all taken, wait for another boat. Go on a regular mail-steamer, as the passage will be made quicker, and you will probably have better fare. On the railroad I think you may pass your children for half-fare. On the steamer, unless you prompt them to do so, they will charge you nothing for children. You cannot come with them to the first table in any case, whether you pay for them or not. Now, William, it looks like a great undertaking to you to come to Minnesota, but when you get here the trip will have proved a pleasant excursion. I do not think it will be best for you to bring any freight except trunks, — you can bring any number of them by paying a little extra on the cars; on the steamer it does not matter how many you have. Bring all the money you can command with you. If you have any you do not wish to use, you can get twenty per cent interest on it, and good real estate security. With love to all,

Affectionately,

JOHN CLIFTON.

CHAPTER III.

THE RESULTS OF A DOG-FIGHT.

MY father was sad at leaving the scene of so many years' fruitful ministry, and Aunt Mehitable declared that "she felt as if she was being pulled up by the roots." He, with careworn face and sober looks and words, methodically made his preparations for departure, and during the following months sold all his household goods, except those which could be packed in trunks. The old house looked as desolate as though some vagrant cyclone had enviously denuded it of all its homelike, comfortable features.

To me it was a time of excitement and anticipation. The young look out on the world and see, through a halo of hopefulness, all that is delightful. The unknown to them is full of glowing possibilities, and the scenes of the world are broad and alluring. As we grow older, the world seemingly shrinks both in its capacity for yielding enjoyment and novelties, as well as in its area. We begin to learn, with advancing age, "What shadows all are we, and what shadows we pursue."

At that period of my life I saw but few shadows,

for the world, to me, was aglow with light and joyousness. The only shadows of those days were those cast upon me by my father's saddened face.

Finally our preparations were made. A large number of our friends and neighbors gathered at the depot to bid us good-by. It was a great comfort to my father that at the last moment his parish people showed so much sorrow at his departure and solicitude for his welfare.

At last the engine-bell rang, and the shu, shu, shu, of the train in motion showed me we were leaving the station. The fences and houses seemed to glide backward; the familiar scenes melted away, and new ones took their place.

It was the winter of 1855 when we began our journey to New York, where my father had engaged to do some city missionary work until spring.

Our route was by the way of Fall River, where we were to take the boat for New York. I had never before seen a steamboat, and the decorations of this one seemed rich and luxurious beyond my most fervid dreams of the palace which the genii built at Aladdin's command. The cushioned chairs I felt were too fine to sit upon. When we arrived in New York City, the clamor and calls of hackmen, the rattle of teams and confusion of the streets, brought vividly to my mind a sermon I once heard my father preach, on the confusion which took place at the Tower of Babel, when the multitudes could not understand each other, and

confusion and misunderstandings of all kinds occurred.

Aunt Mehitable had friends in Brooklyn, and by their invitation she remained with them for several months, until my father made preparations for our final departure to the Northwest. I accompanied him about the city, which to me was a constant source of wonder and amusement, and soon became accustomed to the hurry which so marked the life of its crowded thoroughfares.

I did not think it strange at the time, but in thinking it over as I write, I can see that there must have been something in my father's face to attract beggars and suffering people. Many times he was stopped by pleas for charity; and, as he had not become hardened to city beggars, nor accustomed to consider every one who approached him as an impostor (as city people, even clergymen, often do), he listened to them as patiently as he would to a member of his own church, advising, and sometimes procuring for them food and comforts.

"After all," said my father, when Aunt Hitty scolded him for giving away his own money, "they belong to God's parish, and Holy Writ has said, — as if marking this feature of life for our attention, — 'The poor ye have always with you,' and it seems to me that these cases of suffering are an appointed part of life, that our sympathies may not become deadened by selfishness."

"That's all very well," said Aunt Hitty, "but

who's goin' to help you and your family, when you haven't a cent in your pocket?"

"The Lord will provide," said my father reverently, to which Aunt Hitty replied by an expressive "Humph! The Lord helps them that help themselves, William."

"Yes," replied father with a far-away look in his eyes; "in one way, but there are other helps than earthly ones."

One day father was buying a newspaper at a corner stand, when I got among some newsboys who, after the manner of their kind, began to chaff and hustle me, and as I started away, one put out his foot to trip me up, and another attempted to seize my hat.

Garry, who had accompanied us, thinking this not just the thing, rushed to my defence with a bark and growl, whereupon a bull-dog, owned by one of the boys, accepted the challenge on his own account, and a big dog-fight was soon in progress.

The country boy, as well as the country dog, was in danger of being worsted, when my father came to the rescue. Garrison, seeing his master, resumed his confidence, while my father tugged at his tail, trying to separate the contestants, until Garry was so close under my father's feet as nearly to trip him up.

The fight was progressing, when a little fellow, dressed in a threadbare suit of corduroy, dropped a bundle of papers, and with a confident tone and

manner said, "Ain't ye ashamed of yerselves, byes?" and pushing right and left vigorously seized the bull-dog by the collar, twisting it until the dog's eyes seemed starting from his head, and holding him firmly, notwithstanding his struggles.

My father turned to Garry and myself, saying reproachfully, "You see the trouble you've caused me. What would they say in Centerboro to know that a minister of the gospel had been engaged in an unseemly dog-fight? Ah! I forgot that brave little fellow that quelled the fight, and that savage creature that attacked Garrison."

My father shook hands heartily with the little Irish lad, saying, "You are a brave little fellow; a peacemaker. What is your name?"

"Matt Ryan, sur; an' sure it's a piecemaker I'd a bin; I'd a knocked 'em into bits if they hadn't stopped at onct, sur."

My father thanked him heartily, and the little fellow's face glowed with conscious pride, through all the dirt, at this tribute to his courage.

A policeman just then put in an appearance, with the characteristic intention of arresting all the inoffensive members of the party. My father explained the cause of the disturbance; but I fear this would have been of little avail had not his friend, the merchant for whom he was doing missionary work, have come up and interceded in his behalf. We were just turning away, when a yell of dismay came from Matt.

"Och hone! Oh murther! They've taken me papers! Oh the thaves!" and Matt's eyes were blazing with wrath, for his stock of *Tribunes*, and *Heralds* which he had put down by the side of a doorway, to enable him to participate in my row, had been stolen.

"Oh, but why didn't I keep me oie on the thaves, when I was a-choking Jim McMurphy's big purp, sur?"

"How much did your stock of papers cost?" said my father.

"They cost me twinty-five cints, sur, and it was the last cint I had, and all me mither could scrape together this marnin. And it's meself that ought to have bin scratching around instid of dog-fighting for yez, sur," said Matt, with the suspicion of a tear in his eye.

Father gave Matt a silver dollar; but Matt returned it, saying, "I'm not a beggar, sur, and mither says I mustn't take money, but if ye can lind me twinty-five cents for the day I'll return it, sur."

"No," said my father; "you've lost your papers as well as your time, to help Tom, who has a genius for getting into trouble, and it's my duty to make good your losses. So here is fifty cents."

"That's square, sur," said Matt, looking up with his pinched, but bright and confident face, now all smiles again.

"But," said my father, "if you haven't got but

that twenty-five cents you must be extremely poor."

"It's poor we are, sur," replied Matt. "Me mither can't work fur the baby, and we can't find me father."

As the result of this conversation father took the address which Matt gave him, and promised to call and see him and his mother.

On our way to the Bible House, my father was very thoughtful and absent, but an exclamation or occasional word gave me a clew to his thoughts. "A child like that to be in the streets of this great city! God's little ones without a home!" and then a sigh, as if the misery and woe of the great city oppressed and anguished him like a nightmare.

In the afternoon, when we were returning to Brooklyn, my father remembered his promise to call on Matt and his mother. We turned into a dirty alley-way, and inquired of the ragged children clustering around where Matt lived. A bleary-eyed, dirty woman said, "Give me tin cints for a pint of beer, and I'll tell you, sur."

I do not know as we would ever have found Matt, had he not, during the search, appeared from a door near us. His first exclamation on seeing us was, "Och hone! me mither is sick, and the baby is did, and we have no doctor, and nothing to eat at all, at all, sur." The last part of the sentence was broken by sobs, and emphasized by a

little wail which it would be impossible to express in print.

“Where is it you live?” asked my father.

“Och, we don’t live at all, at all! Me mither and the baby that’s did are just staying down here a bit; and it’s not living, but dying, that they are,” said Matt, now actually howling with grief.

There was something grotesque as well as pathetic in the newsboy’s exclamations. He led us into the cellar-like basement room where he lived. There was no fire, and the light entered only through a small window.

“Is that you, Matt?” said a weak voice; and, when our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, we saw the wasted form of a young-looking woman lying on a mattress spread on the floor in a corner. A single chair, an old stove, and a few cooking-utensils were its only furniture.

The woman’s story, briefly told, was that they had been in this country only a few months. That Matt’s father had preceded them, and had sent money for them to come, but that while on the steamer they had lost the address and directions he had sent to them, and so they had remained in New York until they could receive new directions from Ireland. But the parish priest who had written the letters to Ryan for them, had written that he was unable to remember the address, only that it was in some Western State, and that they must remain in New York until he heard from

Ryan again, who would, of course, write to him, the priest, if they did not arrive at the expected time.

"An sure, sur, it's been a whole six months, and it seems as it had been forever," said Matt's mother.

My father's face lit up with sympathy at the pathetic narrative, and he said, "Tom, you and I will go out," and then, seeing the woman's wistful look, "We will return soon; and Matt, you must stay with your mother, until we come back."

When we got out into the squalid streets my father said, "The poor woman needs nourishing food and cleanly surroundings more than medicines, and I'm going to get both, Tom."

We soon returned with wood for a fire, meat and groceries.

Gratitude is sometimes speechless; and when these things were brought in neither made any demonstration until we had kindled the fire, when Matt's mother began to cry, and Matt in sympathy uttered a veritable wail, that surpassed the morning's performance. The woman soon sat up and ate a few mouthfuls, and then looked around the room by the light of the candle we had lighted. My father then sent Matt to the proper authorities to inform them of the death of the little child, so that preparations might be made for its burial.

On our arrival home my father gave a description of the scene to his friends, and one of them, a wealthy merchant, promised to help the woman

and her son, and to send them West, if they wished to go, as settlers, with our party.

After the funeral of the child, which my father attended, the subject of going West was broached to Mrs. Ryan and Matt, and they were told of the merchant's proposition to advance the needful money, with the understanding that they were to repay it when able. The priest, whom we had met at the funeral, agreed with my father that it was the best thing that Matt and his mother could do, and he also promised to give some assistance to that end.

"But," said he, "there are so many poor and helpless ones in this great city, God help them, that one can hardly give without being reproached by some more destitute case."

The priest promised to forward to an address which was to be given him, any letters that might come from across the sea to Mrs. Ryan. By my father's representations much sympathy was excited for Matt and his mother.

Young as I was, I noticed curiously that eloquent words excited more sympathy, and were of more effect in procuring help, than were the scenes of misery by which the people of the great city of New York were surrounded.

It was as if they were incapable of seeing its miseries themselves in a proper light, unless reflected through some person of sympathetic nature, who made them see with his eyes and feel with his heart.

“With all the wealth of a great city,” said my father, “where hurrying feet attest the haste for this world’s goods, there is one more priceless treasure than all their gain,—the power to sympathize with God’s poor who mingle with them on every hand.”

This phase of the great city made a deep impression on even my thoughtless mind. My father called my attention to the fact that those who, surrounded by wealth and luxuries, seemed to have all that the heart could desire, were less satisfied and less thankful to God than the poorest people whom we had known.

“There seems something inherent in human nature,” he said, “that the heart is never satisfied with attainments of wealth and pomp; we cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon. The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation. I have often thought, that appreciation of the good we have in life is truer wealth than great possessions.”

In a few days it was fully arranged that Matt and his mother should accompany us to St. Paul, and there, with us, make a new and more comfortable home. Employment was meanwhile found for Matt, and a comfortable home for his mother. Thus it was that our little party was increased from four to six members, when, in the following spring, we began our journey.

“The great West has been receding from us

year by year," said my father. "A few years ago New York and Pennsylvania were spoken of as the West, now the West has receded until it threatens to slide into the Pacific and disappear among the islands of the sea."

CHAPTER IV.

WESTWARD HO!

ALL was in a bustle of preparation for our journey. Aunt Hitty scolded with her usual persistency. "My soul and body!" she exclaimed with a sigh. "What a man of education and respectability wants to go out thar and fool around with injuns and sich trash for, 's more than I can understand."

"What makes you go, Aunt Hitty?" asked a little New York cousin.

"What makes me go? That's a pretty question! What'll they do without me? Your Uncle William hasn't a particle of management. The Injuns would scalp the man and he'd never know it! He'd come home without his head on his shoulders if some one didn't look out for him; and Tom, heaven knows is wild and uncivilized enough without 'sociating with Injuns. Lor! but men ain't fit to take care of themselves anyway," and Aunt Hitty bustled around, punctuating her remarks with pinches of snuff.

My aunt had been to see the "*furriners*," as she called Matt and his mother, and had assisted in

cutting and making some plain substantial clothing for Mrs. Ryan, who was a very quiet little woman, and who showed herself touched and thankful for what was being done for her. Matt was so busy in his endeavor to assist, that my aunt declared that he was as good as a man to help.

While I liked and admired Matt, I could not understand why he should desire to leave so fascinating an employment as selling newspapers and blacking boots, even to see the uncivilized Indians of the wild West.

It was in April, 1855, when our party finally started on their Western journey. In those days there were but few of the conveniences of travel that now exist. Sleeping and dining cars had not then been invented or dreamed of. Each party of emigrants provided conveniences for themselves, or suffered for want of them.

Our party was provided with two large lunch-baskets containing provisions which we thought would be sufficient with what we could purchase on the way, for a week's journey. We also had two lap-boards, which we used for tables by placing them on our laps as we were seated opposite to each other.

For sleeping we each had double blankets and two thin but firm cotton mattresses, which, by the aid of two seats turned opposite to each other, and the lap-boards, formed our beds at night. During the day this bedding was compactly rolled up and put away.

At the stations we procured hot tea and coffee and milk by the quart or gallon. Matt proved very useful in procuring fresh supplies of bread and cakes.

The number of emigrants travelling by this route increased as we got farther West, until a special and more convenient car was provided for this class of travellers, so that they might not be disturbed by way-passengers.

After leaving New York State the character of the country began to change, and log-cabins and newly cleared land became more common. I there first saw men ploughing in stump lots, surrounded by grotesque stump fences. The land began to lose the ruggedness of rock and mountain, and stretched out into wide prairies, with less and less of fencing as we journeyed on.

My father pointed out the different places of interest in the country through which we were passing, like a panorama; and his fund of information regarding it, and his educated taste and judgment, gave me my first insight into the vast expenditure of work and energy in the settling of a great continent. For the first time I began to take a thoughtful interest in the problems of life and its labors. Illinois, with its charred stumps and black soil, had a depressing influence upon me, which even at this day I have not forgotten.

I cannot explain the phenomenal change that took place in me during our journey. It was as

though I had put away childish things forever, and had begun to think a man's thoughts. Whether this change had been gradual, and I had not before recognized it, I know not, but that I seemed for the first time in my life awakened to its sober problems and realities of life, is true.

Matt's mind was of a different kind from mine; his had been sharpened by his early struggles for a living, in a great city, and he was quick in decision, and resolute beyond others of his age. I can see him now, sturdy and positive, making his way into the crowded dining stations, for milk, hot coffee, or a newspaper for my father. His square shoulders, confident air, and his straightforward way of saying or doing things had a charm beyond mere candor, which I cannot analyze even at this day.

After leaving the rough eastern country, the level or rolling land of the prairie seemed very beautiful to my young eyes, unused to the wide world's scenes. There was a simple grandeur in it like the vastness of the ocean.

After more than a week of travel we left the cars and took the stage for Galena, and after a long night's ride arrived safe and sound, though travel-stained and tired.

Aunt Mehitable declared with a sigh, "That that thar stagin', it was worse than all the rest of the voyage; and such rollin' and tumblin'! it was worse than a fore-and-aft schooner after a heavy wind!"



“ ‘She don’t sail; she steams,’ growled the captain.” — Page 41.

Galena at that time was a city of eight thousand inhabitants, situated on the Fevre River, six miles above where it unites with the Mississippi. At the levee to which our baggage was conveyed there was a steamer-packet, as it was called, which we were told would be ready to sail that afternoon. Matt and I were left to watch our baggage, while the rest of the party washed off the stain of travel, and made preparations for the remainder of the trip.

"No one can get away with them heavy trunks aisy. An' sure an' let us see if the captain won't give us byes a passage," said Matt.

"What do yer want here?" asked a deck-hand, as we stepped upon the gang-plank.

"I want to see the captain of this st'amer," said Matt, lifting his hat as a bit of flattery to the man.

"Yo'll find the captain of the Prairie Queen up there on deck," replied the deck-hand.

So we went "up a bit," as Matt said, and the captain was pointed out to us. He was a tall, thin man, with a weather-beaten, wrinkled, fever-and-ague complexion, and was just cutting tobacco for his pipe, when Matt accosted him with, "When does this st'amer sail, sur?"

"She don't sail; she steams," growled the captain. "We steam about one o'clock this afternoon."

"Can yer give me and my young master a

chance to work our passage, and to make a bit besides?" inquired Matt, looking steadily up into the leathery face of the captain.

The old man looked us over critically, while holding his lighted pipe between his teeth, squinting up one eye as if for better observation, and then said, addressing me, "I guess you're an Eastern boy, ain't yer?"

I replied that I had come from Massachusetts with my father, the Reverend William Clifton, and that we were going to Minnesota.

"Well," said the captain, "I cum from the State of Maine to St. Louis when I warn't much bigger than you be. What berth do yer want?" quizzed the captain, with an inward chuckle of amusement at his own remarks.

"Cabin-boy, helper, or something of that kind, Mister. We'll wait on passengers, sweep, or tend table," replied Matt confidently.

"Well," said the captain, who had now got his pipe going, and who looked thoughtfully at Matt, "You are up and dressed! We have mostly niggers on this boat for waiters; they are a wuthless set, though, and I believe I'll try yer; you have got to work, though; no loafing, mind yer!"

On learning that with us was a party of three, the captain said, "Well, youngsters, I'll give you three dollars apiece, and your board and passage to St. Paul, if you will be lively. Better get your folks a good berth before any more passengers

come aboard; all the berths er gone in the ladies' cabin already."

I replied that my father wanted a stateroom.

"Yer can't get a stateroom at this time of year when there is such a rush," replied the old captain. "They were engaged long ago."

Taking the advice of the captain, we obtained four good berths for our party; and it was fortunate that we did so, as, before another hour had passed, they were all taken, and passengers, as they arrived, were assigned to places on the cabin floor, and soon all the available space even there was taken.

Under the direction of the steward, Matt and I began to show people to places, even on the deck.

These people were of the most diverse conditions in life. Some wanted staterooms, and got instead a promise of a place to sleep on one of the dining-tables; others were willing to put up with any inconvenience, if they might safely and cheaply arrive at St. Paul.

Before twelve o'clock the baggage and people occupied almost all the space on the floor of the deck and cabin.

"We must make them stow close," said Matt; for we had become interested, and considered ourselves officials of the boat. To some we gave the assurance that, if they would wait until night, they might have the upper deck to sleep on. Occasionally we met the captain, who glanced at us

without remark; but although he said nothing, he seemed satisfied with us. To a gentleman and his wife who had inquired for a stateroom we gave up our berths, without expectation of reward; but, to our astonishment and satisfaction, he gave us three dollars apiece.

"It must be John Jacob Astor himself," I said to Matt.

"No," said Matt shrewdly; "a real rich man wouldn't have been so generous. Yer see, when a man gets into the habit of getting rich, he nips hard at a dollar before he lets it go from between his thumb and finger. That's the way they do in New York, any way, payin' for newspapers and blackin' boots."

From these observations it will be seen that Matt knew more of human nature than I did. My father was astonished and very much pleased when he learned that we had saved our passage, and, besides, had a promise of three dollars apiece for our work during the passage to St. Paul; and he was more pleased when we showed him the money we had received for our berths.

"It's jolly," said Matt; "and sure, we'll save something on our passage money, fur yer father would never have been sharp enough to 'did hid' us byes as yer uncle tould him to."

As we visited the cabin to see how our friends were getting on, I found my father talking to the gentleman who had so generously rewarded us

for our berths. Mr. Washburne, for that was his name, was saying that he had moved from the East four years previously, and had settled at St. Paul; but having property in the East, he had been there to turn it into cash, that he might invest it properly in the Northwest, of which he spoke in glowing terms.

"Do you always have a crowded steamer like this, on the way up the river?" inquired my father.

"No," replied the stranger; "these are our spring emigrants, and for the past ten or twelve years they have been on the increase. Last year our emigrants were from the Eastern and Middle States, and now the tide is constantly increasing instead of decreasing. The added facilities offered to travellers have had an influence in inducing the population of the East to seek homes in the fertile valleys and rich mineral districts of the West. Many ridiculous ideas regarding the West are also now corrected by more accurate knowledge, and this also tends to increase the number of those who are seeking homes there. This, with the restless desire for change, which is a prominent characteristic of our people, will soon build up the Northwest.

"Emigration is pouring in, and, where a year ago there was unclaimed waste land, houses of settlers are now seen on every side. In Minnesota last year" (and here he referred to a paper he had

taken from his pocket), "there were entered in our land office 157,807,338 acres of land, and in one year the United States received from the sale of public lands in our territory one million of dollars. Besides this the government had donated to old soldiers and speculators (one for pursuing the enemy with zeal, and the other for pursuing the President and members of Congress), 256,781 acres in land warrants."

"Was all the land sold to settlers?" inquired my father.

"No; about one-half the land this year (1854) was sold under the workings of the Pre-emption Law," replied Mr. Washburne. "There were no land offices west of the Mississippi in Minnesota until 1855, but settlers began to pour in as soon as the Indian treaty, conceding it to the General Government, was ratified; and so the population west of the Mississippi has more than doubled this year (1855)."

I had noticed that all through this conversation my father had shown great nervousness, and gave much less attention than he naturally would show in such interesting information. He looked constantly towards the wharf, as if anxiously expecting something to occur or some one to appear. I had also noticed this nervousness ever since he first came on board in the morning, and that he showed more and more by his preoccupied condition of mind that something unusual was agitating him.

My father had excused himself to Mr. Washburne, and Matt and I went on deck, where we had secured a place to sleep near the pilot-house, in which we were allowed to keep our bedding during the day. The Captain now sent us on shore to bring on board a large hamper or basket, and also the trunk of one of the passengers who had arrived late. We had just taken hold of the trunk, when, to my surprise, my father stepped from behind a large case of goods which was standing on the wharf, and was followed by a young colored man about twenty-five years of age.

"Here!" said my father, "let this man help Matt with the trunk, and you and I will carry the basket."

The colored man went on board, followed by my father and myself; and although I thought this occurrence a little strange at the time, my attention was called from it by the ringing of the bell and the blowing of the whistle and the pulling in of the steamer's gang-plank, and by our start up the river.

I next saw the colored man lying in my father's berth, and was about to tell him to get out, when my father took me by the arm, and, although he said nothing, I knew by his manner that the man was there with his consent.

CHAPTER V.

UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE were now steaming down the river with new scenery on every side. It was a beautiful day, and after a backward, rainy season we were having mild weather, with a blue sky and a balmy atmosphere. The landscape seen from the steamer was of vernal freshness and beauty. As we descended the Fever River a bend shut the city of Galena from view.

"There," said Mr. Washburn, with whom we were talking, "there is the Mississippi on the other side of that bank. That low strip of land is called the 'portage,' and a canal cut across it would bring the city of Galena three miles nearer the river."

In a few minutes our boat had emerged into the broad and rapid current of the Mississippi.

"This river," said Mr. Washburn, "is indeed the 'Father of Waters.'"

"Yes," said my father, addressing himself to the whole party, "it is majestic in all its belongings; the numerous tributaries constantly replenishing its waters, the extensive valleys drained by these tributaries, and the immense resources afforded to



My father reproves Aunt Hitty for speaking lightly of the Mississippi. — Page 49.

commerce by such a multitude of navigable streams, make it the monarch of American rivers."

"Don't preach about it!" said Aunt Hitty, in an undertone, intended only for my father. "I suppose there are other rivers besides this muddy mill-race."

My father turned slowly around, and in the manner of offended dignity with which he would have silenced one of his deacons who questioned the soundness of his theology, replied, "Mehitable Ryder, a river that extends through eighteen degrees of latitude, laving the soil of nine gigantic States and one Territory; affording with its tributaries twenty thousand miles of navigation and floating a thousand steam craft; producing on its banks the orange and the sugar-cane of the tropics, and the Norway pine and moss-covered plants of the polar region, — is unequalled by any other river in the world! Should a war ever sweep over this fair region (which Heaven avert, though the sins of our country are many), whoever holds the Mississippi holds the seat of empire."

After this burst of descriptive oratory he seemed to forget his displeasure and added, "The Territory to which we are emigrating is fortunately situated; it touches with one hand the great lakes that give an outlet for its produce by the way of the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic, and with the other the Mississippi, leading to the Gulf of Mexico; by virtue of her products she must become an impor-

tant State in our great American Empire. A wonderful future awaits us as a nation!"

At this instant Matt pulled at my jacket, saying, "We must go and help set the tables;" and as we went to the cabin he said, "Yer father has got more learnin' in his hid than Tim McGrath, the alderman; an' sure he knows a wonderful dale for a man who isn't sharp at all."

"Why, don't you think my father sharp, Matt?"

"No; an' sure, it's yer aunt's the sharp one, she is."

I repeat this conversation as showing Matt's quick appreciation of personal traits in those whom he met.

After our duties had been performed under the supervision of the steward of the boat, we were allowed to go on deck once more, and there found my father talking with the captain, who, having heard his remarks about the Mississippi, had conceived a great respect for him and wanted to talk about his favorite river.

"I was one of the first settlers in Galena," said the captain. "I cum here from 'Old Town' on the Penobscot River, when I was a boy, and first lived in St. Louis and then cum up to Galena in a bateau."

"Did you row up the river?" I inquired.

"No, we cum up the Mississippi in them days by bushwhacking, cordeling, and warping," said the captain.

"I don't understand those terms," said my father inquiringly.

"Well, well, I don't suppose Eastern people *do* know much about such things," said the captain in the tone of one who considered such ignorance lamentable, but to some extent excusable, for want of proper education.

"Eastern folks *is* ignorant, though I *did* cum from thar myself. Cordeling is where men walk along the shore and draw a boat by a rope tied to it. Yer can't do much at it, though, when the water is high. Bushwhacking is when yer pull the boat along by gittin' a holt of the bushes along the shore. Warping used to be the best way: we had two sets of boats and lines; one end of a line was fastened to a tree or stake on the shore, and then the men in the bateau threw a line over their shoulders and would walk to the stern, then drop the line and run back to the bow and take a holt of it agin, meanwhile the other boat attaches another line further up the river. It was rather slow work to what I can do with this steam packet, though," said the captain, with a look of pride and complacency; "I can cum up now in as many hours as it used to take days. The Mississippi wouldn't be much without steam; but with it she is a hull team, and a dog under the wagon.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "if war should cum, whoever holds the Mississippi holds the country. Well, that's true when yer have steam to make a

boat walk over the water, but if yer had to do it with warping or cordeling the world would cum to an end before yer could do anything except go down stream."

One feature of the upper Mississippi which interested me was the bluffs, or isolated hills, which stand on its banks like sentinels guarding its waters. In some places these bluffs are precipitous and rugged, presenting a castellated front of rocks from two to five hundred feet high, and almost overhanging the water; again they gracefully slope back from the water's edge to their summits, with here and there small groves of oaks looking like New England orchards. Many of them are but a succession of equally high and beautiful promontories of every conceivable shape and size, stretching up the valley of some tributary stream.

These ranges of bluffs on both sides of the river are from one to four miles apart. The river winds along a valley or washes the base of rugged cliffs on the eastern shore for miles, while on the opposite side are seen hills towering above the woodlands in the intervening valley; or again, it divides into numerous channels, thus forming islands covered with dense foliage. From the time of our entering the Mississippi until our arrival at Lake Pepin we were seldom out of sight of one or more of these islands. About three o'clock we were in the neighborhood of the beautiful prairie lands below Du-

buque. They looked, as my father said, as if they had been cleared by the hand of man, who had then abandoned them or had himself been swept away.

At four o'clock we made a landing at Dubuque, at that time a city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and Matt and I were kept busy waiting on passengers who came aboard. We were just ready to pull in the gang-plank when a team drove on the wharf in great haste, and the driver inquired for the captain, saying he had with him an officer with a warrant to search the boat. The packet was detained while every part of the boat was thoroughly examined. It was noised about that these men were a United States officer and the owner of a fugitive slave, who it was suspected had secreted himself on the "Prairie Queen."

Matt said to me in a whisper, "An' sure, it couldn't be that nagur that came on board with yer father, could it?"

"Of course not!" I replied; but though my reply was so decisive, I had serious misgivings and was not so sure as my words implied. I felt relieved when, after a diligent search, the fugitive was not found on board. The gang-plank was pulled in, and we were once more on our way up the river.

Afterwards Matt and I went on the upper deck and talked the matter over in whispers, but could come to no conclusion regarding the mystery, for the colored man that had come on board with my

father was evidently not one of the servants belonging to the boat.

As we were leaving Dubuque we noticed a large stone house built between two high, perpendicular rocks at the base of a cliff.

"Who could have built such a house in such a place?" inquired Aunt Mehitable of the captain.

"That! humph! it's the landin'-place of the town of Sinape which is on the bluff above, — all there is of it," said the captain contemptuously.

"Why, what's become of the town, for the land sakes?" asked my aunt in astonishment.

"Well, durin' the land speculatin' times, they began this town as a sort of rival of Galena as a lead depot; didn't 'mount to much, tho'; they kind o' petered out, and that thar stun house is its remains!"

At about nine o'clock we made a landing at a lead depot established by a Boston company, one hundred and sixty miles from Galena.

At daylight the next morning we began preparing for breakfast, arousing from sleep those who had made their beds on the tables and on the cabin floor. After breakfast we went on deck and found that we were just passing the mouth of the Wisconsin River. The captain told us that it was only since 1849 that light-draught steamers had begun to run on that river. Five miles above its mouth Prairie du Chien is beautifully situated. We made

a landing here, and took on board a family with their household goods, farming implements, and a few cows and horses. The family consisted of a man, his wife, and two daughters. We found that they, like ourselves, were emigrating to the new Territory.

No incident occurred during the day, except that we stopped at Lansing, the northwest settlement of Iowa, and formerly a village of the Winnebago Indians who had been removed to Crow Wing River in 1858. We were soon in the southern part of the Territory of Minnesota, which my father told us contained an area of sixty thousand square miles, the territorial government of which had been established in 1849.

We made Pratt's Landing, near the mouth of the Chippewa River, the next morning after breakfast, and my father informed us that it was our last day on the Mississippi.

Soon after leaving Read's Landing the river began to broaden into a magnificent sheet of water, five miles wide and twenty-five long. This broadening of the Mississippi is known as Lake Pepin. Up to this point we had hardly been out of sight of the islands, which are such a peculiar feature of the river; but on this great body of water there are no islands. The captain told us that the water was very deep, and that there was no perceptible current.

"I sometimes have an idee," said the captain,

“that the bottom of this lake has dropped out and the islands with it.”

“What point is that?” I asked as we passed a headland which seemed to project into the lake.

“Pint! no pint,” said the captain sarcastically, and it proved to be a bend in the lake and no point at all.

We amused ourselves by looking over the hurricane deck at the huge shovel-fish and sturgeon darting in front of our steamer. The Indians spear these fish under the ice during the winter and in shallow places during open weather.

The captain pointed out to us an Indian village, and with the aid of a spyglass we saw several canoes.

At the approach to the lake, on the left, is a rocky point of land which stands like a sentinel guarding the entrance.

Twelve miles farther up, another rocky promontory obstructs the upper view of the lake, which here makes a curve. Passing this portion of the lake, we found it enclosed with bluffs rising several hundred feet, and presenting a variety of odd and picturesque forms, with depressions and ravines, with here a vertical wall of rock, and there a gentle slope covered with trees and grass, while a mountain standing alone seemed to guard the vale.

At noon we passed a rock on the east side of the river which is perpendicular and about two

hundred feet high. Mr. Washburn told us that it was Maiden's Rock, and about it there was an interesting tradition.

An Indian girl named Winona loved a young hunter, but her father and kinsmen wished her to marry a warrior of her own tribe. While on an excursion up this lake her father told her she must give up her lover and be married to the warrior on that day. The girl, enraged and desperate, broke away from the party, determined to die rather than not marry the lover of her choice. She reached the top of the rock, and from there, upbraiding her father and friends for their cruelty, she sang her death dirge. Her father promised to leave her free if she would forego her design. In reply she sang her death-song as follows :—

You are cruel to me and my lover,
But Winona no longer fears you,
Her heart is her own,
And she cannot trust you ;
She is free and she scorns you ;
You shall know how true
Winona can be to her lover ;
She can die, but weds not,
When her heart belongs to another."

And then with a wild lament, regardless of the entreaties and promises of her father, she threw herself from the precipice and her mangled body was found on the rocks below. "That is the story told to me by a half-breed some years ago," said Mr. Washburn.

"I wish I was on top of one of them rocks," said Matt; "sure I could look all over the country."

Mr. Washburn, who was near at hand, replied, "You've got a wrong idea, youngster. The top of that bluff is on a level with the prairie and the surrounding country. You see, Eastern people have got the idea that prairie land is damp and low. When on that bluff you stand on the verge of a vast expanse of prairie, rolling in gentle undulations, with Lake Pepin two hundred feet below. This is also the character of the prairie on the western tributaries of the Mississippi, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the western boundaries of Minnesota."

At last, after passing up the St. Croix River to Stillwater, we returned to the Mississippi. On turning a point of land a mile below St. Paul we got a fine view of that city.

It is situated on the high lands of the Mississippi, three hundred and twenty-seven miles by water from Galena.

"It is eight hundred feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico," said Mr. Washburn with the pride of a Western man, "and a few years ago when I first came here it was a wilderness; now it is a city of ten thousand inhabitants, with substantial warehouses and churches, and is destined to be a great city."

A group of inquisitive people was on the wharf to see the boat come in. There were ladies expect-

ing friends, there were merchants, editors, car-men, and coachmen, but what most attracted our attention was the Indians in the group, with their red blankets and picturesque dress.

"Some of these people," said Mr. Washburn, "speak French, some English, and some Chippe-way. See that Indian! That is a chief of the tribe."

"Sure, he is a gay one," said Matt.

He was dressed in a red blanket, with fanciful leggings of deer-skin, and beaded moccasins, while his hair hung in long braids, and was ornamented with ribbons and feathers. His face was painted in a variety of colors. He was in stature very tall and erect; seeming to my eyes a veritable lion among men. Beside him was a dark-eyed squaw, with a pappoose wrapped in a blanket on her back.

On landing we found my uncle John waiting with an open carriage to take us to his home. We were in Minnesota, and to my aunt's evident surprise were still among civilized people.

We had scarcely got seated in the carriage and were waiting for my father who had stayed on board, when a great commotion arose on the wharf. A colored man had been seen coming off the boat, who had not paid his passage, and who, it was supposed, was the fugitive slave for whom a search had been made at Dubuque. He was on the wharf surrounded by a curious group of on-

lookers, when my father was seen to speak to the captain, who nodded his head in approval, and in a moment the black man, who had begun to look uneasy and anxious, was released.

As my father turned towards the carriage he said to the bystanders, "The captain knows about this man. He is now a free man who has dead-headed his passage, which I have agreed to pay."

CHAPTER VI.

THE OUTLOOK FOR OUR NEW HOME.

“WILLIAM! what scrape have you been getting into now?” said my uncle John quizzically.

My father was an outspoken man; and, although he perhaps assumed too much in believing that most men when put to a practical test felt as he did regarding slavery, yet his belief that men were more humane in practice than in theory was in effect often shown to be correct. I do not think my uncle, who was a well-known Democratic politician, and who afterwards became governor of the State of Minnesota, was exactly prepared for my father’s answer when he said, very simply, “I hope I am doing no harm, John, in helping a man to his own; in making a free man of a slave.”

My uncle looked at my father in astonishment for a moment, and then with a prolonged whistle whipped up his team as if to escape discussion.

That evening after our arrival I happened to go into his private room, and found my father in conversation with him and the young colored man, whom they called Aleck. From what I heard them say I had very good reason to believe that

though a pro-slavery man in theory, in practice, in this case at least, my uncle was assisting in running a section of the underground railroad for the transfer of fugitive slaves from slavery to freedom.

There was a note of admiration in Matt's voice when, knowing the facts, he said, "But yer father's clear grit all through, to kape so cool when they were makin' all that row about that nagur."

Matt's admiration for my father has been a constant source of surprise to me in later years, for it showed that he was capable of appreciating the simple but heroic side of his character.

On our arrival at my uncle's, aunt Mehitable expressed astonishment that he lived in so civilized a manner; for his house was furnished in a style that would compare favorably with New England homes whose owners were in the same circumstances as my uncle.

While the surroundings of the city of St. Paul had at that time the look of a country newly opened to civilization, its homes and stores and public buildings had the conveniences, if not the luxuries, of older communities.

Such was the surprising enterprise of the Northwestern settlers that on every side, towns may be said to have sprung up as if by magic, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night.

I think the fact of finding Minnesota so different from her expectations reconciled my aunt, as it

does all new settlers, to the harsher phases of frontier life that she afterwards experienced. She saw by this example that its rough inconveniences were of short duration, and that the settlers were soon able to enjoy luxuries and comforts.

My uncle at first attempted to induce my father to remain in St. Paul and enter upon the work of the ministry again. My father declared that while under some circumstances he should consider this to be his duty, yet his health and strength, though now improved, were yet so precarious that he deemed it his duty to abandon for a time his profession. His long ministry in New England had affected his general health, while the hemorrhages of the throat or lungs were not likely to be benefited by public speaking.

As his pale face and constant cough emphasized this view of the case, my uncle John, who was a very practical business man, agreed with him that he had better pre-empt some good land for a homestead. With good management this would in a few years place him in comfortable circumstances and might at the same time restore his health.

After this plan had been determined upon, there began a discussion as to where we should make a home.

In the Minneapolis district nearly all the good land was pre-empted, and my father did not feel willing to buy an improved farm. He preferred

to select a land claim where there was a large choice of selection.

In the Sauk Rapids district twenty-two towns had been surveyed, and in the Brownville district one hundred; all these were subject to pre-emption.

My father finally determined to spend a week or more if necessary in selecting our future home. So, early in the week, he and uncle John went up the Mississippi on the little steamer Governor Ramsey, to a location where many fine farms were awaiting owners.

Matt had been very desirous of accompanying them; but my uncle represented to him that it would be an outlay of money that he could not afford, and before leaving, obtained for him a temporary situation caring for horses. Matt was naturally fond of animals, and soon made himself very useful. Mrs. Ryan, meanwhile, began earning good wages by washing and ironing. My uncle thought that Matt and his mother had better save all the money possible before pre-empting land of their own. My father proposed to employ them both on small wages for a while.

The right of pre-emption means the right of purchasing land before others, and the law and its conditions were so little understood by us, that, like most emigrants from the East, we had these things to learn.

We learned first, that the settler must never

before have had the benefit of pre-emption under the act; second, that one pre-empting land should not be the owner of the amount of three hundred and twenty acres of land in any State or Territory in the United States; third, that the pre-emptor must settle upon and improve the land for his own exclusive use and benefit, and not with the intention of selling or speculating with it; that he must not make, directly or otherwise, any contract or agreement by which the land shall inure to the benefit of any other person than himself.

The first thing to consider was whether we should choose timber or prairie land for a farm. There were advantages in both. The cost of clearing up timber land was, however, about twenty dollars an acre, while the cost of breaking the prairie was not over three or four dollars an acre, and could be done by the settlers. And my father wished to take advantage of the fact that very good crops of potatoes, oats, corn, and often wheat could be raised on the sod.

In the course of a week my father returned to St. Paul, very enthusiastic over the country, and looking stronger than we had seen him for a long time. It was evident that the clear, bracing air of Minnesota was producing a beneficial effect on him. He had selected some land in the Sauk Rapids district, not many miles from the Mississippi River. Uncle said that his selection was an excellent one.

We at once began making preparations for our

new home, in order to get to work on the land as soon as possible. The site selected for our farm could be reached partly by the river or wholly by the prairie route, which was travelled to some extent. It was near the military road to Fort Ripley, a military post fifteen or twenty miles from the location of our future home.

The next day after their return we learned that there was to be a sale of condemned Government stores at Fort Snelling; and we thought there might be wagons and harness, and possibly horses and mules, that we might obtain at very low prices.

So the next day we drove to Fort Snelling, which is about eight miles from St. Paul, at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. The fort, being no longer needed, was used as a rendezvous for soldiers and as a store-house. Its situation is very picturesque, standing like a fortress of olden times, on a rugged, rocky bluff, one hundred feet above the bottom-land of the rivers. It is in the form of a hexagon, and was erected in 1819. Its elevated position once commanded both rivers; but now it is of little use, as modern cannon could command it from the higher land around.

Matt and I made an excursion up the steep side of the bluff, and found the white, sugar-like formation just below the fort to be full of swallows' holes. We got some bad tumbles, and gave up

farther exploration in that direction. We had, however, a beautiful view of the green, grassy bottom land below.

At the sale, my father purchased two large baggage wagons, such as had been used to carry engineers' tools and supplies. They were in very good condition for ordinary use. He also bought several condemned tents, and tent flies, which were sold very cheap.

Matt, much to our amusement, put in a bid for a pair of very lean mules, covered with sores caused by chafing harness and hard usage in campaigning over the prairies. He had been examining their feet and legs very critically, and declared to me that there was nothing the matter with the mules only that they had sores and lice. That seemed enough, for they were covered with scabs and vermin and were pitiful-looking beasts. Matt paid only fifteen dollars for the pair. He also bought an old wagon without a top for eight dollars, and some fragments of old harness for two dollars. My father, meanwhile, bought some very fair harness, some shovels, picks, and spades, and also a good pair of working mules.

Matt began at once washing his mules with soap and warm water, which he obtained at the barracks, and it was amusing to see how careful he was of those animals. When some of the bystanders teased him they found the ex-newsboy their match at chaff.

“Are you goin’ to set up a mule hospital?” inquired one.

“Yes, an’ sure, but we want dacent men fur doctors, and so you needn’t apply,” said Matt.

To my uncle he said, “The legs and feet of thim mules is first rate; and the man I worked for in St. Paul said if the legs and feet of a mule is good, it don’t matter what else is the disthress of thim.”

After the careful washing, Matt turned his attention to the harness, which he changed so that the wagon could be drawn by a breast-plate and traces, and thus avoid the chafing.

A young officer of engineers, named Preston, who had been talking to my sister Bess, here began to glance at Matt and his mules. He was at first inclined to laugh, but finally examined both mules and harness, and expressed his approbation of Matt’s ingenuity, and called the attention of an older officer to the extemporized harness. When Matt started his team, and the crowd made him and his mules the butt of much ridicule, the older officer said, “That boy is no fool: if our men had been as sensible as he is, those mules would never have been condemned. The boy has as good as picked up a hundred dollars, or more.”

Then he turned to Matt and inquired his name and age, and said, “If you were old enough, and would enlist in my regiment, I would make you my farrier.”

But Matt was not thinking of army life at that

time, although he afterwards entered the army, as will be seen in the course of this narrative.

On our return from Fort Snelling, my father having expressed a wish to buy some good horses, Matt informed him that he knew of a man that had some fine draught horses for sale. This showed that Matt had kept his wits about him and his eyes and ears open. With Matt's assistance my father bought for two hundred dollars, a pair of large gray horses ; also a large wagon like an express-wagon, two cows, and a pair of young horses.

Matt bought an old sow and a goat which he declared was an Irishman's cow.

"An' sure the pig will plase me mother, and be company for her and the goat."

Uncle John was pleased with Matt's acuteness, and offered him a place in his store ; but Matt replied, "And shure what should I do with me mules and pig?" So Matt still determined to go with us and work at first for my father until he got ready to pre-empt a claim for himself.

It was thought best to leave my sister and aunt at uncle John's, taking Mrs. Ryan with us to do the work until our habitation was somewhat settled. But aunt Hitty declared she would *not* be left behind.

"Why," said she, "the boy would never wash his face and hands if I didn't go. He'll get into all sorts of scrapes, too, and Mr. Clifton, land knows, wouldn't know where anything was if I didn't go

with him. The Injuns would scalp him and he'd never know it."

To tell the truth, my father was very absent-minded; and so this "setting out," as uncle John called it, made him laugh heartily. It was finally decided to leave my sister Bess at uncle John's.

Before leaving St. Paul my father had hired a half-breed named Peter Roy. He was engaged on my uncle's recommendation, and with the understanding that he was to accompany us over the prairie to our future home, and then, if both parties desired it, a contract might be made for future services.

My uncle vouched for Roy's trustfulness, and said he was a good farmer and would prove a valuable man for us. I have seldom seen so striking a man physically. He was more than six feet tall, but so finely proportioned that his height was not noticeable except by contrast. His face expressed good nature, while his massive under jaw and the carriage of his head indicated courage and firmness. His eyes were steel-blue or gray, showing his Scotch parentage on one side, while his hair was straight and black, and a certain freedom and stateliness of carriage came from his Indian mother. He was about twenty-five years old, and previous to our meeting him had been a *voyageur* and farmer. He was reputed to be as strong and as courageous as a lion. I formed a friendship with him at once, for he was a man that children

and dogs and horses trusted and liked at first sight.

On the first day of May we began our journey. During that day we passed by the Falls of St. Anthony. After journeying on the eastern banks of the Mississippi above the falls for three miles, we left the river and made a detour over a dry and beautiful prairie blooming with flowers. The groves were enlivened with the singing of birds. The air was pure, the sky blue, and all contributed to make our first day's journey a pleasant one. We halted to cook our dinner, and prepared to camp for the night near a farm.

We cooked our supper; and if it was not served in very elegant style, our appetites made up for that deficiency as well as for the lack of delicacies.

Matt spent much time at both noon and night in washing and attending to his mules, which were already beginning to prove the correctness of his judgment in buying them.

The next morning we resumed our journey, our fine gray horses drawing the large wagon, leading the way; next came the mules attached to the smaller one on which was loaded our baggage; Matt's team and the oxen and cows brought up the rear. We passed by groves of scrubby oaks and over undulating prairie land for the first eight miles of our journey that day, and at night encamped by a small and beautiful lake.

Our dog Garrison was a jealous guardian of our

teams, although when encamped we took turns in guarding the camp. Occasionally on our route we passed farmhouses and sometimes comfortable hotels and dwellings, where, had we so desired, we could have received entertainment. Although my father was unaccustomed to labor, he bore the fatigue of the journey well, and seemed to enjoy the pure, bracing air more and more every day. So we journeyed on with little variation, taking care not to over-drive our live-stock. Matt exhibited his usual solicitude for his, and would have fallen out from our party, I believe, rather than neglect the animals or suffer them to be ill-fed or uncared for.

Here and there we got beautiful glimpses of the Mississippi and of the huge tamarack groves that grow in its swampy bottom-lands; in one place we saw bold rocks and cliffs that reminded us of our own New England. But little occurred to mar our enjoyment, with the exception of the last few days of the journey, when we left the main road and travelled on the prairie. Here we sometimes got mired in marshy places. Now and then we killed a prairie hen or other small game, which made a very acceptable addition to our stock of provisions. Hunger in our party seemed so chronic that Aunt Hitty declared we should have to go back for stores before we arrived, unless we ate less. She thought she had never slept so soundly since she could remember. My father was seldom heard to

cough, and that fact alone seemed worth the trip.

When we had reached a point on the military road, not far from a Mississippi steamboat landing, to our great surprise, Aleck, the colored man who came up the river with us on our way to St. Paul, joined us. My father explained that after waiting a few days uncle John had sent Aleck up the Mississippi from St. Anthony. They thought that by this method Aleck was less liable to be arrested as a fugitive slave. For had he been seen to leave St. Paul with our party, some unprincipled person might have suspected the truth, and given information that would have led to his capture and return to slavery.

“Golly, 'spects dem fellers in St. Paul tink dis chile trabin' fur his health. Reckon dey won't look fur Aleck 'way up hyer on dese lans.”

Aleck proved to be very handy and amusing, and when evening came he entertained us all with his plantation melodies. “Roll, Jordan, Roll,” was a favorite with us which he could not repeat too often.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

By reference to my note-book which, at the suggestion of my father, I kept at that time, I find that we arrived at our destination about four o'clock on an afternoon in May, 1855. During our last day's journey we had been obliged to cross many marshy places on the prairie, where our heavy teams had mired, and where the difficulty of extricating our wagons greatly delayed and fatigued us. So although we had only travelled about seven miles since starting at daylight, we did not arrive at our destination until late in the afternoon.

Notwithstanding our wearied condition, exclamations of surprise and delight burst from our party when our wagons were halted on a slight eminence overlooking two small but beautiful wood-fringed lakes. One lay nearly in front of us and the other on our left, separated by a plateau eight or nine hundred yards in width.

Back of us stretched an undulating prairie as beautiful as ever the eye rested upon,—a wide expanse of natural garden plot, with here and

there groves of oak resembling at a distance the orchards of the far away land we had left. The first impression was that the land had been cleared by some former dweller who, after smoothing it as with mighty rollers and sowing the soil with grass and flowers, had, with his home, fences, and cattle, been swept from the face of the earth.

The scene was indeed enchanting; the landscape was sublime in its extent and simplicity. The sky was clear, and not a breath disturbed the mirror-like lakes before us. The trees that skirted them, and a densely wooded island in the centre of the larger lake, were reflected, as was the sky, on their tranquil surface; while the invigorating air and the softened light of declining day all combined to produce that exhilaration which the appreciative mind feels when coming in contact with primitive nature.

We at once began preparations for our evening meal; dry wood was collected for a fire, water as clear as crystal brought from the lake, a sod fireplace built, prairie chicken or grouse, which had been shot that afternoon, were soon broiling, fragrant coffee was prepared, and the cakes were frying in the long-handled frying-pan we used for that purpose. Stakes were driven into the ground and our two lapboards fixed thereon for tables,—Aunt Hitty producing some clean towels for tablecloths.

Seated on our camp-stools at this extemporized table, my father invoked the blessing of God upon

our food ; and it is needless to say that that supper was eaten with an appetite which is possessed only by those who exercise and labor in the pure open air. That scene of peace and rustic beauty so impressed my youthful mind, that after all these years of adventure and hardship I recall it as the most beautiful one enshrined in my memory.

After supper we made preparations for the night, for the air as the sun went down became somewhat chilly. The horses, fastened by ropes or lariats, were left to graze on the buffalo grass just springing up, fresh and green, on the prairie. Dry grass was cut for our bedding, over this our rubber blankets were first spread, and over these woollen ones.

My aunt and Mrs. Ryan preferred to sleep another night in the wagon, not willing to risk being devoured by snakes, or little prairie dogs, a colony of the latter having been seen on our journey.

After my father had asked the blessing of God on our new home, we went to our rest. No sleep of my life, except one after a long march in the army, ever equalled in sweetness and dreamless repose that night under the stars on the prairies of Minnesota.

The next morning we were up before the sun ; and after a breakfast of bacon and eggs, we began at once to arrange for our temporary home.

An hour or more was spent in selecting a pleasant site for our habitation, where housekeeping

might be conducted with the least inconvenience to the housekeepers. Matt and Peter came in from a prospecting tour, and reported that they had found a spring of water on the hillside near us, facing the larger lake. After long consultation with Aunt Hitty, we decided that a site near this spring of water was the best possible for our purpose. The water was clear and pure and cool, and near it was a level spot overlooking the lake.

It seemed, my father said, as if the surroundings were providentially arranged for a home.

The trees formed ample shade, and Aunt Hitty said, "If they never have any leaves on them they'll do to fasten clotheslines to;" for my aunt was practical, and accustomed to the large elm-trees common to New England, and looked with much contempt upon these small oaks. . .

In front of the plateau was a gradually descending slope, covered with short buffalo grass, resembling a cultivated lawn.

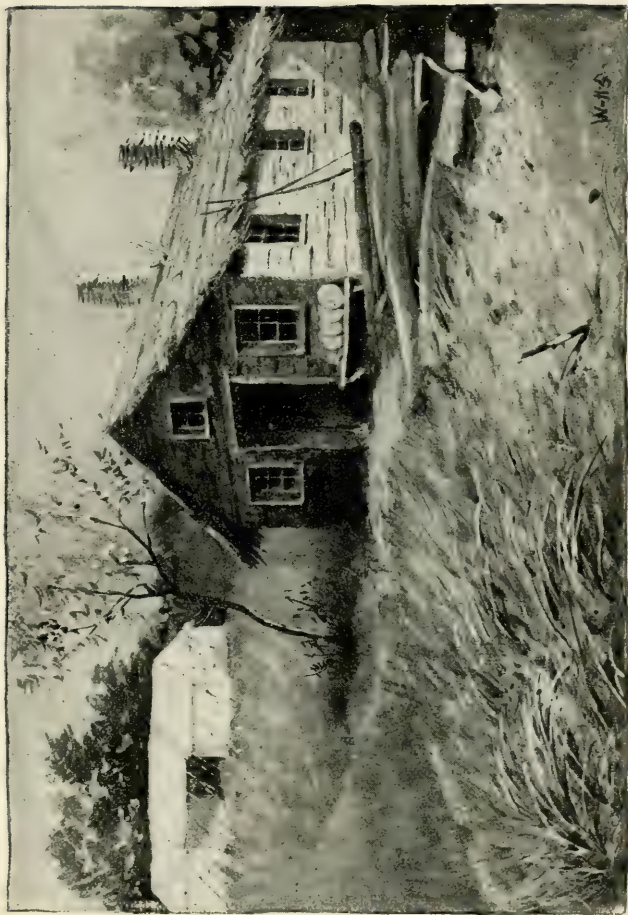
We now began to unroll and examine the canvas we had bought at Fort Snelling. Among this material we found a large square known as a tent-fly, which after being patched proved very serviceable. We also found three wall-tents in very good condition, with some pieces of old A tents. One of the wall-tents was but little worn; and Mrs. Ryan thought if she had a sewing-palm, such as sail-makers and sailors use, she could make it as good as new by a little sewing.

Later in the day, while looking over the tool-chest which we had brought from home, among some odds and ends such as are preserved by every well-regulated Yankee family, we found a sewing-palm, and a ball of sail-thread, which had belonged to Aunt Hitty's husband.

We now began to cut the grass and level the ground for our tents; while Aleck and Peter cut straight trees for ridge-poles, though it cost a good deal of time to find such as were suitable for the purpose. After driving two poles of the height of the peaks of the tents perpendicularly into the ground, we nailed the ridge-poles solidly to their tops. Then setting posts at the corners of the tents, we nailed to these other poles, laid horizontally, but level with the eaves of the roof.

The tents were pitched with their entrances facing each other, and with their sides parallel to the lake. Matt and I both protested against this, as we thought it would be pleasanter to look out on the lake.

"You will be much better pleased with my plan when you see what is intended," said my father in reply to our expostulations. And so we were; for after the tents were securely staked to the ground, he directed Aleck to nail another long pole to connect the ridge-pole of the tents. We at first thought this was a brace to make each tent more secure; but the reader can imagine our satisfaction when the tent-fly was thrown over this ridge-pole,



The new home in the wilderness. — Page 79.

thus connecting the two tents, and securely fastened by ropes which ran from the eyelet holes, in the edge of the canvas fly, to the ground.

"This," said my father, "can be used for a sitting-room and a dining-room."

This work had taken up most of the forenoon; but in the mean time Aunt Hitty had prepared dinner, which was eaten at our former camping-place.

We now set to work to construct a house where cooking might be done with comfort during cold and rainy weather. On the right, and very near our tents, another fly was pitched for temporary use until something more suitable could be contrived.

In each tent we drove nails in the eaves-poles on which to hang our clothing, and Aleck put up in both tents some shelves on which lamps and other small household conveniences might stand. The choicest of my father's books had been brought, packed in two shallow boxes which were placed in one trunk. When these boxes were unpacked, and were placed one on the other, they formed a very convenient bookcase, with three shelves in each, making the whole about five and a half feet high.

This bookcase was placed at the end of one of the tents, and on the top was placed a clock, while to the sides were secured several hooks for hats and coats. Of the covers of the boxes a table was

made, which was placed under our tent veranda, or fly.

Two stakes were driven into the ground five feet apart, but crossing each other like a letter X. The tops of these stakes were sawed off very evenly; and the boards were fastened together with cleats and screws, and fastened down to the legs. When this table was covered with a white cloth and nicely set with dishes, it looked very inviting and homelike.

The next morning we began the kitchen, digging into the hillside, just below the spring, a square place about five feet deep at the farthest end, with sides gradually decreasing in height until that toward the lake was level with the ground. We then cut sod and built up the sides until the whole formed a compact wall, rendered very strong by breaking joints with the sod as is done with bricks in masonry.

This, when trimmed off on the inside, was as smooth as an ordinary plastered wall. We then set up, at the ends of this structure, two posts on which a ridge-pole was securely fastened. Over this a piece of canvas was drawn for a roof.

As a substitute for a stove we built of stone, which we picked up on the shore of the lake, a square, box-like arrangement, open in front, and cemented together by a white clay procured by Peter Roy. Over this we placed a sheet-iron top with holes for pots and kettles, which, at the sug-

gestion of my Uncle John, had been made for us before we left St. Paul. To this the stove-pipe was fixed, and run up through the roof of the tent. This was held in place by two perpendicular poles set in the ground on each side, and running to the peak of the tent, to which the pipe was securely fastened by wires. When a fire was kindled, it was found, except for baking purposes, to be a very good stove. Around the walls of the kitchen Aleck built shelves and a large cupboard with boards from the boxes we had brought. When all was finished, Aunt Hitty acknowledged that it was a very comfortable and convenient kitchen.

My father had been steadily improving in health since our arrival in Minnesota. Though his strength was not great, he thought he had been benefited by the work he had done ; and he enjoyed, as he had not for years, the blessings of sound sleep and a good appetite. The dry air was very invigorating to us all, and even Aunt Hitty enthusiastically declared that "it was making a new woman of her."

My father, Matt, and I occupied one of the tents for sleeping, Aunt Hitty and Mrs. Ryan the other, while an A tent was put up for Peter Roy and Aleck. When carpets and rugs had been spread on the floor of the tents, and a centre-table built for the evening lamp, the comfort of our dwelling seemed complete.

The next day being Sunday, no work was done.

After morning prayer we rambled around the shores of the lake on a voyage of discovery. We found the lakes connected by a deep but sluggish stream.

This stream, with the lakes, formed a tongue or peninsula of land, very level and apparently with very rich soil. At one point in this peninsula a bend in the smaller lake formed a narrow neck, not over two hundred yards wide, across which it was determined to build a fence and thus enclose about sixty acres of pasturage for our stock. During the next week this work was done and our cattle enclosed in an area from which they could not stray or be stolen and where they could have plenty of room and water. Their safety was further insured by the nearness of our habitation.

The situation of our farm was considered an extremely good one. We were but a few miles from the military road, which extends from St. Anthony to Fort Ripley, the latter not many miles above us; we were also near settlements on the Mississippi River.

Roads were easily made on the prairie which needed neither grading nor artificial material to make them hard and dry.

Peter Roy thought there was a stream of water connecting our lakes with the Mississippi. This if true would enable us to convey grain and other produce of our farm by means of a bateau or boat to the towns on the Mississippi.

GANG OF 25 SEA ISLAND

COTTON AND RICE NEGROES,

By LOUIS D. DE SAUSSURE.

On *THURSDAY* the 25th Sept., 1852, at 11 o'clock, A.M., will be sold at RYAN'S MART, in Chalmers Street, in the City of Charleston,

*A prime gang of 25 Negroes, accustomed
to the culture of Sea Island Cotton and
Rice.*

CONDITIONS. — One-half Cash, balance by Bond, bearing interest from day of sale, payable in one and two years, to be secured by a mortgage of the negroes and approved personal security. Purchasers to pay for papers.

<i>No.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Capacity.</i>
1 Aleck,	33	Carpenter.
2 Mary Ann,	31	Field hand, prime.
3—3 Louisa,	10	
4 Abram,	25	Prime field hand.
5 Judy,	24	Prime field hand.
6 Carolina,	5	
7 Simon,	1½	
5—8 Daphne,	infant.	
9 Daniel,	45	Field hand, not prime.
10 Phillis,	32	Field hand.
11 Will,	9	
12 Daniel,	6	
13 Margaret,	4	
14 Delia	2	
7—15 Hannah,	2 months.	

<i>No.</i>	<i>Age.</i>	<i>Capacity.</i>
16 Hannah,	60	Cook.
17 Cudjoe,	22	Prime field hand.
3—18 Nancy,	20	Prime field hand, sister of Cudjoe.
19 Hannah,	34	Prime field hand.
20 James,	13	Slight defect in knee from a broken leg.
21 Richard,	9	
22 Thomas,	6	
5—23 John,	3	
1—24 Squash,	40	Prime field hand.
1—25 Thomas,	28	Prime field hand.

My father thought he might also find a market at Fort Ripley.

As may be imagined, Matt and I were very curious to know the details of Aleck's story; and one evening he told us his history, which, however, my father already knew.

He had been "raised," as he called it, at Charlotte, North Carolina. His master, who had always been very kind to him, had when he was seventeen years old put him at work with a carpenter, whose trade he had quickly learned.

"Who was your master?" I inquired curiously.

"Massa George Spring war my massa's name. Young Massa George war mighty fon' o' me; we war raised togeder."

"Was he kind to you?"

"Bless yer, honey! we used ter tote aroun' togeder when we could des toddle. Massa George mighty fon' o' me, but his twin brer', Leroy, war mighty ugly like, an' hate me wus' 'en pisen kase I des hurt 'im one day. He sly like."

He told us that when he was nineteen years old he had been allowed to marry a young girl owned on a neighboring plantation, and had had one child, a little girl. His young master was taken sick, and went to New Orleans in 1849 for his health. At this removal Aleck became the property of Leroy Spring, who was the "black sheep" of the Spring family. This man was morose, had an ugly temper, and by Aleck's account was more of a gambler than

a planter. He was soon in want of money, and notwithstanding his promise not to sell Aleck, sold him for seven hundred dollars to a negro trader named Myer Myers.

“An’ dat war dog cheap fur a carpenter, I reckon. Wall, dat ol’ Massa Myers, he war a Jew I reckon. He tuck away all my good clo’s. My misses, Young Massa George’s wife, she war mighty fon’ o’ me, and larned me to read and write. Dat Jew, Massa Myers, he tuck me to Charleston an’ put me in an’ ol’ wuck house wid a lot o’ common trash, Sea Island niggers, an’ sol’ us all as a prim’ lot o’ cotton an’ rice hans’. Dar war a lot o’ little chillun with us. De auctioneer sa’d my name war “Jack,” but I brought one thousand, one hundred dollas, clean cash! So fo’ de Lawd, dat ole’ Myers made fo’ hundred dollas out o’ me.”

After this Aleck had hard fare and hard work. Unaccustomed to these, and taken from his wife and child, Aleck grew discontented, and as he expressed it, “powerful out o’ sorts.” He was whipped, and this treatment made him discontented and disobedient. He ran away, but was caught and again sold, this time in the New Orleans market. There he worked for a while on a sugar plantation, and was next hired out to a man in St. Louis where he had been so harshly treated that he again ran away, and by the help of the colored waiters was secreted on board a freight boat bound up the Mississippi. Fearing that the



\$740 53

Charlotte H. C. Sept 1852

Received of Myer Myers Seven hundred
and no dollars, being full for the purchase of one

Negro Slave named Aleck

the right and title of said Slave. I warrant and defend the claims of
all persons whatsoever, and likewise warrant him sound and healthy.

As witness my hand and seal.

E. A. Adams Secy Spring
for J. H. Adams



boat would be searched, he had left it below Galena, and, travelling on foot and by night, he had reached that place. Here he remained secreted until informed by some colored people that a New England man and his family had just arrived, on their way to St. Paul by boat.

After looking at "de ol' Massa," as Aleck called my father, he concluded it would be safe to ask his help.

Here let me say in parenthesis, that afterwards, during the war, I had occasion to observe with astonishment that the Southern black people are acute physiognomists, and I have seldom known one of them to make a mistake in selecting persons likely to help and befriend him.

Aleck had watched my father until he found him alone, and then had told him enough of his story to secure his sympathy.

The result was that he assisted Aleck as we have seen in preceding chapters. During the search at Dubuque, one of the colored waiters had secreted him in a barrel which Aleck declared to be a "mighty tight place fur a colored pusson."

The next day we resumed our work on the farm, having more friendly sympathy with Aleck than before.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARING THE FARM.

AFTER the domestic preparations mentioned in the preceding chapter, we at once began breaking land for seeding. There were about a hundred acres between the two lakes, part of which was used for pasturage; the remainder we determined to plough. It was impossible to raise wheat or oats the first year; since those grains are sown as early in the spring as the frost will permit the ground to be worked, and a wheat crop on the sod is generally not worth harvesting.

Peter was a good ploughman, and using the three ploughs under his instructions we began breaking the virgin sod. Peter was as strong as a giant, and, like most athletic large men, proved as good-natured as he was powerful. His chief fault as a farmer was that he sometimes dropped work without notice, to pursue any game that came in his way.

Aleck, as I have said, was bred a carpenter, and proved very handy with tools. He and Peter soon became fast friends; the latter assuming the part of patron and protector, and the other a follower and pupil in all that concerned prairie

life. Both were good men, but they were very unlike. Aleck was merry and talkative. He could read and write, and had a good general knowledge of farming, but had seasons of indolence when he could not sleep nor eat enough.

Peter never seemed to sleep except with one eye open: a word or movement would awaken him. His senses were trained to quick perception; and though he could not read a printed page, he read the great book of nature, whose pages were often unintelligible to our untrained senses, with almost infallible insight. Trampled grass or wheat, or a broken twig, revealed to him what game had passed over the ground.

He had been for several years what is known as a *voyageur*; and among his duties was the transportation of baggage or provisions or canoes, over portages, from one stream or lake to another. He showed me the strap and collar he had used for that purpose. The strap was made to pass around the forehead, and was when used attached to each end of the burden carried. We examined this harness very curiously; and in response to some question, Peter said, "I carry barrel o' flour twelve miles once." That immense burdens were carried by these *voyageurs* in this manner is among the traditions of Minnesota. That Peter did not overrate his own strength and endurance was constantly proved to us. He had qualities inherited from his Scotch father, as well as from his Indian mother,

and followed the customs of each quite impartially.

Under Peter's instructions Matt and I both learned to use the breaking plough.

Matt was justly proud of his mules; in a few weeks they had entirely recovered from their wretched condition and had become the best team on the farm. Like all mules, they had seasons of incomprehensible contrariness; at such times they would kick so viciously that Matt declared they would have made holes in the sky, if there had been substance enough to show where the hole was.

My father's health and strength were renewed to an extraordinary degree, and although he was not naturally a strong man he followed the breaking plough for hours together.

We planted five acres of potatoes and ten of Indian corn, prepared and stocked with great care a kitchen garden, and devoted another acre to turnips and carrots. After this planting, we still continued ploughing until nearly fifty acres were turned up to the sweetening, disintegrating influences of frost and sun.

As an experiment, and against Peter's protest, we harrowed and sowed two acres with wheat and oats; but on account of late sowing and tough sod, the crop was worth little except to feed while green to the cattle. Yet we comforted ourselves with the belief that this land would yield better another year.

Occasionally Matt and I would spend a half a day in fishing or shooting.

Shortly after our arrival, one day towards evening, we thought we heard the "*honk*" of wild geese. "That sounds like wild geese!" said my father.

"Yes," said Peter, "goose go North; like as not light in lake for night, — get wild rice."

Creeping with Peter around the edge of the lake, we discovered the geese, noisily congratulating themselves on having such fine quarters for the night. We followed Peter on hands and knees to a clump of wild rice, and at his signal blazed away into the gabbling flock. With a tremendous fluttering the surprised birds rose and wheeled in the air, leaving several we had shot in the lake.

We had left the dog Garrison tied lest he should frighten away our game. I now ran to our tent and brought him to see if he could get the geese for us; but as he didn't understand what was required of him, Peter finally stripped and swam out to secure the birds. Garry followed him into the water, and seeing what was wanted, with wonderful sagacity, began bringing the geese to the shore; from that day he seemed to understand when we wished him to retrieve anything from the water.

Peter, pleased at Garry's sagacity, patted him on the head saying "Good dog understand."

The next day we had a feast of wild goose,

A few days after, as Matt and I were lying in the grass, we heard the bugle-like note of sand-cranes. The birds wheeled as if to survey the ground, and then settled among the wild rice. On a slight movement by one of us, the whole flock was in the air again. We fired, and more by accident than good aim brought down one which lay as if dead. When Matt and I advanced toward him he jumped up, showing fight, and making an ugly hissing sound. As Matt seized the long-legged fellow, he pecked straight into his face and eyes, and had the audacity to follow up Matt's hasty retreat; by this time I was able to reach his flank and level him with my ramrod.

We carried the steel-blue bird home; and when I laughingly told Peter about the adventure, he told us gravely that wounded cranes were dangerous with their sharp beaks, as they always strike at the eye. He had known a hunter who had his eyes destroyed by them.

Perhaps the spice of danger made the broiled breast of this bird particularly delicious.

Hardly a day now passed but that the monotony of our hard work was broken by some adventure which, besides the sport, brought some delicious variety of food to our table; and what appetites the hard work and the dry, pure air gave us!

The lakes were literally swarming with trout, pickerel, and other varieties of fish.

As it became warmer we bathed almost every

evening after our work was done, and afterwards looked (as boys will look at anything unattainable) at the wooded island which lay midway in the larger lake. Once, when after our bath we had expressed our desires, my father said humorously, "'The unattainable with boys is the desirable.' Sometime when I am at the settlement I must bring up the material for building a boat."

At last planting was over, and we had a little time, as Aleck said, "to sit around and see the craps grow. Golly, nebber did see any sich craps as dis yere; dey hurry up mighty-like as if dey 'fraid dey won't git time to grow;" and it was truly wonderful how vigorous and thrifty everything we planted seemed to be.

In the climate of Minnesota, a crop grows and matures with wonderful quickness, as if to make up for the shortness of the season.

Matt and I became so impatient to visit the island that at last we swam over to it, which so alarmed my father that he promised us if we would not venture again, that during the week he would bring up from the settlement the material for building a boat. So one day on the return of the team from the river town, we found it loaded with doors, windows, a quantity of matched lumber, and other building material.

"What are the sash and doors for?" I inquired of Peter.

"Build house," replied Peter.

I was still perplexed between the disproportion of the doors and windows to the other building material. While piling up the scantling and the other lumber Aleck expressed the same perplexity that had troubled me, by saying, "Mighty queer house ! all do's and winders ! Ho ! I reckon we'll tote some logs from dat island an' build log house."

My attention was, however, drawn to two long thin boards eighteen feet in length and two feet wide.

"What are those for ?" I asked.

Peter with his usual economy of words replied, "Boat."

When I wondered how a boat was to be built with those boards he said, "See big boat by and by."

One day, after a hard morning's work running the cultivator among our corn and potatoes, my father directed Peter to unhitch the horses, which he hurriedly did, saying, "Build boat."

So Aleck began to sharpen the plane and chisel, and under my father's direction sawed out a piece of oak plank about three feet long into a triangular form and smoothed it with a plane, and then got out a piece of board for the stem-piece of the boat. Next a form was made to preserve the shape of the boat. Aleck planed down one end of each of the long boards I have mentioned, so that they were almost bevelled to a point. Peter held the end not bevelled as high as required, while it was nailed

with wrought-iron nails firmly to the triangular upright already prepared for a bow-piece. When this was done the other side was secured in a corresponding manner, bringing the two pieces of board to a sharp point for the bows. The portion of the boat known as the "gunwale" was resting on the ground, the bottom of the boat being up. While the boards were in this position the stern-piece was carefully adjusted, the form made to preserve the boat's shape was placed in the centre, and the long thin side-boards were temporarily tacked to it. Then the ends of the boards at the stern were nailed to the stern-piece. After these were properly fastened the boards were sawed to an angle towards the stern-piece. Quarter-inch boards were then nailed across for the bottom of the boat. At every joint was placed a layer of cotton as thin as a wafer, to prevent leaking when it was placed in the water.

This work occupied several days, for we only worked a part of each day. When the work began to assume the shape and proportions of a boat, of the kind known on the seacoast as a sharpie, but which Peter called a bateau, we were greatly delighted.

Sometime before this Aleck had sawed some crooked oak knees to strengthen the boat inside. At last the hull of the boat was completed, thole-pins for rowing were fitted, and then Matt and I were allowed to do the fascinating work of melt-

ing pitch and running it into her seams, and of painting her. We selected for her name "The Lady of the Lake;" but when we had finished the first two words we found we had used all the space on her stern, so that her name would be "The Lady." Later we concluded to dispense with the last letter, and so finally she was named "The Lad." All this gave to Matt and me an inexpressible pleasure, known only to boys.

My aunt diminished my pleasure somewhat, because of the paint which she found on my trousers, especially on one part, which, that I might the better contemplate our artistic effects, I had deposited on the bottom of the boat, before the treacherous paint was sufficiently dry for such an experiment. On attempting to rise I could not be separated from the object of my loving admiration without leaving my trousers as a sort of tribute of my regards.

I believe that to this day I have never seen any paint or pitch stick so obstinately as did that paint.

I never knew Peter to laugh before; but even he laughed when Matt shouted, "An' sure, we'll have to launch him with the boat!"

Our craft was at last put into the water, and proved serviceable there. She was sixteen feet long, had three seats, could easily carry five people, and in case of need twice that number.

The first use made of the boat was to explore

the island. We found it to contain at least fifty acres, finely wooded with pine and sugar-maple.

My father had made arrangements to secure this island as a needful adjunct to our farm.

On farther exploration it was proved that the lakes had an outlet into the Mississippi River, which gave us great satisfaction, as we could easily thereby reach the towns on the Mississippi. We could even go to St. Anthony in our boat, but how to return was another matter.

It was decided that during the fall and winter we would cut down some of the pines, use the branches and tops for firewood, and float the logs in the spring to one of the sawmills on the Mississippi, to be sawed for house material at some future time.

This timber proved a mine of wealth to us, although, as will be seen, we made no immediate use of it.

Although Aunt Hitty never went to rest at night without looking under her bed for Indians, we had up to this time seen none except a few who passed between Fort Ripley and St. Paul on the military road.

One afternoon we heard a frightful screaming at our tents, and hurrying there found Aunt Hitty, with her apron over her head, and Mrs. Ryan crouching in a corner. They were frightened nearly out of their wits by a party of Indians that had ridden down to the lake and thrown off

their blankets, leaving nothing on but their breech-cloths and calico shirts. As we hurried up a squaw mounted astride of a pony, with a child on her back, rushed by us, pounding the horse unmercifully to increase its speed. The party at the lake, horses and all, took a good bath.

Peter had meanwhile come up and had reassured us by saying "Good Injuns!"

Thus reassured Matt and I returned our rifles to their places, for in anticipation of trouble at so unusual a visit we had hastily seized them.

After they had had all the water they cared for, they came up to our tents, and, as Aunt Hitty expressed it, began to "jabber." The only English word we could understand was "rum." Peter in reply said sternly, with an inclination of his head towards my father, "No rum, good man," and then said a few words to them in their own language.

The squaw had dismounted, with the child (a little girl about eight years old), near our tent.

My aunt went to them, and taking up the little girl in her arms tried to talk to her, but the child preserved an immovable face. Aunt Hitty could not make her look at her, change her position, or move a muscle.

"I really believe," said my aunt, "that the little thing is afraid."

Aunt Hitty then went to the tent and returned with some red and blue ribbons, one of which she

tied around the neck of the child, another around her waist, and, with the third tied up her glossy black hair. All this was a by-play while we were engaged with the Indians. I have since learned that Indian maidens are the most timid of all girls. The little girl made a very pretty picture, standing like a statue in her bright decorations.

Finally, at a sharp word of command from their leader, they all mounted, and as they rode away amid the flutter of red blankets and clatter of steeds I saw the little girl glancing over her shoulder as if for a parting look.

After they were gone I asked Aunt Hitty what she thought of the Indians.

"Poor folksy!" she said, an expression she often applied to those low in social culture.

Mrs. Ryan, with the repulsion often seen among the poor people of one race for those of another, declared them "murthering thaves," and, said she, "It's the likes of them as makes poor lone women afraid to stay alone."

Matt took great offence at what he considered their lack of manners, and shook his fist at the retreating Indians, saying "Io'll bust yer oie, fur ye, if yer comes blatherin' around here agin;" and then turning to me he said, "Sure they should have taken off their hats to yer father."

"But, Matt," I expostulated, "they didn't have any hats."

"Sure, then, they should have lifted their hair

to him," cried the angry Matt, at which Peter took hold of Matt's scalp-lock and said grimly, "Lift your hair, boy."

Meanwhile the crops were in fine condition; and during the growing season, when not engaged with the cultivator or in hoeing in the garden (the last of which had greatly absorbed Aleck's attention), it was thought best to begin building a house more suitable for winter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SOD HOUSE.

THE great charm of life in a new country consists partly in the fact that the settler must create his comforts from the rough stores of nature.

It seems a rule in human experience that we should love best that which causes us the most care and trouble in getting and preserving; that which we easily gain, we as easily throw aside.

The dweller in a large city, or even a village, can little appreciate or understand the pleasure felt by the new settler in producing comforts from rough and often inhospitable surroundings. It seems as if nature designed to invest such toil with a delight which is increased by its difficulties. The home feeling is also strengthened rather than weakened by this conflict and hardship. The piquant spice of indescribable flavor derived from rearing the rude surroundings of a pioneer's home is one of the fascinations of this kind of life.

It was now the month of July, and our crops promised a bountiful return for our labors. The corn planted on the sod was luxuriant beyond description. During August we had new pota-

toes on our table. We had taken great pains with our garden, and the yield of vegetables promised to be very large. In addition to the land already ploughed, we had broken over sixteen acres for winter wheat, which was to be seeded in the fall of the year.

One day in July, to our surprise, we found Peter mowing prairie grass. After a half-acre or less had been levelled, the portion which had been cut was carefully tied up in sheaves and the remainder was raked up and carried away.

The plough which was used for breaking the sod was brought out and carefully sharpened. A breaking-plough cuts the sod from twelve to sixteen inches wide and from two and a half to three inches thick, and also turns the sod bottom side up.

The ploughing in this instance was done with such unusual care as to make me very curious as to its purpose.

The sod was cut with a sharpened spade into pieces fifteen inches long, and these were carefully piled up to season or dry.

“What kind o’ crap yer goin’ ter raise dar, Pete?” inquired Aleck.

“Build house,” was the half-breed’s sententious reply.

Our corn and vegetables were now in such a condition that it looked as though we might have a little leisure for fishing and shooting.

Aleck expressed his satisfaction by saying, "Nothin' fer dis chile ter do but sit on de fence an' see de craps grow!"

After a day of rest and recreation, as we sat together one evening in our tent, Peter said in his brief, energetic style, "To-morrow build house."

Aleck, who, as he had often said, had been raised a carpenter, looked surprised, and demurred at the scarcity of lumber by saying, "Mighty slim fixin's fer a house; nuffin to make dat house of but do's and winders."

Peter replied between whiffs of his pipe, "Sod house; lumber 'nough, good 'nough."

The next day we selected the place for our new dwelling, or to put it more correctly, Peter and my father had previously selected the site and only gave us the pleasure of talking it over and re-locating it under their direction.

The spot selected was near the spring of water, on a level spot near the top of the gradually ascending slope opposite the lakes.

Back of this arose a slight ridge, which Peter explained would be a protection against the force of the wind, in case of cyclones or blizzards which sometimes occur in that section of country.

Aleck showed undisguised amazement and curiosity at everything that was done. His thick lips parted contemptuously, and at times he rolled his eyes so frightfully that nothing but the whites were visible. But in spite of his protests he went

faithfully to work to make the measurements from a rough plan which was produced by my father, and set the corner posts into the ground for the contemplated building.

During the week Peter began carting the sod, which had been piled up on the prairie.

The outlines of a house thirty-five feet long by twenty-five broad were marked out on the site. Aleck viewed the structure with suspicion, occasionally stopping his work to look at the meagre pile of lumber at hand, and then with a shake of his head would mutter a protest against trying to build a house without lumber. "Massa Clifton," he said, "we hasn't got 'nuff lumber to build up one chink o' dat house. I'se raised a carpenter, I war. Nebber seed sich a plum fool as dat Pete; dat Injun do'an know nuffin' 'bout house buildin'. What's dem sod fer, sar?"

In reply my father only smiled and said, "You'll see pretty soon, Aleck."

It will be seen that Aleck was both sceptical and jealous. It did look to me like a big undertaking, to attempt to build a house with the material at hand; but I was not likely to apply Aleck's epithet, "plum foolishness," to anything my father undertook by Peter's advice.

In the evening my father explained to us that he was about to build a large sod house. He told us that these houses were common among the settlers of the prairie; and although we had never

seen them, there were several within a few miles of us. These were all small, but he saw no reason why one could not be built of larger proportions and more convenient than those generally in use. When properly made they resembled in many respects the "adobe" houses of Mexico and California. They had, moreover, the excellent qualities of being warm in winter and cool in summer, and he believed that they were superior to any log or frame building that we could hope to get time to construct before the coming of winter.

To this Peter gave assent by saying, "Warm 'nough, cool 'nough, good 'nough."

This explanation increased our interest when work was resumed the next morning.

Aleck worked skilfully from my father's plans, and set the posts for the doors and windows and also the few strong rafters running from the ridge-pole to the horizontal joists spiked to the top of the posts set at the four corners of the building. Posts on each side of the house outlined the window spaces and either side of the door space. In front the door and window frames were made unusually strong by settling scantlings into the ground reaching to the joists at the eaves, although Peter said he had never seen it done before and thought it unnecessary.

While Father and Aleck worked at the carpenter's bench getting out casings for the windows, the rest began laying the sod walls of the house.

This sod was composed of a curious twisted compact mass of strong grass roots and earth. The pieces were laid in the same manner as bricks are laid, by carefully breaking joints.

Peter mixed some very adhesive clay with a little chopped straw to form a mortar which was used between the sod and around window and door spaces, where the sod was cut to fit the upright scantlings to which the window casings were to be adjusted. In a few days the walls were complete and proved very solid and strong. During the building of the walls Aleck often left his work to see that they were "plumb," an interference to which Peter good-naturedly assented by saying "More straight, more strong."

I now learned why the sod had been piled up to dry. It was that they might not shrink away and leave large cracks around the doors and windows.

As the work progressed Peter expressed his satisfaction by saying, "Good 'nough for Queen."

As the house began to assume form, even Aleck became enthusiastic, and said, "Massa Clifton, reckon dis'll be a right smart house. Dog gone if dis yere boy eber seen one like it befo'. Some good do's and winders, sar!"

I think no boy princes ever viewed the erection of a palace with the satisfaction with which Matt and I contemplated the building of this sod house.

Finally the side walls were finished and the inside made almost as smooth as plaster. It was

divided into rooms by three sod walls which ran partially across, leaving a space in the centre some five feet wide, where no wall had been built.

These were also smoothed off, and two coats of whitewash were applied to all the inside walls. When dry they looked almost as well as if plastered. The roof was made by nailing pieces of board, which had been sawed into two-inch strips, across the rafters. This frame work was then thatched with the long prairie grass securely fastened upon it, and over this sods were carefully laid overlapping each other as is done with shingles.

"No cold, no water, get in house," said Peter, and so it proved.

One problem remained unsolved after all the work was done. What should be done for chimneys? My father proposed one of sod, but Peter had declared them to be unsafe by saying, "Sod fall down."

Aleck declared that very good chimneys could be built with mud and green sticks, and his plan was adopted. We had never seen anything of this kind before, and were very curious about them. They were built by crossing the sticks in a square like a cob house, and filling the chinks with mud. I have often since seen stick chimneys in Southern cabins, but never one so workmanlike and handsome as those built by Aleck for our sod house.

Aleck worked with great zeal at these chimneys, and also in finishing the interior of the house.

Perhaps my early impressions are more vivid than those of later years, but I do not remember ever having seen a workman engaged on a building of this description show more ingenuity than he did.

A partition of matched boards divided the front of the house into a kitchen and a sitting-room, the first ten feet by fifteen in size, one chimney serving both rooms. The remainder of the house was divided into four rooms, sod walls running across the house, and matched boards forming the partitions on the hall side. Ordinary doors were hung, and each bedroom had one window. In one of the rear rooms Aleck had built another chimney, by which both the hall and the room could be heated. When the partitions were painted and curtains hung at the windows, the rooms had a very pleasing effect. Even Aunt Hitty, not accustomed to over-praise anything, admitted that the house "would do." Closets, shelves, a kitchen table, and other conveniences, made the house so neat that one could scarcely believe it to be built of sod.

When racks for our guns, and cases for my father's books, had been placed in the sitting-room, a mantel-piece provided for the clock, and a brightly covered table placed in the centre, we thought ourselves not only comfortable, but extremely fine.

My father's room, as well as Aunt Hitty's, had a good bedstead; but the others had only shallow, box-like bunks, which were, after all, very satisfactory.

Aunt Hitty had at first looked at the sod house with unconcealed contempt. She was sure it would tumble down; but now that it was finished she was delighted, and expressed it by exclaiming, "I declar, who'd a thought it? A freak of natur!" and similar exclamations peculiar to herself.

During harvesting time we continued to live in the tent.

My father, on one of his visits to the settlement, bought two air-tight sheet-iron stoves. To those who think we were taking extravagant precautions for heating, I will say that winter weather in Minnesota is very cold, the mercury sometimes falling to 30, and even 40, degrees below zero. After the twentieth of July, which is about the time when crops begin to mature in this latitude, we began the work of harvesting. It was finished during August, and the yield seemed to us extraordinary. We gathered eight hundred bushels of turnips to the acre, and eight hundred bushels of potatoes, most of which were sold at Fort Ripley. We had six hundred bushels of carrots, which, with turnips, were fed to the stock in the winter.

There was a good yield of corn, most of which was sold for fair prices at the settlement, returning enough money to buy our winter provisions,

and pay Aleck, Peter, and Matt their wages as was agreed. We also had plenty of vegetables for winter use.

After harvest the weather still continued fine, but with nights so chilly that we were glad to strike our tents and move into our new house. Before it became too cold, we had built a sod barn, with a canvas roof, for the cattle, and had cut enough prairie grass for their food; this, without the carrots and turnips, was sufficient to keep them throughout the winter.

The weather continuing fair (although it was the last of September) we began breaking the land for which Matt had filed pre-emption papers.

A widow or a minor at the head of a family may pre-empt land, but must first file a written declaration of his intention to, and must also live for a certain time on the land, and make improvements thereon.

Peter and Aleck had made similar application; and Aleck, poor fellow, was full of anticipation of building himself a sod house "like Massa Clifton's."

"I'se go down Souf by and by, and buy myself and my wife of dat ole Massa Jenkins, an' lib here like a possum all de days ob my life!" said Aleck.

My father looking up said compassionately, "No one owns you but God, Aleck. It seems hard for you to understand that."

Then laying his hand on Aleck's shoulder he said, "Never forget God's claim on you. Let us ask Him to restore you those you love;" and although Peter and Matt were Roman Catholics, they knelt with us, and when they arose from their knees their cheeks were wet with tears, so eloquent is a good man's prayer.

Peter often expressed his sentiments regarding my father, by saying, "Good man, whisper, God hear him. Bad man, yell loud, God not hear him."

"This seems to be the belief of many people of every creed," said my father (who did not see the compliment intended for himself), "but God hears us according to our needs, and not according to our deserts."

I never knew my father to try to proselyte a man of another creed to his own: he always said, "A man's belief is between himself and God. If his life does not speak for him, it is useless to utter words regarding his religion."

When my father had urged Peter to take up land, Peter inflated his lungs and with a kingly air said, "What want land for when I breathe all sky, all heaven?"

I have since observed that the half-breeds of this region, although they assume the habits of the whites for a time, seldom settle on a farm of their own. In this they show the characteristics of their Indian mothers. They seem unhappy

unless, as Peter once expressed it, they can "pull up stakes and move any time."

Peter, when under good influences, was a good man, and he seemed to reverence my father. But twice since we had known him he had been to the settlement; and when on his return we had asked him what he had been doing he had replied, "Peter bad man, get drunk."

My father looked sorrowful at these times; and it pained Peter more than words of reproof, for he was heard to say, "Big heart, brother look sorry, make heart ache!" Peter, from his pay, had bought a cow, while Matt had added a colt and a bull to his stock, and had bought hens and chickens, although he was obliged to do extra work to take care of them.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTING-~~IN~~ MINNESOTA.

WE were now comfortably settled for the winter, and were at liberty to indulge our taste for fishing and hunting to a greater extent than had been thought best during the summer.

My father required Matt and me to study and recite to him every evening. At first I thought this a great hardship; but he had a peculiar talent for investing every subject he taught with such interest, that his pupil was always desirous of knowing more, so that study and recitation were kept up during the entire winter.

Matt had never been to school, but in some way had learned to read and write. He was very eager to learn, and went at his lessons with what seemed to me needless enthusiasm.

Father's health continued to improve daily, so that Aunt Hitty thought he looked many years younger than when we left Centreboro. I have emphasized this fact, for it was one which we felt would have justified our experiment, even had the farm been a failure.

Aleck took great pleasure in contriving conveni-

ences for the sod house, over which his enthusiasm was boundless.

"Clar to gracious," said he, "nebber want no better house dan dat dar one. Mos' as good a house as Massa George's, whar I'se raised in Carlina, sar! Jes' look at dem do's and winders. Clar dey's mos' good nuff to eat. Nebber want no better house dan dat, sar!"

Matt and I now devoted whole days to hunting with Peter, with an enjoyment that can only be understood by boys who have engaged in such wild sport. I do not know that we were more delighted than Garry, who would bark and whine with delight whenever we took down our rifles.

The sandhill cranes gathered in large numbers around the grain which we did not consider worth harvesting; but it was hard for us to get near them, until Peter taught us to lie in ambush for them, by setting up a corn-shock and spreading out the base of it wide enough to hide us. The cranes were very shy; but we learned to wait patiently until, making a broad circle in the air, with their peculiar cry, these bluish-gray, long-legged birds would settle on some favorite feeding-ground, all unsuspecting of the danger concealed in the corn-shocks near.

Our greatest sport, however, was duck and wild goose shooting, of which there was great abundance on the prairie.

Garry soon learned that he must lie still while

waiting for the order to "fetch 'em." On such occasions he would wait patiently, with his nose between his paws, although quivering with desire to be at the birds.

Peter had great patience and ability in teaching animals, and although he had never struck Garry a blow, the dog was his obedient pupil.

In the small grassy ponds that abound on the Minnesota prairies, mallards, widgeons, and spring-tails are found concealed among the wild rice, reeds, and rushes, with which they are thickly grown.

During September father announced that he was about to visit St. Paul to buy stores for winter. At first he proposed to take Peter with him; but I protested against this arrangement, because it was so much greater fun to hunt with Peter than without him. Aleck did not understand sports, and therefore took but comparatively little interest in them.

So it was arranged that Aleck was to accompany father to St. Paul, while Peter was to remain at home to care of the stock and to accompany us in hunting.

Our delight was great when after their departure Peter examined his rifle and shot-gun and said, "Now go shoot big ducks, Whirr!" The last word Peter pronounced with a great roll of the r's, and spread out his hands and fingers in pantomime, indicating the flight of birds.

So with our guns on our shoulders we followed Peter to the prairie where there were several sloughs or marshes, one of which we stealthily approached. I crept up to a musk-rat mound and stood guard. Peter and Matt took a position on the other side of the pond. I was not able to see the use of all this, as not a feather could be seen, and only my confidence in Peter's sagacity restrained me from expressing my distrust.

When all were concealed in the rushes, at a signal from Peter, Matt fired at random over the slough. In an instant, with a prodigious quacking and fluttering, a flock of ducks sprang into the air, making a break in the direction of our lake. I was so agitated and surprised that I verily believe I could not have hit a barn door. But Peter fired two shots and down came three mallard green heads, two with one barrel.

Garry forgot his lessons in patience and rushed to retrieve the birds without orders, when a rough "down" from Peter brought him to a charge where he waited for the order, then he tore away for the game like mad.

"Why didn't you let Garry fetch 'em in the first place, Peter?" I inquired reproachfully.

"Spoil dog; learn to mind; keep still, like boys!"

By this he conveyed to us the idea that we must learn patience and coolness, and not give way to excitement and disobey instructions.

During the day we shot some canvas-back ducks, over which Peter expressed his enthusiasm by saying, "King birds." We at first could see no difference between them and the red-heads we had bagged, but Peter drew our attention to the difference in the length and shape of the head. In this they greatly differ; there is a difference in the bill also, the canvas-back duck having a black bill and the mallard a light blue.

We were returning home loaded with game, when we were brought to a standstill by a motion from Peter for silence! "Hush!" says Peter in a whisper. He takes one step forward, when a cock grouse flushes before him. He throws his gun to his face and a long stream of feathers drift downward, showing his perfect aim, and the bird drops on the grass. A step more, and another shot brings down another fat grouse.

"Prairie chicken fat now," said Peter, bagging the grouse.

It was late when we reached home, tired and hungry, but not too tired to help Peter in dressing and broiling some of our game for supper.

More delicious food I've never eaten; and my mouth waters as I write, at the remembrance of the delicious flavor of the canvas-backs. They fully justified Peter's enthusiastic declaration, "Red-head good, canvas-back best all." The canvas-back is indeed, for table use, the royal bird, as Peter said.

That same evening, as we were returning to the house after milking the cow, we heard the honking of wild geese. I never saw Peter, usually so stolid, excited before. Laying his hand first on a stick and then on a stone, he exclaimed, "Give me something fire! had a gun, shoot! good mind to, anyway!"

We laughed to see Peter as excited as we had been in the morning.

Peter, seeing the absurdity of his excitement, said smiling, "Goose self."

The next morning Peter said, "Shoot some goose to-day!"

To those who do not understand the habits of geese in this region, I will say that two flights a day are made by these birds from the lake, in search of food; one at daybreak, and the other at about four o'clock in the afternoon, their flight lasting about an hour. The geese are accompanied by the snow goose and the white-fronted goose, better known in this region as brant, although they do not resemble the brant of the seacoast.

Peter began by looking over the field where our meagre wheat grew, and where he found traces of their having been feeding. After making a careful examination, he dug two pits, utilizing the earth dug from them for a slight embankment around their edges; wheat straws were then carefully stuck into the ground, until its appearance

accorded with the natural surroundings. Here Peter set up what we thought were very poor decoys or imitation geese.

"Sure they must be geese," said Matt derisively, "to want to make acquaintance with them things!"

Peter said not a word, but went on with his preparations.

Before four o'clock the next morning Matt and I took our positions in one pit, and Peter placed himself in the other. We waited until our patience was completely exhausted.

"A watched pot never biles," said Matt, usually very patient, "and by George, I'm not goin' to watch this pot longer."

"Hush! birds coming!" was Peter's warning, as if with his trained sense of hearing, he could hear the birds in the air.

"Wait till I say fire!" said Peter, in a whisper. "Goose look big, look out not fire too soon!"

Here let me explain in parenthesis, that in the air, with no intervening object to correct the eye, birds above a hunter look very large, so that the inexperienced are often deceived as to the distance from him, and are tempted to fire too soon.

In a moment more a flock of fifteen of these birds circled as if viewing the ground, and settled in the wheat around us. *Bang, bang! bang, bang! bang, bang!* went our shot-guns, and as a

result we picked up one brant and six fat geese, which we carried home to Aunt Hitty in triumph.

The weather was getting so cool that we had but little difficulty in keeping our game for several weeks.

During this season of sport Peter taught us the correct use of a rifle, as well as the shot-gun; always to carry a gun pointing upward, and never to hold it in any other way except to bring it into position to fire. Some sportsmen carry a gun with muzzle pointing downward; but Peter explained that many accidents occurred to both hunters and dogs, by the fingers touching the trigger as the barrel is lifted into position, which, if brought from the shoulder to the line of aim, could not happen. He also taught us before jumping over any obstacle to bring the hammer to a half-cock, and also, in going through a thicket or sage brush, to cover the hammer of our guns with one hand; and to withdraw the charge or fire it when we had decided to shoot no more for the day, and to clean our guns or rifles with tow or flannel, and to close up the muzzle with a plug made of cork or flannel, before placing the gun in the rack."

Once during the first week of hunting we tried shooting geese and ducks on the lake, covering our boat with green boughs, but were less successful than in the other manner. •

Under Peter's tuition we were fast becoming expert hunters.

Matt had, however, been making some poor shots, when Peter said, "Maybe gun don't fit you."

We had heard of fitting clothes to a boy, but never had heard of fitting a gun to one. "Show how!" said Peter, seeing our incredulity.

Standing in front of the sitting-room mirror, he instructed Matt to bring his gun into position to aim at his right eye, and in substance said, "If you see your right eye just above the rib of the gun, you may know that the gun fits you." Peter then pointed out the marks of the muskets to indicate how much powder they should carry to be most effective, for although he could not at that time read or write he knew all these marks on the English and Belgian guns at a glance.

About a week after my father's departure we sat talking about hunting, with Aunt Hitty sniffing her contempt, not at our game, but at our talk, when the young officer I have before mentioned rode up, and dismounting, handed us two letters, one from my father and the other from Bess.

Both of them were brief and in different ways conveyed the same intelligence. Aleck had been missing for two days, and father wanted Peter to come to St. Paul to take care of the teams. Father thought that Aleck had been kidnapped and carried down the river. Bess's intelligence was of the

same nature, in addition to which we were delighted to learn that she proposed to come home for the winter.

Lieutenant Preston was invited to remain for the night, and accepted our hospitality. Peter said but little, but turned pale and rigid with anger at the thought that Aleck had been stolen, and said, "Bad white man, worse bad Indian." Lieutenant Preston made no inquiries or remarks regarding Aleck, as if he had no sympathy with our loss.

Father had heard through my uncle that some inquiries had been made about him and his relation to Aleck; but he had thought nothing of it, and was naturally indignant at the thought that Aleck had been kidnapped, although he had no real proof that such was the case.

Peter started at once for St. Paul, and in a few days returned with the teams, but father came earlier by boat bringing Bess with him.

He said that he had been so wrought up by losing Aleck, that on Sunday, being asked to occupy a city pulpit, he preached in substance the same sermon that made such a commotion at Centreboro, on the subject of the duty of the free States regarding slavery.

"Just like you, for all your life, William!" exclaimed Aunt Hitty. "You are just like the man in Mother Goose."

"What one do you mean?" inquired my father,

indignant at being classified with any hero of Mother Goose.

“When he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
To scratch them in again,”

quoted Aunt Hitty.

Even my father smiled at the aptness of the quotation; and Aunt Hitty, seeing she had the best of the talk, heaped my father's plate with game.

We afterwards learned that some ultra pro-slavery men had been heard to say, that it wouldn't be safe for him again to preach such sermons in St. Paul.

Matt, like the rest of us, was quite excited over Aleck's supposed fate, and was heard to say wrathfully, “The murtherin' villains that would stale Aleck would stale the dog.”

“It's worse than stealing the newspapers in New York, Matt!” I said quizzingly.

“Yis,” said Matt; “an' I wanted that naygur to help build me a house. An' sure, I shouldn't wonder if the same raskills had stole me father.”

We explained to Matt that they did not kidnap or enslave Irishmen in this country.

“An' why not?” said Matt, piqued not a little; “sure ain't an Irishman as good as a naygur?”

CHAPTER XI.

WINTER SCENES ON THE PRAIRIE.

THE autumn months were the pleasantest of the year. The days were warm with just enough of coolness in the morning and evening to make them delightful. But few frosts occurred, and it seemed characteristic of the climate that it seldom rained except at night. The blue haze of Indian summer, common to other latitudes, was here intensified, and there was a lazy languor in the air, as if nature, after the haste of summer, was loath to leave its languid repose to enter upon the long sleep of winter.

Meanwhile we were getting very well prepared for cold weather.

In October an Indian with his squaw and two daughters about fourteen or fifteen years of age visited us. The woman and the two girls were loaded very heavily with packs of wild rice and cranberries, carried by portage straps passed around the forehead, while the man carried a pack of furs. These they expected to sell at the settlement, which was the centre of most of the Indian trade.

As we had gathered cranberries enough for our

own use around the margin of the lake, we did not require any, but father bought their stock of wild rice. It did not resemble ordinary rice, being darker in color, and father told us that the French call it wild oats (*folles avoines*). Some of it was cooked for our dinner. With the exception of a smoky taste, which at first we did not like, and which is caused by the Indian method of drying it on a scaffold over a fire, it seemed much like the rice to which we were accustomed.

The squaw was ugly and wrinkled, but the daughters were straight, lithe, and graceful. There was a willow-like flexibleness in their movements which I have never seen except in young Indian girls.

The man was very unlike any of his race that I had ever met in fiction, being very dirty and quite stout. His face was furrowed with lines of care, and was tinged with a peculiar air of sadness and sternness.

After the bargaining was over they were invited to dinner. We had for dinner, as I can distinctly remember, roast pork; and after they had eaten, as Matt said, "like hogs," they still continued, though languidly, as if it were a task.

My aunt said to Peter, who happened in, "Them Injuns don't seem to be very hungry, but they keep eatin'." Peter explained that they considered it etiquette to eat everything set before them. Aunt Hitty laughing said, "Tell them, Peter,

before they eat us out of house and home, that they needn't eat any more if they do not want to."

My sister Bess tried to make friends with the Indian girls: they were very bashful, but seemed much pleased with some trinkets she gave them.

The party was just getting ready to go, when Peter said to my father, "Buy furs for cold weather?" So father entered into further negotiations with them, and bought from their pack all the furs that Peter selected, consisting of otter, wolf, deer, and bear skins. These furs were beautifully prepared, and were soft as only Indians can make them.

Before the winter really set in Peter began to work at making fur leggings and overcoats. In this he was assisted by our women, who worked under his direction, until we were all well equipped. One advantage this climate possessed over that of New England—we could dress with some degree of certainty as to what the weather would be.

After a heavy fall of snow in November the weather cleared, leaving the air intensely cold, but dead still and with the sun shining from a cloudless sky. We found the cold very deceptive, as in going from our heated rooms into the air the body carried with it an atmosphere of heat which made the cold hardly perceptible for a while. I had an early illustration of this which nearly cost me my ears and nose. Starting out

one morning, I had not gone far when I met Peter, who proceeded to tumble me roughly in the snow and to rub my face with it. I struggled to get away, thinking it cold treatment from a friend; but Peter exclaimed, "Hold still. Man know better'n little boy. Nose froze, ears froze." I discovered that these very needful appendages were both frozen, and that Peter had applied the best possible remedy by rubbing them with snow. Had I gone to the house without meeting Peter, and entered a warm room, I should very likely have lost my nose and ears. As it was I suffered but little inconvenience by being nipped by the frost.

With the coming of winter the Mississippi was closed by ice, and all communication except by the road was cut off. The only way of obtaining our mail was to drive to the settlement across the prairie, where all semblance of a road was obliterated by the snow. To be thus isolated was a great hardship for my father, who had always been accustomed to have his newspaper regularly, and to be in constant communication with his friends; and now that the season of enforced leisure had come, he greatly missed his usual comforts. Mrs. Ryan was also anxious to hear from her husband.

"Yer father wants to see what Congress is a-doin', and what that windy Phillips and that Garrison, that our dog is named for, is a drivin' at. I've no doubt he's a disgracin' the dog, though!"

said Aunt Hitty, who was, by the way, an ardent Democrat in her sympathies.

"Sure," said Matt, "me mither cries because we've lost me father." My father coming in and overhearing this remark said, "I think Peter had better take the grays (so he called our span) and drive over to the settlement to-morrow. Your aunt says we are nearly out of coffee and sugar, and we cannot get along very well without them, and besides she wants some snuff."

"Why don't you say you want your newspapers, and can't do without them any longer, William?" said my aunt, with unusual testiness.

"An' sure," said Mrs. Ryan, "ain't it too cowl'd for the byes? the thermometer is below *gero*."

"It won't hurt the boys," said father, "and it is not best for them to stay in the house too much; they must get accustomed to roughing it."

So to our great joy we were allowed to accompany Peter to the settlement in the morning. "Bright and early," as my aunt called it, we set out.

My sister Bess said we looked like huge caterpillars in our fur overcoats, from which we could hardly see out.

What a morning it was! How the snow lay like an incrustation of silver over the undulating prairie! There was no life moving over its broad expanse. No sound was heard except our own voices, and the silence lent effect to the vast and simple landscape, so like a frozen ocean.

The cold was intense, and the air was motionless and deathlike. As we approached the settlement I noticed that the smoke from the chimneys fell lazily to the ground. Peter said, "Storm, perhaps one day, perhaps two days, hurry back."

At the store Peter was greeted by several of his old hunting and *voyaging* friends, who occupied so much of his time that I got impatient and I couldn't help thinking that we were staying too late. Still I was not very anxious, although Peter's breath did smell suspicious; for I had great confidence in his good sense. I have since learned from experience that those who are ordinarily good men seem to lose their reliable qualities when they come in contact with spirituous liquors.

A great cause of joy to Matt was that he had got a letter. There were also two letters for my father; one of them was given me by the post-master, who said he thought it was for my father, although he could hardly make out the address. It was superscribed in a scrawling hand on a dirty envelope and appeared to be addressed to "Massa Clifton."

It was quite late when we started on our return. Peter was unusually talkative and shook hands again and again with his friends. I heard the store-keeper say to Peter, "Better hurry up, old man!"

"Maybe, Mr. Yankee, you know better'n Peter," said Peter angrily.

At last we started, but had gone only a little

way before a few flakes of snow drifted down through the air. Peter drove with his head and chin far down in his furs as if he were sleepy. We must have been midway on our journey when the wind began to rise. Matt put his hand into the pocket of Peter's shaggy overcoat and threw a flask out into the snow. Peter, seeing the movement, stopped the team, and was going to get out for the flask, saying, "What throw Peter's bottle away for?"

"Peter is drunk," said Matt resolutely, "and it's going to storm and blow!"

As if this had awakened him to our danger, Peter looked at us both with a dazed air, and said slowly, looking at the sky and sniffing in a big breath of air through his broad nostrils, "Air feels storm, Peter bad man!" and then, after looking around the prairie as if to get his bearings, and lashing the horses to urge them forward, he said excitedly, "No time spare!" The wind continued to rise, which was something we had never before seen in our Minnesota experience.

Peter was visibly sobered, his face lengthened, and his faculties seemed to awake to renewed keenness.

An hour passed and the storm was in full force upon us. The cutting wind blew directly in our faces as Peter urged the horses on. The air was full of particles of snow which seemed to pierce the flesh like needles wherever it touched our faces.



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“We now began the terrible struggle on foot against the wind.” — Page 129.

We were in the midst of what in modern language is called a blizzard.

Peter seemed now to strain every sense to ward off danger. He sheltered us and himself behind the barrels, and made us cover ourselves in the robes and blankets. He occasionally touched my face with his own. I began to feel drowsy. Peter must have perceived this for he exclaimed, "We all freeze! Get out, hold on sled, run! you freeze!" We obeyed him, and with benumbed faculties, holding on to the sled, we walked or ran behind or along side.

In this way we went on for some time, the horses stumbling as they went, for they were giving out. Still we went on, and on, until one of the horses fell. Peter with prodigious strength raised him, but the beast could not or would not go farther. Peter unhitched and turned them loose.

He then took his portage-strap, to which he had attached an immense basket, and placing in this the robes and blankets, he started to walk, with Matt and me following behind him. We now began the terrible struggle on foot against the wind. "Keep close me," said Peter commandingly. Peter's attitude showed that he had braced every nerve and muscle to do battle against death. The air now seemed a solid mass of needles driven against the exposed portions of our flesh. The cold cut through us as if the naked body was exposed to the terrible blast. It was impossible to see a foot before us.

“Keep close to me!” occasionally shouted Peter. Through this wild, fierce storm we staggered, hardly able to breathe except by turning our backs to the wind.

A languor stole over my senses and I fell. Peter raised me to my feet and drove me before him with blows from his hands saying, “Fall down, never get up! freeze!” I remember hearing these words, although they sounded far away, and I was unaccountably indifferent to them. Peter shook me, struck me with the flat of his hand, and I went on. I next remembered seeing him put Matt into his portage basket, cover him with furs, and sling it over his back, then with his hands under my arms partly carrying me, we went on. I fell again, when Peter made one more appeal. “Fall down, die!” he shouted. Next I found him taking off his big fur coat and wrapping it around me. This seemed to warm me a little, and I revived when he poured something hot down my throat, which I afterwards found out was “hot drops.”

Peter stood irresolute for a while, exclaiming, “Peter lost way;” then inhaling or sniffing for a moment he said, “Smell house,” and we went on until I could go no farther. Then Peter took me up in his arms, and then I heard Garrison bark and knew no more.

When I came to my senses I was in my bed and was being vigorously rubbed with snow. Peter, — brave, honest Peter, with something like a tear in his eye, said, “He all right now!”

My father afterwards told me that Garry had been sleeping, when he suddenly roused himself and began to bark and snuff at the door; they let him go and he had guided Peter to the house, which was only half a mile distant from the place where I had given out. The question naturally is asked, how did the dog know our danger? I sometimes think dogs are clairvoyant.

The letter, of which I have before spoken, proved to be a curious one; here is a copy of it:—

DAR MARS CLIFTON, — Was stole and brung here. I will tote back sometime.

ALECK.

The letter had no date, and the postmark was obscure.

Mrs. Ryan's letter informed her that her husband was near Chicago, and wanted her to write to him. The letter was dated a month previous to her getting it. My father wrote to him, and it was agreed that when the spring opened he should join his wife and boy in their prairie home.

It is not my purpose to give further details of our home life. During the next summer our farm prospered and we raised over a thousand bushels of wheat.

Matt built a sod house, ploughed his land and raised fair crops, and anxiously looked for the coming of his father; but he, for some unaccount-

able reason, was not heard from. The season was a very profitable one for us, a fact which Aunt Hitty accounted for by saying, "It's because there are no beggars here for your father to give his money away to."

CHAPTER XII.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

FIVE years have swiftly passed since the events of the last chapter, and it is now April, 1861.

A rapid but quiet change has taken place in the surroundings of the prairie farm. A little village called Lakeview, the centre of a farming community, has sprung up in our vicinity. The sod house has given place to a comfortable two-story dwelling, whose broad veranda looks out upon lake and prairie.

The fertile land is taken up for farms in every direction. On every side, in the summer months, are waving fields of grain, that undulate in the sunshine like the waves of the sea.

Matt's farm adjoins ours and he has participated in the general prosperity. He is now eighteen years old, and is considered the best judge of stock, especially horses and mules, in the neighborhood.

There is a mystery about his father that is a cause of great sorrow to him. He had written twice of his intention of joining his family in Minnesota, and yet had not made his appearance nor been heard from for months.

Of Aleck we had heard nothing, except the unintelligible note, a copy of which was given in the preceding chapter.

My father had been one of the republican electors of the State, in the election of Abraham Lincoln, and is known for miles around as a man of whom his neighbors say, "He would rather do a man a kindness than eat his own dinner!"

Aunt Hitty says, in answer to the question of a neighbor, "Yes; William Clifton is forehanded, — rich, in spite of himself; for goodness knows, the man is just as ready to give away his head as he ever was!"

"An' sure, mum," says Mrs. Ryan, who has happened in just before dinner, to borrow some milk-pans, "Mr. Clifton has been a blessing to many a poor person, and why shouldn't *he* get a blessing wid it all?"

"Well, yes," said my aunt; "I do believe that the good God does sometimes take care of people who *won't* take care of themselves! When that man had a school in the old house (so we designated the sod house), he took everybody that came along, and didn't charge a cent to Tom, Dick, or Harry."

"Nor Matt either," said Matt, coming into the sitting-room, and bowing with mock humility to my aunt. "I remember we all thought that when he got the school money allowed by the county, he should have paid himself for his time and money;

but instead he put another hundred dollars with it, and built the new schoolhouse, and you said, 'Now that man is crazy.' But people for that very reason began to settle here, because their children could go to church and school."

"Now, Matthew," said my aunt (who always called him Matthew when she wished to be very emphatic, or was displeased), "of course everything Mr. Clifton does is right in your eyes, because he lets you do as you please. But if *I'd* a been William Clifton, I'd a converted yer into a Protestant or skinned yer alive; and instid of that, he lets that Catholic priest come to confess yer—folks, too, who are too good to hear Mr. Clifton preach. An' that man can't preach without his shirt outside his trousers, either!" she continued, taking a big pinch of snuff, and turning on Matt as if for a challenge.

"Yes, it's true, God bless him! Mr. Clifton is too big hearted. He has made me what I am, and," with just the suspicion of a tear in Matt's eloquent Irish eyes, "I know there's no better man living than he!"

"There's Pete," continued Matt, but my aunt interrupted him, with "Well, what's the matter with Peter? Mr. Clifton learned him to read and write, and I don't think the man has drank a drop since he came near freezing yer to death on the prairie!" Then turning again to Matt, she asked, "What have you got against Peter? He's a good

creature as ever lived ! though they do say he leaves off right in harvest time to go hunting !—sort o' shiftless like ! Come, Matt," continued my aunt, mildly, "sit down and have some dinner with us. It seems like old times to have yer 'round ; you always was a good boy ! You've paid for yer bringin' up, over and over agin."

Matt laughed and accepted the invitation ; but Peter, who had been sitting unperceived by the door, here arose, his enormous frame filling the whole door-way, and raising his hand with a gesture peculiar to himself, as if demanding attention, said, "Big heart, brother Clifton ; look God for pay ; he do Peter good, and not want pay !" Then standing a moment silently and sternly, as if for emphasis, with his stately gliding step, the half-breed moved away.

"There," said Aunt Hitty, "you've hurt Peter's feelin's ; and you'd better stop talkin' and go to eatin'." It was an old habit of Aunt Hitty's, attributing to others what she had done herself.

In a few minutes Peter came in, and took his seat at the table. He bowed his head for a moment, then saying, "Thank God," began eating.

"When," inquired Aunt Hitty, "do you expect your father from St. Paul ?"

"Some time to-day, on the stage from the landing ; it is almost due now," I replied, consulting my watch.

"He's all politics now," said Aunt Hitty.

"Talks about the seceshers; as if they'd do *anything* but threaten! He'd better attend to the seedin'."

My sister Bess, after receiving attentions from both Lieutenants Archer and Preston, was at that time engaged to Preston, who was quartered at Fort Snelling. He was a dashing young officer, whom we all liked and admired, although his political opinions were not in accordance with ours. It was well known that Lieutenant Preston was a Southern man by birth, and the only disagreement which had occurred between Bess and her lover was on politics and the slavery question. My father had also had several talks with Preston; and although their conversation was courteous, it was plainly to be seen that they could not view the subject of slavery from the same standpoint.

We were hardly through dinner when my father walked into the dining-room, having just arrived by the mail stage. I knew by his face that something unusual had occurred.

"What's the matter, papa?" inquired Bess.

There was a gray, ashen look on his face as if his mind was agitated by some great anxiety.

"For the land sakes, William, what is it? Is your brother John dead?" asked Aunt Hitty with something like hysterics in her tone.

My father, who was not without a sense of humor, smiled and said, "I ought not to alarm you with my worried looks, but the South Carolina

rebels have fired on Fort Sumter. Here, my child," said he to Bess, "is a letter from Mr. Preston. I am afraid he is determined to side with the South and to resign his commission. He says he cannot raise his hand against his native State, and if he fights he must fight with his own people."

"Oh!" said Aunt Hitty contemptuously, "I thought some one was dead."

My sister read her letter with pallid face, and in another moment sank fainting to the floor. Upon recovering, she said, "Lieutenant Preston did not tell you all. He leaves for the South, and will enter the service of his native State at once."

"Oh!" said Aunt Hitty, "I thought for sure he'd killed some one!"

"It means more than death to many," said my father, solemnly and reproachfully; "it means civil war, which may come near our homes, for we shall have to wrestle here in the West for the possession of the Mississippi. There's great excitement in St. Paul and all over the land. They've begun recruiting in all the towns around already."

It was the 19th of April, which shows that in our new State news travelled slowly, for it was only the year previous (1860) that St. Paul had railroad and telegraphic communication with Chicago and other points East.

That evening my father read aloud the papers which gave full details of the attack on Fort

Sumter and its surrender on the 15th of April, 1861.

"I fear," said my father, "that it is but the beginning of a long civil war."

We sat talking it over, when Peter, who had taken no part in the conversation, said as he got up to go to his own house, "War comes, I go and fight for this country. Peter knows how fight!"

"It has got to come to that," said my father thoughtfully. "All good men must now stand up for their country. I hope the freedom of the slaves may be an outcome of this; for war has come and maybe it will be at our very doors. Civil wars are more dreadful in their intensified passions than any other. We must give liberally meanwhile, of all that we have, to sustain the Union of States."

"Yes, of course," said Aunt Hitty, "that's the first thing you will think of! You are givin' your house-lots away now, when you might sell 'em. If you could find a good excuse you'd give your horses away, and go afoot, and let the seedin' go to the dogs."

My father mused a moment in his most abstracted manner, and finally replied, "Certainly, Mehitable, if the government needs them. I never thought of it before. I'll write about it to the Governor and see if they would be acceptable."

The news of the war continued to be a staple of conversation. In our settlement there were many

views expressed. Many thought the war would amount to but little. Sam Ryder (my aunt's nephew), who was clerk in the store, said, "Well, now I tell *you*, I've been down there in Charleston, and know 'em: they don't care about fightin', they're too lazy."

"Now, see here, Sam," said my big brother-in-law, Jonathan Atkins, who had taken up a farm near us, "I've run a vessel between Savannah and Boston for years, and I know these Southern fellows right well. They're as proud as Lucifer, and you might as well try to back down your mainmast as one of them chaps when they've got all sails set. Yes, they are lazy, but there's no man so stubborn as a proud man. I tell you they'd fight after they got into it; and they'll get into it, because they'll egg each other on! It's a point of honor, as they say, never to back down."

"Wall, now, stranger," said a Missourian, the poorest man in the settlement, "you Yanks have just kicked up this row because you won't let our niggers alone. You've been meddlin' with 'em too much."

"Will you please tell us," said Matt, "how many niggers you own?"

The lank Missourian wrathfully reached for Matt, who laughingly fled out of the back door.

It was the last of July when the news of the stunning defeat of the Union army at Bull Run, which had vibrated through the North like an

electric shock, finally reached our little settlement. Up to that time it had not been seriously believed that there would be war. My father's opinion was an exception to this otherwise general feeling. The sad forebodings which from the first had alarmed him, had now been realized in this terrible defeat of the national troops.

"Thank God!" said my father, "President Lincoln has shown no weakness; with treason surrounding him on every side, he has been firm but tolerant, wise, and charitable."

Looking back to-day over the past, we can see that while the terrible defeat at Bull Run demonstrated the inexperience and want of discipline among our citizen soldiers, it also proved that our Northern men possessed that manly temperament which gathered strength from adversity, and that indomitable constancy which, after bloody defeats and vexatious delays, brought us final victory and the restoration of the Union, and gave freedom to all under one flag. The defeat at Bull Run taught our people that it was not sufficient to have placed seventy-five thousand men in the field, but that it was necessary to aid patiently in converting them by discipline into soldiers.

During the week, while the news of Bull Run was the topic of conversation, we had a visit from Captain Archer, formerly stationed at the military post above us. He told us that he had applied

for leave of absence to accept a commission as colonel in an Illinois regiment.

I then asked my father for the first time to allow me to enlist in that regiment.

Aunt Mehitable was very wrathful. "Now," said she, "you see the result of your teachin's, William! There's that harum scarum boy wants to go to war, and he'll get killed if he goes, quicker than scat, he's so reckless."

My father looked pained, but said, "We must sacrifice much for our country, although I don't feel very willing, I confess. I find myself," he said, with the simplicity so marked in his character, "not so willing to give of my own flesh and blood as to counsel others to give of theirs. I will let you know to-morrow, my son."

There was something inexpressibly tender in my aunt's manner as she saw in my father's face the struggle between desire and duty.

She went to him as if to show her sympathy, and in an undertone said, "If you give all of your horses and some of your money to help the government, William, I guess it will be all the dear Lord requires of you at first;" and then, as if ashamed of having shown her feelings, she bustled about her household work, addressing a sharp word of reproof whenever she had a chance. "Tom, you didn't half milk the cows to-night. You are gettin' too careless for anything! Peter, if you don't bring in more wood I can't cook your

victuals. You seem to expect me to do every thing." We all understood these explosive remarks, emphasized by hurried pinches of snuff.

"Perhaps, Mr. Clifton," said Captain Archer, "it will be a short war, and in that case Tom would very much regret not to have in some way participated in it. You'd better let him go down to the Fort with me and study the tactics, so that he may be qualified for something better than the position of a private. The great want in this war will be men who understand military affairs. It is a trade: the A B C of the trade is the manual of arms; the simple sentences, company drill; the plain reading, company evolutions; the more intricate education is knowledge of regimental drill. The ability to give orders, and to have them executed properly under fire, without confusion, is the higher art of a military commander."

"These fellers," said Sam Ryder, referring to the Southerners, "will know they are wrong; know they're fightin' against the flag of their fathers, and they won't have the conscience to go on fightin.' Their consciences 'll trouble 'em so they won't have no heart in the fight."

Peter, who had been listening, as was his custom, without remark, turned his grave and steady look upon my cousin, and said, "Bad men fight best; good men too soft for hate. Bears fight better than deers."

"Maybe so," said Sam Ryder, "but when I feel that I'm right, it takes a 'nation lot to scare me."

Peter made no reply; but Matt, in imitation of him, slyly said, "Sam Ryder bad man, fight good, 'cause get mad sure: stay mad."

We all laughed but Peter, who walked gravely up to my father, and, placing his hand lightly on his shoulder, said, "Big heart brother; Peter go to war, Tom stay home," and with his stately gliding step went out without waiting for a reply.

The next morning at breakfast my father said, "You can go with Captain Archer and learn the ways of soldiers. Perhaps I can find it in my heart to do my duty finally. I am ashamed to say that when Peter offered to go in your place I felt rejoiced and wished to accept. But what are you or I better in the sight of God than he? It is easier to give your brother's children, or your neighbor's goods, than your own, but it is not better! I have preached all my life, now I will practise what I have preached, or at least try to."

The tarry of Captain Archer at our home was short; and when he returned to Fort Snelling I accompanied him, and there remained while he awaited the expected orders which would assign him to duty in the volunteers.

Aunt Hitty at my leaving burst into a tirade

against the war and soldiering; but afterwards, as if ashamed of being so demonstrative, said, "The land knows your father has had a hard time enough to let Tom go without the rest of you pestering the man about it! Why can't you let him alone?"

CHAPTER XIII.

LEARNING TO BE A SOLDIER.

THE order so anxiously awaited assigning Captain Archer to duty in the volunteers did not come so soon as he expected.

The action of the government in throwing obstacles in the way of the acceptance by regular officers of volunteer positions has never, to my knowledge, been satisfactorily explained.

The theory of the Military Academy at West Point from its foundation has been to keep alive a ready practical acquaintance with military subjects, that it may be imparted, when emergencies arise, to volunteer armies, since volunteer organizations were the country's only real defence in case of serious war.

Like a master mechanic who keeps on hand sample machines which can be duplicated when there is need of them, so the regular army may be said to furnish models and master mechanics for the control and instruction of volunteers. Yet the opposite was the practice at the outbreak of the rebellion, and regular officers were given volunteer duty only upon the strong appeal of personal friends.

General Scott is represented as saying that "the regular army must be kept intact to fall back upon if the volunteers fail." This showed such an utter want of appreciation of the vital strength of the country, as to be a matter of astonishment to all thoughtful minds.

I now believe that if at the beginning of the civil war, the regular army had been disbanded as a field organization, and its commissioned and non-commissioned officers and trained soldiers had been encouraged to take positions among the volunteer organizations, greater efficiency of the volunteers and usefulness of the regulars would have been attained.

I am not, however, writing a treatise on the use of the regular army in times of war, but a true narrative of events in which I bore a humble part.

While Captain Archer was impatiently awaiting the order assigning him to active duty with the Illinois volunteers, I rambled around the Fort, with Garry at my heels, in pursuit (as I believed) of military knowledge, but, as an old ordnance sergeant of the Fort declared, "bedeviling everything I touched."

I removed the tompions from the guns to look into their muzzles, to see how they were made, and forgot to put them back again.

I was also in constant danger of becoming a nuisance by relapsing into a habit of playing practical jokes, for idleness is a great promoter of mis-

chief. Perhaps these antics showed, as my big brother-in-law Jonathan had often said, that I needed to be heavily ballasted with work.

Whether similar thoughts lurked in Captain Archer's mind, I do not know; but he soon summoned me to his quarters and proposed that while he was awaiting the action of the War Department, I should either return to my home or begin a course of study and instruction in infantry tactics. I chose the latter course.

He furnished an instructor and loaned me Hardee's tactics on infantry drill, which, he said, would, beyond a doubt, be generally used in the army.

I readily accepted his propositions, for I foresaw that it was my best chance to get into the army with my father's consent. I was the more impelled to this, for Captain Archer's cold and stern manner conveyed a command, and impressed me as his usual cordial and pleasant manner would not have done.

Captain Archer's sister, who was visiting at the post, must have seen that this cut me, for she comforted me by saying, "That is his way to every one in the army, especially when he wishes to be obeyed."

That very evening I took with me to my board-ing-place outside the fort a copy of Hardee's tactics, and began the study of them in what I conceived to be the proper way.

I found that I could more readily learn and repeat the portions that had been given me for a lesson than I could understand their practical import or utility. The book seemed to me a senseless jumble of details, of no earthly use except to deprive one of his senses and substitute therefore a sort of automatic action.

"Can't a man fight without all this nonsensical rigmarole?" I asked Captain Archer, in a disgusted, querulous tone.

"Yes," he gravely replied, "a man can fight when he is only his own commander and tactician, but when a hundred or a thousand men fight together, they must be able to obey a single mind, in order to act in unison. The use of these tactics is to drill men so that a body of them can act as effectively together as can one man separately. These tactics are to a company of a hundred or more men what heat is to a mass of iron—it fuses them solidly together, and causes in them unity of action in obeying commands. Our army is a great machine, of which the private soldiers and their officers all form a part; and these parts must work together, at the word of command, without discussion or hesitation. This is so that the combined action of an army may overthrow its enemy. The best way to see the purposes of these lessons you have been learning is to get some one to teach them to you practically."

So it was agreed that he should procure for me

a drill-master, whom I was to pay to instruct me in infantry tactics.

The next morning I was introduced to my instructor. He was a stiff old regular, as straight as a ramrod, and who, in the presence of his superiors, was silent, unless asked a question.

"Are you willing to undertake the instruction of this young man?" inquired Captain Archer.

"Yes, if he will obey just as if he was an ordinary recruit."

"You are to have full power in that respect. You are willing to agree to this, are you not, Mr. Clifton?" I assented, and other details were soon arranged.

The next morning found me in company with my instructor, in a secluded spot near the fort, dressed in an army blouse, and equipped with belt, cap, and cartridge-box, and a Springfield musket.

"Now," said the old regular, taking my musket from my hand and leaning it against the fort, "take the first position of a soldier." With my feet wide apart, I threw back my shoulders, protruded my stomach, and stood with the weight of my body resting on my heels.

"All wrong!" said the regular, shaking his head. "I'll repeat the first position of a soldier, as it is laid down in the tactics. Heels equally on the same line; toes turning equally outward; knees straight, without stiffness; hands hanging naturally by the side, with the palms turned out-

ward; little finger of the right hand in the rear of the seam of the pants, the weight of the body resting lightly upon the soles of the feet; head natural, chin on line of the stock, and eyes striking the ground, twenty paces to the front."

At the repetition of each of these chunks of military exactions, the position of my head, hands, feet, chin, and stomach were corrected with a severity that made me wince.

It took one hour of time, most of my patience, and tried my muscles sorely, before I could suit his tyrannical majesty, Private Delaney, in taking this first position of a soldier, as laid down by Hardee.

Then came the facings — "right face," "left face," "right about face." Then marching and executing these. But my marching didn't suit Private Delaney. "You occupy more room than two sets of four should. You must depress your toes, and step on the ball of your foot, and not the heel."

And then he stood me on one leg, and made me swing my foot, depressing the toe when it swung forward, and the heel when it came back. In this manner he kept me standing, first on one leg and then on the other, for half an hour; and when I failed to suit him in marching, he put me on one leg, and set me to swinging my foot again.

All this time not a smile or a word of conversation or encouragement could be coaxed from him.

When Private Delaney was through with me, I

was humiliated in spirit and sore in muscle; and the military spirit within me had burned so low that there was scarcely a spark left. But I determined to put up with the "rigmarole" a few days longer, and then, if I did not like it any better, to leave military things thereafter to some one with more humility of spirit and machine-like docility.

The afternoon lesson was a repetition of the forenoon. I was marched and counter-marched, faced about right and left, and made to stand on one foot and swing the other, like a West Point cadet. I was so constantly told to "draw my stomach in," that I was in danger of losing my temper, if not my mind.

At the expiration of my last two hours' drill, I hardly knew myself, I was so lowly in spirit, and so humble in my opinion of my military merits. I was too tired for further exercise, and throwing myself on a couch, I slept until nearly dark.

I must have conveyed something of the condition of my mind and body, when, in the evening, I called at Captain Archer's quarters, for an amused smile lurked about the corners of his mouth, as he inquired, "How do you like the drill, Clifton?"

I gave him a history of the afternoon's drill, with some of my reflections thereon, when both his sister and he laughed immoderately.

"I don't think you would laugh had you been in my place," I said, somewhat testily.

"Private Delaney is one of the best drills in the

service. If it was not for drink, he might hold any non-commissioned position in the army with credit. When I entered West Point, he was a member of Co. A of the U. S. Engineers, and he taught me my facings and drill, just as he has been teaching you."

"Did you stand on one foot, like this?" said I, suiting the action to the word.

"Yes, and as needless as I thought it, I now know that it is a very essential part of marching, for it gives such steadiness to the body that there is no jostling of each other by the men of a marching column."

That evening, when I left Captain Archer's quarters, it was with the determination that I would allow Private Delaney to run me a while longer as a military machine; for certainly if Captain Archer had come out of it alive, after five years of exacting drill, I was not going to show the "white feather" over four or five days of it.

After I had been drilled for about a week in my facings, in the manual of arms, in marching, and in bayonet drill, the Captain came to inspect my performance. After giving the words of command and putting me through the drill, he said, addressing Private Delaney, who stood at attention and saluted, —

"Very good; your pupil does you justice."

"Yes, sir, and," saluting, "a very pretty piece of drill for a raw recruit, sir," said Delaney.

"That will do, Private Delaney." The old soldier saluted, came to a right face, and marched stiffly away to his quarters.

With the exception of an occasional hour or two to keep in practice, this ended my instruction under the old drill-master.

I learned the company movements, or at least all that could be learned without practical interpretation, and recited them to Captain Archer. He was pleased to express satisfaction at my progress, and he explained to me all movements, so that I understood them and their purpose.

A letter from my father informed Captain Archer that a squad of twenty men had been formed in Lakeview for military drill, and also asked him if he could get several copies of the tactics to assist them in drilling. As the expected order assigning him to duty in the volunteers did not come, Captain Archer thought I might, on my return home, practise my lessons with good effect on the twenty aspirants for military glory at Lakeview. "Perhaps you can recruit enough of them for the —th Illinois, so that when I am assigned to duty, I can get you a commission, or at least get you a sergeant's billet and put you in line of promotion, as you may deserve."

As I passed through St. Paul on my way home, I found that the people talked of nothing but the war.

My Uncle John had caught the fever, and was

very much interested in military affairs. He was raising a company of men, and said he had no doubt that he could secure me a commission with them if I would enlist. I had promised Captain Archer before leaving Fort Snelling that I would not enlist without consulting him. The war excitement, however, in St. Paul was so intense that I was almost carried off my feet by it, my desire to enlist was so great.

At last I reached home and was glad enough to see my father and Bess and Aunt Hitty once more.

I at once began drilling the military aspirants at Lakewood; for harvesting was over and they had leisure for this recreation.

My cousin Sam Ryder wished to be possessed of all my military knowledge at once, and he with Matt and Peter, were my first pupils.

I cannot even now repress a smile of amusement at thinking how much more severe I was with my pupils than Private Delaney had been with me.

Sam questioned the utility of my exactions and said, "Now, see here, Tom, this little finger in the rear of the seam of the pants don't seem to me to be of a thunderin' bit of use."

When I set them all to swinging one foot, and depressing the heel and toe while standing on the other, Sam came out in open rebellion.

"Say, Tom, what gol-dang nonsense are you givin' us! standin' a feller on one foot like a

sand-hill crane gone to sleep, and makin' him swing 'tother."

"What orders should be given?" I inquired tartly.

"Why," said Sam gravely with an oratorical flourish, "shoot the enemy whenever found; and never let up on 'em."

Matt laughed and said, as if bound to sustain my authority although my drill had made him wince, "Sam, you couldn't hit a barn-door with a rifle if you was within a hundred yards of it."

"Knees straight without stiffness!" yelled Sam, after I had severely drilled him for an hour. "I'd like to know how a feller can help bein' stiff after all that consarned tread-mill business — Tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. It's thunderin' nonsense!"

If my recruits learned nothing, I, at least, learned to practise that which I had committed to memory and learned in theory. I was zealous to convey to others the disgust I had at first conceived for military things, knowing from my own experience that they would put into practice the lessons at the first opportunity offered, and make some one else take the bitter pills of drill.

I suppose the first soldier (whoever he was) that submitted himself to the vexatious routine of military drill thought it needless, as all others to the end of time will. It is useless to theorize to men on the benefits to be derived from exactness in little details, for nothing but actual experience can demonstrate their utility.

I have noticed that although men do not at first submit very gracefully to being made over into the machine known as a soldier, they finally take pride in the acquirements which they at first thought needless.

When I had been at home nearly two weeks, I received a letter from Captain Archer, requesting me to join him, as he had at last received the order assigning him to duty in his native state, as a colonel of the —th Illinois regiment of Infantry. After visiting his family, he intended reporting for duty at once.

Peter insisted on accompanying me to camp when the time for my departure came. Matt and Sam had duties that detained them at home for awhile.

My father must, as I now know, have had many misgivings about permitting me to enlist. Aunt Hitty voiced her disapproval by many characteristic speeches, and then scolded others for making it so hard for my father to let me do my duty.

“I shall come along to camp just as soon as my mother is settled for the winter; and I must help your father, too, for when you and Peter are gone he will need me,” said Matt.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM "CAMP CAN'T GET AWAY" TO SHILOH.

PETER and I arrived by steamer at a thriving town known as Corkscrew Bend, on the Mississippi River, near where the camp of the —th Illinois was established.

As it was quite late in the evening when we arrived, we remained all night in town. The next morning being Sunday, we walked out about two miles to "Camp Can't Get Away." Being in some doubt as to the direction we should take, we asked a man travelling on the same road. He replied that he, like ourselves, was on his way to that camp.

At a first glance there was nothing striking in the man's appearance; in fact, he seemed a very ordinary person. He had a thin, hatchet face, brown with constant exposure to the wind and sun; high cheek-bones, and a square, massive jaw, partially concealed by bristle-like, reddish-brown whiskers. His shoulders had a peculiar stoop, and all his limbs seemed loose-jointed, as if, like many structures we saw along the road, they had been hastily thrown together. His conversation



“I noticed several quick, penetrating glances directed towards Peter by the stranger.” — Page 159.

was not very lively — in fact, it was extremely brief and commonplace.

"Are there many men at the camp?"

He reflected a moment, at the same time glancing over the fields, as if it were a question of crops, and replied, —

"Well; a right smart of 'em, I reckon."

"Are you going to enlist?"

After another general survey of the fields, he replied, "No, stranger, I reckon not," giving me a quick, shrewd glance, as if gauging my personal qualities. I noticed that there gleamed in his eye a fox-like keenness, which in some way made me think that his wits were quick and that his senses were trained by some very unusual experiences.

All the time Peter, with his gliding step, turning his face neither to the right nor left, apparently not observing our companion, silently walked by my side. I noticed several quick, penetrating glances directed towards Peter by the stranger, and something in Peter's manner reminded me of times with him in hunting when he was watchful of danger. I recalled these feelings afterwards, although at the time they left only a passing impression upon me.

We passed into camp without further incident. The stranger informed me that the name of the camp had been given it because, when once enlisted there, it was found hard to get away. However difficult it may have been originally to

escape from this camp, I could not help thinking that its military duties were now very loosely conducted, or, as the stranger said, that "Camp Can't Get Away was mostly running itself."

The tents were pitched out of line; their interiors, as was shown by occasional glimpses, were unclean and disorderly. In some instances muskets were seen in front of the tents, stuck into the ground by the bayonets. The arms were rusty and the uniforms of the men slovenly; straw and other refuse of the camp were scattered around the grounds or in the company streets. Among the men there was loud talking, laughing, and profanity. Some were met who were drinking from each other's canteens, and their hilarity suggested a beverage stronger than water. Familiar buffoonery was going on without much distinction of rank, although as to rank I cannot remember seeing more than four commissioned officers in camp during the day. One of these was making a bombastic war speech in front of his quarters to some men of his company who had presented him with a saddle horse. Another was a major, to whom a private exclaimed, "Hullo, Maje! did you bring me any of that prime whiskey from town?"

The officer addressed wore a slouch hat on one side of his head, a white shirt without a vest, a blue coat with tarnished buttons and major's straps, and trousers stuck into the legs of a pair of muddy boots. He replied to the private, "No, Fowler; I

done forgot it! Give me a smoke?" and suiting the action to the word, he took a lighted pipe from the private's mouth, and walked away smoking it.

"That's what I call an almighty good feller; no airs about him; just the chap the fellers are goin' to rally around and fight for," said Fowler.

The other officers whom I met were two lieutenants, from whom I learned that there had been little instruction in military duties; that many of the men were absent without leave; that none of them seemed to understand the necessity for strict regulations of any kind; and that there were no distinctions shown except in uniform. One of these lieutenants was a fine-looking young man to whom I was attracted at once, and he afterwards became captain of my company.

Greatly to the prejudice of meritorious men, and of the service, officers at this time were appointed by the governors for the number of men they were able to recruit for the service rather than for any capacity shown by them for the positions.

I could find no proper officer to report to, and so Peter and I concluded to await the coming of Captain Archer, who was on a short visit to his friends, before enrolling our names in that regiment.

During the day we again encountered the man who had come to camp with us, passing around carelessly, but with his eyes apparently on everything. Once we heard him ask how many men there were in camp.

"I've seen that man 'fore," said Peter.

"Where?" I asked, not a little surprised.

"Up Minnesota, 'mung Injuns. He hunt; buy furs; gamble; Injuns call him 'Wild Dog.'"

I afterwards inquired of several men if they knew him, but could find no one that had ever seen him before.

We had not long to await the coming of Captain Archer. The next day he came into camp in a very unassuming manner, passed around without making himself known, and that morning the following orders were issued:—

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP CAN'T GET AWAY, ILLINOIS,
September, 16, 1861.

REGIMENTAL ORDER No. 1.

I. Colonel Edward Archer, —th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, hereby assumes command of the camp and regiment. In entering upon the duties of organization, I trust that every member of the regiment fully appreciates the importance of the first principles of the soldier, — obedience to orders, without which there can be no efficiency.

II. Cleanliness is next in importance, and captains of companies are charged with attention to this. The company streets will be policed each morning; and the colonel will cause frequent inspection of the men, with bare feet, and with their shirts unbuttoned.

III. The hair is to be kept short; this applies to all.

IV. Officers and men are required to appear at all times in uniform, unless on leave of absence for longer than three days.

V. No member of the regiment will be permitted to leave camp, except on duty, without authority.

VI. The attention of the regiment is called to those portions of the Articles of War relating to drunkenness and profanity,

and the observance of the Sabbath. No spirituous liquors will be allowed in camp.

VII. Hereafter there will be squad drill of the men, by non-commissioned officers, between two o'clock and five o'clock P.M. each day except Sunday. The field officers will punctually attend all drills.

There was a great deal of blustering talk at first against the rigor of these orders; but in less than a week the camp underwent a salutary change, which but for the intelligence of the men, who readily saw the advantage and necessity for discipline, might be considered marvellous. The camp became orderly and clean, and was guarded by sentinels well informed.

Squad, company, and regimental drill had begun, and the men cheerfully assumed the duties of soldiers, instead of spending their time in inactivity, or worse. Passes were given to such as were recommended by their captains or sergeants, while strict punishments were inflicted upon such as over-stayed passes, or who infringed military orders.

Peter and I were soon enrolled as members of the regiment. I received the appointment of lance corporal, which means that I held the position, but had no warrant or billet, but that I might receive the position, if my conduct and drill warranted it, thereafter.

Peter learned his drill very quickly. I was appointed to drill men in their facings, and in the manual of arms, and in a few weeks received a

warrant as fourth corporal of my company, being recommended by the captain for the position. Peter was also made a corporal.

Matt, Sam Ryder, and four other recruits from our settlement, came during the week, and it made the camp seem more homelike for us to have old friends around. They brought news of the farm and neighborhood, and a letter from my father.

Matt very quickly learned the duties of a soldier, and was soon one of the strictest martinets of the company. He was very proud of his corporal's stripes, which he had fairly earned by his attention to drill and discipline; and his square shoulders and erect military person made him the ideal of the volunteer soldier.

I think that in my whole military career I have never known a more enthusiastic and painstaking volunteer soldier than Matthew Ryan.

The colonel took no more notice of us personally than he did of other members of the regiment. He occasionally sent for me to communicate some home news, but that was all.

For two months we were drilled incessantly, until the raw material was hammered or welded into the military mass known as a regiment.

The amount of effort devoted to the study of the military profession, I was afterwards informed by Colonel Archer, would be considered very unusual, even in a regular regiment.

Officers' drill (this included non-commissioned

officers) was conducted by the colonel, while squad, company, battalion, bayonet, drill and policing camp occupied the men continually. Such rapid progress, or so much interest, has seldom, if ever, been equalled in a regiment.

Officers not suited to their positions from want of industry, character, or other causes, soon made their inefficiency known, and either voluntarily resigned or were politely informed by the colonel that they were not likely to be useful, and went home. The second lieutenant of our company, I have mentioned, became first lieutenant, then captain.

After a quarter of a century, in looking over the first roster of our officers, I find that, as a rule, fitness was found to exist inversely with rank. Of the captains, only four ever went into battle, while several of the lieutenants and many non-commissioned officers attained distinguished rank by after services.

No men of our regiment, I am proud to say, during the terrible months that followed, failed in the performance of their duty. Steadiness under fire and soldierly habits were the fruits of the few months of drill in "Camp Can't Get Away." The spring campaign was about to open, and we were at last ordered to "pack up."

It was in March, 1862, that we were embarked on a steamer and headed down the Mississippi.

"Say, Tom," said Corporal Matt to me, "do

you know what boat this is? It's the Prairie Queen. There's the old captain standing on the wheel-house now!"

It was, sure enough, the same on which we had gone up the Mississippi to St. Paul five years before. The captain was little changed, but at first he did not remember us. When he was reminded of the circumstances of our trip up the river, he shook us very heartily by the hand, and then shook hands again to express his great pleasure.

"Well," he said, "your father said, 'who holds the Mississippi holds the kentry,' and here we are at it hot and heavy to see who'll hold it. Here's where the tussle's coming, sure enough."

We had mentioned the incident of Aleck's advent on his steamer, and his leathery face lit up with interest as he said, "Say you, did you ever see that nigger agin?"

We gave him an account of our relations with Aleck and his mysterious disappearance.

"Well, now, I tell you, that boy when he was stolen was carried back on board of this very boat. He was brought on board a few miles below St. Paul. One of the men who had him was a gambler and Indian trader that had been on my boat before, and I calc'late he's a nigger trader named Spring. He used to go up and down the river with me years ago. Them fellers felt purty good over gettin' your Aleck back agin.

"They had his hands and feet tied, and one of

the ropes fastened to a ring-bolt on the upper deck. About nine o'clock at night we stopped at a landing below Cairo, when some one whizzed by me like a shot, and was off. There was considerable outcry at first, for them ropes lay on deck, and they'd been cut smack and smooth with a knife! That boy had got away agin, as sure as you live," and the captain chuckled as if he was not entirely dissatisfied, and I got the idea that he knew more about the cutting of Aleck's bonds than was told.

"What did they say?"

"Well, Spring didn't say much; he don't let himself out in talk; 'tain't his way; but the t' other feller cussed everything blue. They got off at the next landin', and I ain't seen hide nor hair on 'em since. That Spring feller's a peculiar chap; sharp as a fox."

The captain insisted on giving us a seat at his table, and so, aside from the renewal of our old acquaintance, the episode was very gratifying to a hungry soldier boy.

At last we were landed at Cairo, at the confluence of the Mississippi and the Ohio. This was a convenient rendezvous for troops to be used on those rivers and its tributaries, the Tennessee and the Cumberland. A large number of steamers, thrown out of employment by the blockading of the Mississippi, were here available as transports for troops and supplies.

We here got the first news of the capture of

Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. The seizure of Paducah, at the mouth of the Cumberland, by General Grant some time previously had opened these two rivers to the operations of the Union army, and now the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson and their garrisons had broken the line of the enemy from Columbus to Bowling Green.

The excitement was intense among our Illinois men, and the fighting qualities of our generals and men proved a never-ending theme of discussion. We were all enthusiastic, and wrote to the folks at home in a wild strain of patriotism (on paper decorated with the National colors), about finishing the war in a hundred days, and being at home by harvest time.

I remember now as I write, that, although our Illinois men, with the characteristics common to Republican Americans, were hungry for a hero, they did not think of Grant as the coming Napoleon, but rather looked to General McClelland to perform that part.

Said one of these men who had seen McClelland, "Now, see how he fit at Fort Donelson. When them rebs wanted commissioners appointed to see to the surrender, he said, — McClelland did, — 'I'm goin' to move on yer work ter won't!'"

"It was General Grant that said that," said Matt, who had been reading the newspapers.

"Look here, young feller! I guess you don't

understand Illinois politics. Of course that Grant feller understands military, but McClelland is the brains! Grant's kinder managin' 'till Mac gits the hang o' military things a little."

"What! that little Grant feller! old Jesse Grant, the tanner's son!" said a Galena man contemptuously. "Why, he ain't got no stuff in him! He's as quiet as a lamb! Jack Rawlings is jest a runnin' him. You'd ought to hear Jack make a speech! He's a hustler; awful smart feller. Humph! that Grant feller!"

We arrived at Paducah on the 8th, and at Fort Henry on the 9th. Fort Henry is on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River, and it had puzzled me to know how Donelson, being on a different river, could be advantageously attacked by the land forces at Fort Henry. I now discovered that the two branches of the Ohio River ran for fifty miles almost parallel to each other, and that an easy march of ten or eleven miles across this narrow neck of land brought our troops from one fort to the other.

Finally, leaving this position, we steamed up the Tennessee, and on the 15th were disembarked at Yellow Creek, at four o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a very disagreeable storm of rain and sleet. I have always since found that dampness and darkness are both fatal to military enthusiasm.

I had begun to find out that the ordinary soldier does not select his own time for fighting or dying, but often has to do both when it is most unpleasant, and he is most unprepared.

We stood in line with the sleet pouring and the water dripping down our backs, wondering why military operations could not wait for fair weather.

Then the column moved. We were ordered to keep closed up, and then began the most wearying and discouraging experience of floundering and miring in mud and water until the discontent of the men was as deep as the slough. The whole country was apparently under water, and the "expeditionary force" was in danger of being there also, unless we took the back track to the boat!

At last, after nine o'clock, we turned back, and I don't think I ever saw the military pomp taken out of men so thoroughly. If epithets had been bullets, directed at the enemy instead of our generals, the enemy would have been destroyed.

"They do say that this doggoned General Sherman is crazy, and this looks mightily like it," said a lank Missourian in the line.

We were finally on board the transports again, and got our dinner of hard-tack and coffee, and soon steamed farther up the river, as Sam Ryder said, "like the dove after the Deluge, looking for a dry place to land."

At that time the Tennessee River rose fifteen

feet in less than twenty-four hours and all the low land along its banks was under water.

Later in the day we ran down to Pittsburg Landing. Here some of the troops and artillery were landed. Finally we were all debarked, and had a chance to stretch our legs on land, even if it was not on dry land.

Here I first saw General Sherman. He was superintending the disembarkment. His manner was quick and nervous, and I thought by the few sharp words he uttered, that he was impatient of delays occasioned by the rain. His reddish hair and his face, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," his high, pale forehead, and tall, thin person, gave him the appearance of a student rather than a man of action.

Among the first orders issued, I remember the following: "No citizen will be allowed to come within the lines, and the guard will be instructed to make prisoners of all lurking in the neighboring country. The people at their homes will not be molested, but protected. Wagons loaded with forage, will be allowed to come to our lines, but not beyond."

Our regiment was finally encamped on a hillside near a wood, beyond which was a ravine, while farther on our left were several log structures, and among them the Shiloh "meeting-house."

The country was rolling land, mostly wooded,

with here and there a clearing; every one of these has now a sanguinary history.

Our company was put on picket a few days after our arrival, to keep the usual watch along army lines. No enemy was in sight, but there had come to us rumors of a serious cavalry encounter beyond us.

That afternoon a team came along the narrow Purdy road, loaded with forage, which was taken by the quartermaster. The man driving the team had a basket filled with chickens and other eatables, which he asked permission to carry to his mother, an old woman who he said was sick, and who lived near the church. At first this was refused; but Matt said, "One man can't eat up an army, let him go!" so Sam was put on as a guard to accompany him.

Peter, who had been eying the man, turned to me after he had left, and said, "Wild Dog."

"Why, this man does not look like him!" I said.

"He Wild Dog!" persisted Peter.

I informed the colonel of what Peter had said, when he gave orders to have him arrested. Before we had gone far we met Sam coming back, and in reply to our questions he said, "That sly feller give me the slip down by the meetin' 'us, but of course he will come here fur his team, and there can't be much danger from one man."

Peter, however, shook his head, saying "Wild Dog spy."

Colonel Archer seemed to be of the same opinion, for he gave strict orders to arrest the man if found within our lines again; but he was not found.

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLEFIELD OF SHILOH.

ABOUT the first of March, while at the landing assisting in drawing rations for the regiment, I for the first time saw General Grant.

After the battle of Donelson he had been for some time without a command, and it was rumored that he was under arrest. He was now, however, assigned to the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

At the landing there were, at the time of my visit, several light-draft steamers with gang-planks run out to the shore: from one of these (the "Tigress," I think) was being landed a group of officers and orderlies with their horses.

"There's General Grant," said one of our party, pointing him out.

"What, that little fellow?" exclaimed Matt.

Certainly, of all the officers of the group (perhaps ten in number), he appeared to me the least like a general. There was nothing distinguished or striking in his appearance, for in person he was insignificantly small. We crowded near to get a good look at him. He was very quick, his voice

low and distinct, yet full of suppressed energy. He had in his face a look of concentration that gave me the impression that he might be terribly in earnest in spite of his coolness, should the occasion demand, and as if he could concentrate all his powers of mind to the solving of a difficult problem.

When his horse was brought out, he mounted without use of the stirrup, and sat his horse easily though not gracefully.

I may have noticed his insignificant figure the more from the fact that he was accompanied by one of the most magnificent men physically that I had ever seen, — a black bearded, strong featured man, tall and graceful, and magnificently uniformed, — a man afterwards known to fame as General James McPherson, but then a colonel on General Grant's staff.

After the group had galloped away an Iowa man of our party exclaimed, "Why, it looks like he hadn't growed yet!"

"Who?"

"Why, that quiet feller Grant."

The whole group agreed with the Iowa man's statement that Grant "wouldn't set the Tennessee River afire." It must be confessed that the Republican volunteer soldiers of that period believed in a general with a little more gold lace, brass buttons, and pomp than what that "little feller Grant" carried around.

There was at this time at Pittsburg Landing a

formidable army of nearly thirty-five thousand men — an army larger than that which Napoleon commanded in his first Italian campaign, when he descended upon the fields of Marengo like an eagle from the Alps.

The last of March the Army of the Ohio, consisting of thirty thousand, began its march to join the Army of the Tennessee. This would give Grant over sixty thousand men with whom to attack and overwhelm the enemy, gathering like a cloud at Corinth, some twenty miles distant.

Singular as it may now appear, there was no anticipation or fear in our army at that time that the enemy might abandon the *rôle* of the hunted and become the huntsman.

The town of Corinth is twenty-two miles by road, south-west from Pittsburg Landing, and almost on the line of Mississippi and Tennessee. It was a very important strategic point, for from thence railroads radiated north, west, south, and east, very important for the rebels to hold, and, therefore, equally desirable for our army to capture. Here Albert Sidney Johnston had gathered an army of forty thousand Confederates who were burning to retrieve the disasters of Forts Henry and Donelson.

Halleck, the general in command, all wrapped in his own great thought like the bird of wisdom, had not learned these facts. The able Confederate general had, however, learned of the contemplated

union of Buell's forces with those of Grant, and began at once to bestir himself to prevent this juncture.

On the 2d of April he put his army in motion to attack, and destroy if possible, the army under Grant before Buell's arrival with his thirty thousand men. The intervening country to be traversed by Johnston's army to reach Shiloh was cut by streams, was in part heavily wooded, and its roads were muddy and poor. This so delayed the march of his army that it did not reach our front until Sunday morning, April 6.

At this time the five divisions of the Union army were stretched across the top of a V-shaped peninsula, the right arm of which is formed by Snake and Owl Creeks, and the left by the Tennessee River and Lick Creek. The ground within this V is undulating tableland, rising from the Tennessee about one hundred feet, mostly wooded, with here and there a clearing. Along the lower part of the lower left arm of this V formed by the Tennessee, the land is broken into abrupt ravines, while at Lick Creek, which forms its upper part, there rises a range of hills which slope towards the battlefield.

On the morning when this bloody battle began, the Army of the Tennessee under Grant was formed across the top of this V as follows: First, Sherman's division on the extreme right covering the Purdy Road, across Owl Creek and to the

clearing at Shiloh Church; then McClernand's and Prentiss's divisions; with Hurlbut's in the rear of Prentiss's, and C. F. Smith's division in rear on our right, both in reserve.

Up the river at Crump's Landing, where it was believed an attack might be made by the enemy, there were stationed five thousand men under General Lew Wallace.

On Friday the enemy's cavalry captured several of the men of our advance, and on Saturday it was reported that his cavalry was still hovering around our outposts. Later in the war this would have been sufficient warning to our army that an attack was impending; but at this time both officers and men were over confident, and because of previous successes did not believe that the Confederates would wait for a fight if attacked, much less attack us on our own ground.

One of the cavalymen among those who had been sent out to drive away the enemy's videts told Matt that they "had left the road full of dead rebels, and he reckoned they'd a-got enough of it."

"Did they fight well?" queried Matt.

"Fight, man! What are you talking about? Every one of 'em turned tail and skedaddled when they seed us comin'. We jest shot 'em down. We'd 'a' killed the hull of 'em if they'd 'a' waited; but they was jest in a hurry, they was, when they seed us a-comin' you bet."

It was not believed by General Grant that an

attack was seriously menaced, or he would have remained on the field Saturday night, instead of returning to Crump's Landing.

Before daylight Sunday morning Peter awakened me by saying, "Smell gunpowder ! hear guns !"

"Oh, lay down, Peter ! You are always smelling or hearing something. Let a fellow have his nap!" said Matt, yawning. But in a moment more we heard the distant "*crack*," "*crack*," "*crack*" of musketry ; and though we had never heard an attack before, its meaning was unmistakable.

We sprang to our feet, and seized our muskets as the report of musketry grew louder and sharper down on our left. Even then Sam Ryder yawned and said, "Oh, blast it ! them fellers down there always shoot off their guns when they come in from picket-duty."

"Two sides firing," said Peter, listening.

Matt and I knew too well his trained sense of hearing to doubt his word on such a point ; and I began to turn out the company, and we had put on our equipments and haversacks when the order came from our superiors. So that our muskets were in order, and our haversacks bulging with hard-tack and cooked "salt hoss," when the captain came down the line of tents.

Soon the long roll sounded along the line, and men were seen trying to swallow their breakfast, at the same time nervously adjusting their straps and belts.

The crash of musketry and roar of artillery grew more and more distinct, and now fully justified Peter's assertion that there were "two sides" to the uproar.

That the youthful reader may understand what had happened, we will explain that a Confederate force of seven thousand men under General Hardee had at daylight advanced in two parallel lines, and encountered General Prentiss's division, driving it back to its camps, though stubbornly resisted at every step. In order to avoid the deep ravines running towards Lick Creek on the right and left, this attacking force followed the level land on which this road forks right and left near Shiloh Church. This had brought it to a weak part of our line between the right of Prentiss (whose front was formed by one brigade thrown out a mile in advance) and Sherman's left.

There is evidence in all the Confederate reports of the over-confidence of Prentiss's men, but not of a surprise. Prentiss's men were steadily driven back to their camps by the foe, where the rebel advance was checked by a terrible fire from a line of men drawn up in front of their camps, in a strong position covered by a morass in front. From behind logs and bales of hay a terrible fire here drove back the Confederates, inflicting on them terrible loss.

The terrific nature of the fighting here is seen by the fact that the Sixth Mississippi reports that

it here lost three hundred killed and wounded out of an effective force of four hundred and twenty.

I make mention of this in justice to my brave comrades of Prentiss's division, who have been slandered by the report that they were surprised in their camps. This was at half-past six Sunday morning.

The whole of Sherman's division was meanwhile awaiting the attack. From the crests of the hills the enemy could be seen moving along the ravines, while near us we could see them massing on the low land and not yet in position for attack. Into their compact masses our batteries began to throw shot and shell, and then we saw them scampering for the cover of the woods.

The musketry fire soon began on the left of our line, and we then received orders to march to support the right of a brigade which had encountered the enemy near the Corinth Road.

This may seem commonplace to write, but it was not so in reality. As we hastened towards the sound of artillery, which made the ground tremble, and the long crackle of musketry and the crash and din to which we were approaching, I for one began to feel that I had mistaken my vocation. The pallor and nervous tension shown on the faces of my comrades as we went into line amid the *hum* and *zip* and sharp "*ping!*" of bullets that agitated the air around us, and the *pop! pop! pop! pop!* of musketry on our front, sounding for all the world

like fire-crackers in a barrel, only louder and more terrible, showed that we had already encountered the enemy.

Shall I confess it? Yes; for as Matt used to say, "Confession is good for the soul, if it is rough on pride," so I will confess that I was frightened and at the same time humiliated to feel that I wanted to run away. I was acting orderly sergeant, and Peter, being the tallest corporal of the company, touched elbows with me, while the captain was several paces in the rear as we began to load and fire. I must have been much excited; for Peter said, "Load too much," and I then discovered that I had put two cartridges into my musket without firing once, and when I did fire, the recoil almost carried me to the rear rank.

The noise and shouting, the hiss of bullets, and the hissing, sputtering, and howling "*chu! chu! chuing!*" of shell increased every moment. They reminded Matt of "rebel locomotives that had left their track at Corinth, and had come on a murderous Yankee hunting excursion to Shiloh."

Then I began to recognize one sound that was more awful than any other: it was the *chug! chug! spat! spat!* and *shurr* of bullets striking in the mass of men around us, accompanied by sharp cries or groans and curses from wounded men.

At the first explosion of shell around us, I was too confused to tell what had happened. It seemed

as if the world had gone to pieces and the larger part of it, including the locomotives, was bursting in space around us.

I heard the cry "Here they come!" Cold chills ran down my back, and then a sickening tremor ran all over me, and settled in my knee-joints and my stomach. All this, or at least enough of it, must have been seen in my face, as the enemy charged our lines, for Peter said in an undertone, "Buck fever! straighten up!" I had heard people tell how their hearts felt during times of great peril and fear. Now that I have a chance to explain, I will say fear always went to my stomach rather than to my heart. I could, however, hear my heart above the uproar pounding away like a muffled drum at a funeral.

I asked myself, after Peter's remarks, over and over again, Am I really a coward? and as often acknowledged, Yes.

I was so filled with shame at this acknowledgment from my inner consciousness, that I straightened up and gained enough command of myself to be afraid of being thought afraid. I felt that I must say something to keep up an appearance of courage, and exclaimed to the men, "Dress up there on the right," and heard Peter's grunt of approval as I exclaimed, "There's nothing to be afraid of!" and then I thought, oh, what a sham I am!

Just then I heard Colonel Archer say to a group of mounted officers sheltered by some trees at our

left, "General, we've repelled a charge," which I am sure was news to me. The General replied, "The enemy have got a flanking fire here" (and just then a bullet struck my musket barrel, and glancing off killed a man in the rear rank three files from me). "Let the left of your regiment fall back a little, and deliver their fire. We must hold this position," said the General. "That's Sherman!" said some one. I looked up and saw him sitting his horse as calmly as if it were a dress parade, instead of real fighting.

As we were falling back some men joined us who proved to be some of Prentiss's men who had got separated from their command when he was driven back; here also we captured some of the enemy's stragglers, and sent them down the Corinth Road to the Landing.

Finally we got far enough back to keep up a connected line with Prentiss who had been driven back on Hurlbut, and we were in danger otherwise of being cut off from our main line. Then our whole force began gradually receding.

In this new position a battery of the enemy on our left began to throw shot and shell into our ranks. *Crash! bang! chug!* came the shells, exploding above our heads, or ploughing up the dirt, and crashing among the underbrush, and twice striking our ranks, leaving ghastly relics of their visits which I could not think of afterwards without a shudder.

"This won't do!" said Colonel Archer. "Boys, we must take that battery! Shoulder arms! trail arms! forward! double-quick! charge!" and shouting and yelling we charged the enemy.

"Rushing on the enemy" looks fine on paper as I write it, but the real thing was not agreeable as I remember the operation. Even Peter said, "We get killed."

I will say in justice to myself that I was now no longer very much frightened. Yet when Matt said to me, "Oh, an' if they'd only be kind enough to run before we get to them!" though I was not frightened, it seemed to express a wish that I had kept in reserve somewhere.

Fortunately for us, the shot from the rebel batteries mostly went over us, and finally they, seeing we were in earnest, didn't wait.

I remember during this charge Sam Ryder picking a triangular piece of skull-bone from his coat, where some poor fellow of ours had had his brains dashed out with a shot, and saying, as his eyes protruded, "Thunder, look at that!"

It was soon discovered that our charge had carried us to the same elevated ground, and so far that we were cut off from our main line. So we dismounted two guns and overturned another of them.

We could hear meanwhile with terrible distinctness the roar of the fight receding towards Pittsburg Landing

"We shall all be taken prisoners if we are not

careful," said Sam Ryder. "Look!" (pointing to a line of smoke towards Pittsburg) "that's Tophet with the lid off!" We crossed a clearing and halted in the fringe of woods for concealment, and while in this position a horseman rode out into the clearing. I saw Peter bring his rifle to a deadly aim. I struck up his musket.

"What matter?" said Peter.

"It's Lieutenant Preston," I replied.

"Can't help; he rebel," said Peter, bringing his musket once more to a deadly aim; but just as Peter fired, the horseman, putting his horse into a gallop, disappeared among the trees.

Colonel Archer found on reconnoitring that it was impossible for the regiment to get back by the way it had come, as the enemy had got between us and our lines.

He consulted Peter as an old woodsman, who said, "Try find way out;" and as he knew the ground very well, we all thought he would do it if any one could. We were now nearly out of ammunition, and gathered it from some dead men as the regiment passed through the thickets towards Lick Creek. Without hesitation Peter took an unusual path or trail. Was there a chance for us after all?

We were carefully feeling our way, and had got a little beyond the Purdy Bridge across Owl Creek when we came to a swamp partly overflowed. Through this we were safely conducted

by Peter, who seemed to remember every fallen log, every hummock and morass, over which he guided all that remained of our regiment with unerring instinct or memory.

We thought ourselves well out of our trouble, and were just congratulating ourselves, when from the wood on our right there came a volley of musketry that killed a number of our men and wounded more. We steadily returned the fire while continuing our march, to prevent being cut off entirely from our lines which we were then fast nearing, and were on dry land once more. We were soon once more in line with our troops.

Here we took account of our losses, and found that a portion of our company had been captured, wounded, or killed by the enemy, and among the missing was Matt.

Amid such scenes, men have no time to lament or borrow trouble, so burdened are they with the things of the present. Peter looked anxious, but showed no other signs of distress.

The fight along our lines still fiercely continued, and we were at once assigned to a position. Our thin line was continually pressed back, until we came to the creek where a bridge crossed the marshy land and stream connecting with the river road from Crump's Landing.

It was over this bridge and by this road that Lew Wallace, with five thousand men from Crump's Landing, was anxiously expected to re-en-

force our hard-pressed army which had been melting away like an iceberg in the tropics. Here we were told we *must* hold the road on account of Lew Wallace's expected arrival.

The Army of the Tennessee had fallen back until it then occupied a continuous line from beyond this bridge on Snake Creek, or Owl Creek, to beyond the point on the Tennessee River where our gunboats and transports lay. As our forces were dwindled by wounds and death and skulking, they were driven to the narrow portion of the V, to a position that could be held by fewer men.

Under the bluff there were crowds of fugitive skulkers, whom no amount of argument could induce to take their places in line. Along the top of the bluff, on our left, not far from the Landing, twenty pieces of artillery (some of them siege-guns) were in position overlooking a deep ravine, rendered impassable to cavalry or artillery by the overflow from the Tennessee River, which made it waist-deep with water and mud.

Hurlbut's division, or all that remained of it, was formed on the right of these guns. Here the last attempt to overwhelm our left flank was stayed, when the Confederates who had formed on the hill beyond were driven back under the destructive fire of these guns. This was about sundown, and the well-disciplined troops of Nelson's division of the Army of the Ohio arrived soon afterwards. Night and Buell both came to succor the

hard-pressed lines at Shiloh. Lew Wallace arrived tardily after darkness had come. The fortunes of the day, which had trembled in the balance during all that fateful afternoon, were restored, but, as Sam Ryder said, "It was an awful tight squeak."

Tired, exhausted, and hungry, we lay down on the field in line of battle in the heavy rain-storm of that night, but with a sense of satisfaction in the thought that "the enemy would 'catch it' on the morrow." It had been the liveliest Sunday of my life. My heart was saddened by the thought that poor Matt was in the hands of the enemy, or wounded, or dead on the field. I was too worn out to mourn long, and soon fell into a sleep as sound as if pouring rains and damp, hard ground added to my comfort.

When daylight came, stiff and lame and weary we once more stood wet and shivering in line, and soon took up the weary march of glory in attempting to drive the enemy.

The Union army now formed a heavy column with the Army of the Tennessee on the right and Buell's army on the left. All that was left of our regiment was formed on the left of our division. The enemy now began getting away more speedily than they had advanced.

The wounded and dead of both armies were a terrible sight. Some of the cleared land over which the tide of battle had surged on the previous day one might have crossed without touching

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the ground, by stepping on the dead. The brush in the woods was in some places cut away as if it had been mowed, while large trees were scarred and barked and filled with pieces of shell, spherical case-shot, and bullets, showing the terrible fire under which the Union army had melted away during that eventful Sunday at Shiloh.

The day was too wet and depressing for glory, and my heart was too gloomy and sad to rejoice over a victory gained at such cost of human suffering and sorrow. And poor, faithful Matt, where was he? My heart was as heavy that day as the marching.

Before night there came the intelligence of victory and that the enemy were hastily retreating to Corinth.

That night we occupied our old camps; but they had been turned inside out, and most things eatable or valuable carried away. I never saw my knapsack again, or any of the little keepsakes I had therein; but the Johnnie who got them was welcome if it delayed him from firing even one more shot in my direction.

Much has been since said by newspaper correspondents of the cowardice of the men at Shiloh; but the fearful loss among the unnamed but heroic soldiers who fell without hope of special mention shows that the rank and file were animated that day by the same courage and patriotic devotion that finally saved the Union of States.

The losses had been terrible : in Sherman's division it was 2,034, only 450 of whom were among the missing, and this among troops that had never before seen a battlefield.

The want of cohesion and concert of action was a bad feature of the Sunday's fight, but not in so marked a degree as has been assumed among critics.

Shiloh was one of the bloodiest battles of the West ; and whatever criticism of General Grant may be made, his iron resolution and tenacious will held those wavering lines till Buell came. All honor to the men of the "Army of the Ohio !" No veteran of the army under Grant would take from them a single laurel won upon that fateful field on Monday, the 7th, and we were all rejoiced to see them when they came to Pittsburg Landing and we heard their steady volleys when they took up the fight where we had left it on Sunday evening, the 6th of April, 1862, with more gladness than I can here express.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

IF war presents anything more terrible than a disastrous defeat, it is a great victory. During a battle its participants have experienced a fluctuation of hopes and fears; their excitement is intense, and their nerves are strung to the highest tension until hours after the event. There then sets in a period of reaction and depression. The victors have possession of the field with its terrible harvest of wounds and death. Immediately after a battle there is a glow of exhilaration on the part of the victors. The conflict itself does not leave so horrible an impression as do its after scenes, where the awful tide of battle has receded, leaving its stranded wrecks of dead and wounded men, its broken caissons, dismounted guns, its limber-boxes, broken wheels, disabled baggage wagons and ambulances, the dead and bloated horses and mules, broken muskets and equipments, which strew the muddy roads and fields where the crimson tide had ebbed and flowed.

The reaction from over excitement that sets in after battle is a potent factor in preventing pursuit

on the part of the victors. This after depression is greater among raw soldiers than veterans because their excitement during battle is greater, hence their inability to make the after exertion so essential to secure the fruits of a victory, and the necessity for a reserve of fresh troops to secure it.

On Tuesday, the 8th of April, our regiment formed a part of the force which under General Sherman advanced over the Corinth Road in pursuit of the enemy.

There was everywhere evidence of their haste to get away. Abandoned camps with hospital flags for their protection lined the road. The roads were deluged by a heavy rainfall and the ponderous vehicles had stirred the mud into a batter something like that of hasty-pudding before it is cooled.

Where the Corinth Road forks, our cavalry was sent out on both the right and left. Our regiment advanced over the right fork for about half a mile to a large cleared field beyond which we saw an extensive camp. Here the enemy's cavalry was forming, and in a moment more they charged two Ohio regiments which formed our advance, and scattered them like leaves before the wind. When, however, they met our main line they were driven back, and frightened horses with empty saddles were seen galloping over the field; and their general hospital camp was abandoned to our advance.

Here we found some three hundred of the Confederate wounded and also forty or fifty of our own.

It was late in the afternoon, and our men were jaded and worn with fighting and marching. General Sherman received an agreement of surrender from the medical director in charge, and we were ordered to return to our camps.

Previous to this, Peter and I had obtained permission to go through the hospital tents, to see if Matt was among their inmates.

We had abandoned the search, and were obeying the order to "fall in," when we encountered the stretcher bearers with one of the, as we thought, recently wounded cavalymen, to whom I called Peter's attention on account of the waxen pallor of his face.

Peter looked and started toward the stretcher, saying in low, guttural tones of excitement, "That Wild Dog — Spy ; Wild Dog !"

I said, approaching the Confederate attendants, who had set down the stretcher, "What officer is this ?"

"This is Captain Spring of the —th Louisiana Cavalry," was the answer.

Peter reiterated, "Him Wild Dog."

I saw the wounded man turn a startled look towards Peter. The name "Spring" seemed to strike a chord that vibrated in some undefined way in my memory, but the vibration gave no definite tone.

"Where have I heard that name before?" I asked Peter, as we took our place in the ranks and marched away.

Peter shook his head, saying again, "Never 'member name. He Wild Dog."

He persisted in connecting this wounded Confederate with the man we had twice before met in camp, yet this did not explain that undefined feeling that I had heard the name before under other circumstances. I finally dismissed the matter from my mind, with the belief that I had connected the name with some vague impression rather than a tangible memory.

There was little doubt that we had seen this officer within our lines under suspicious circumstances, that gave color to Peter's confident assertion that he was a spy. This led me to visit the colonel's quarters, and relate to him the incidents on which this conviction was based.

As I was leaving the colonel's tent, a tall officer entered, whereupon the colonel called me back, saying, "Hold on a minute, Sergeant Clifton."

"What's wanted, Colonel?" I inquired.

"I would like to have the General hear what you have just told me."

So I repeated the story in the presence of General Sherman, he constantly interrupting, by finishing sentences for me, and cross-examining me like a lawyer, and then saying, —

"Some wagons are going up this morning to

bring down our wounded, and I will instruct the officer to take you with him to inquire about this Confederate officer."

"If the bird will wait until you get the salt on his tail," said the colonel laughingly.

"That's all right: Medical Director Lyle signed a formal surrender of the camp before I left," said General Sherman. Turning to the desk, he wrote an order for Corporal Peter Roy and Sergeant Thomas Clifton to accompany the wagons which were going to the rebel hospital, and handed it to me.

Upon our arrival at the hospital, I went confidently to the tent to which the wounded officer had been carried, but he was not there. Thinking he must still be in camp, we searched every nook and corner, but without finding any clew to his absence other than that given by the hospital attendant that he had been moved.

"Moved where?" I inquired.

"Don't know," was the reply.

I then went to the Confederate Medical Director's office, but no such officer had been recorded among the wounded.

I told the incident to the lieutenant in charge of our guard, and he said laughingly, "Some shenanigan about it, youngster."

"Isn't there some way to compel these men to tell what they know?" I inquired rather angrily.

"The man has skedaddled, and the trouble is to

find out who knows about it, and then to make them tell," he replied.

Peter growled out, "Sly fox, Wild Dog."

We returned to camp no wiser than when we started, although when I narrated to the colonel the result of the inquiry, he consoled me not a little by saying, "It's pretty well settled that you are right about his being a spy, for a wounded man ordinarily would not be removed like that if not menaced by some danger."

I afterwards learned that inquiries were set on foot regarding this man, but with no other result than leading to the same conclusion that Peter had reached.

Very little of moment occurred for the next two or three weeks, which were spent in drill and the endless round of camp routine — scouring muskets, brightening equipments, washing clothes, and discussing the battle.

On this latter subject there was little agreement except that we had beaten the enemy, and that we were in some instances sadly demoralized.

The Confederates on their retreat were in worse condition than we were.

The effects of this battle on the *morale* (that undefined mental quality that can neither be weighed nor measured, but which Napoleon declared was to the physical as three to one), was so great that its influence in determining the character of the Western armies thereafter cannot

be measured. It was as though our commander had communicated during those two days of battle his own dogged, tenacious spirit to that army — a spirit which it never thereafter lost.

Whatever else can be said of that great commander, he had faith in his success, and did not believe that the rebels had either superiority of spirit, or a more favorable Providence on their side.

On the 11th General Halleck took command of the three armies then gathered in the vicinity of Pittsburg Landing; viz., the Army of the Ohio under Buell, the Army of the Mississippi under Pope (with headquarters at Hamburg, four miles above), and the Army of the Tennessee. Grant was ignored and superseded; for although nominally in command of the district, he was really set aside by the pedantic, impracticable Halleck.

The Confederate army at Corinth was meanwhile re-enforced and intrenched. Negroes took the places of white teamsters, who were now put into the ranks.

The people of the South-west, however, showed but little enthusiasm in sending their sons to Beauregard's army, and, if possible, still less in lending their negro laborers to work on the fortifications, or as teamsters. They felt that they could not spare their slaves from fields and domestic labors without starving both the army and themselves.

Beauregard's army numbered about fifty thou-

sand men; and Corinth, naturally a strong position, had been made still stronger by all the arts known to military ingenuity.

This town lies twenty-two miles by wagon-road north-west from Shiloh. It is about four miles south of the dividing line between Mississippi and Tennessee, and at the junction of the Mississippi and Chattanooga Railroads, which at that point cross each other.

The greater part of the country was covered with forests, in which clearings had been made for houses, with dense underbrush along the lowland.

Within our lines, meanwhile, the frequency of inspection and the exasperating fussiness over seemingly unimportant details foreboded a speedy advance upon the enemy.

At last the order to move came. It was the 4th of May when we set out on our march over the marshy roads, through a wilderness of forests, towards Corinth. It soon began to rain in torrents, and the roads, poor under ordinary circumstances, now became bewilderingly deep with mud. The columns struggling through this mire, the stalled guns and teams, the violent exclamations of teamsters, and the answering "he-haw" of the mules, painted war in different and less heroic colors than those with which I had been familiar in books.

The backwaters of the Tennessee had destroyed bridges and overflowed the lowlands. But the

roads were hastily corduroyed, and bridges reconstructed, as the column dragged itself, like flies through molasses, across the muddy country.

I had never before marched far with a knapsack, and it was not long before I discovered that I was not a seasoned vessel.

This knapsack being heavy with soldier wealth, the straps galled and fretted me as I marched.

The sweat streamed down my face, but I could get at no handkerchief to wipe away the tormenting rivulets. At the first halt I threw off my knapsack with a groan, and examined it in order to realize fully that it was the same one I had put on at starting out.

I concluded that I had too many luxuries for a soldier, and threw something away at every halting-place. To add to my distress my army shoes, that worked on my feet like a pair of suction-pumps, had made two enormous blisters that broke and left exasperatingly raw sores.

When I got into camp the first night I wanted to be carried home. I say carried, for I could not have walked a step had I been told to "go in peace." I grieved that I had thrown away the rubber blanket which now I needed, and the salve which would have comforted my sore heels. But at the right moment Peter opened his knapsack and handed them both to me. He had thoughtfully picked them up and gave them to me with the laconic admonition, "Boy foolish; load grow light by and by."

"Yes; but that knapsack has nearly killed me before I'm used to it!" I replied dolefully.

"If a feller wants to get a good, solid respect for a mule, he must carry a knapsack like that one," said Sam Ryder, kicking his with his foot.

I was not the only one with whom a knapsack disagreed by any means. It is the usual complaint of a new soldier on his first march.

An old soldier carries only needful things, but sticks to them with dogged tenacity because they are necessary to his comfort. During the resting-spells when it did not rain Peter would lie down at full length, saying, "Rest all over."

"Wall, yes," assented a soldier who had been at Donelson and Fort Henry, "we need it tu, fur it's a hard road to trabble, I supposed the mules did this kind o' trucking. I tell you, we soldiers do the work and the officers get the pay and the glory, and don't you forgit it!"

Finally one afternoon we arrived in camp and saw the enemy intrenched along our front, and we were not sorry, because the heavy marching was for a time over; and yet we had marched altogether less than twenty miles, a distance which many of us a year after could have covered in less than a day.

On the 18th our column drove the enemy from their strong position at the Russell House, and then we began fortifying.

On our front, on a high ridge overlooking a

field, was a double log house from which the enemy had removed the roof and the chinking between the logs, thus affording a block-house for their sharpshooters.

On the southern limit of this field were dense underbrush and oaks, which the enemy held. The ground between us and the enemy on the east, where the country road ran, was marshy, and this obliged the army to feel its way cautiously step by step. Our troops here constructed strong defensive works, laboring night and day.

Peter and I were detailed with others as sharpshooters on the enemy who could be seen around the log house and on the ridge, annoying our pickets.

This was quite exciting, and we had no doubt that our proceedings were unpopular with the enemy, for their bullets would come humming around us occasionally as if in protest.

From our position we could plainly hear the beats of the enemy's drums in Corinth. One of the men we met among the sharpshooters was known as Jack Dillon, formerly a locomotive engineer.

"These generals don't know everything; I can give them points!" said Jack.

"What about?" we inquired.

"Why, the rebs have been taking their truck out of Corinth for a week, and I have told them so."

“How do you know that?” I inquired incredulously.

“Why, any railroad man can tell whether a train is loaded or empty by putting his ear to the rails; and those trains have been going out loaded and coming in empty for a week past. Those fellers are getting ready to skedaddle, and don’t you forgit it!” said Jack; and so it proved.

On the 27th a reconnoitring force found the enemy’s camps on the ridge road abandoned and evidences of a hasty retreat. They had not relieved their pickets, and most of them were captured.

On the 30th our advance found Corinth abandoned, many of the houses in flames, and piles of cannon-balls, salt, sugar, molasses, and other property that the enemy had failed to destroy or remove. A few citizens alone remained in the town.

The rebel army had mostly escaped across the creek, where they opened on the town with canister, burning the bridge. Many of their straggling soldiers were left in the woods; a large number of them surrendered with great cheerfulness. General Sherman afterwards reported that if these men were disarmed they would not trouble us much.

Among those picked up by my company, and who afterwards came under this recommendation of General Sherman’s, was a queer-looking Irish-

man. His head, which was as round as a spherical case-shot, was covered by a short growth of bristling black hair. His beard was just about a match for his hair. His nose ran upward from the roots until it met another bone, forming an acute angle. The short black teeth of his lower jaw shut over the teeth of the upper jaw, and were constantly exposed, while a pair of twinkling black eyes looked out from under straight, bushy brows.

"How came you in the Confederate service?" inquired our captain. "Did they invite you?"

"I wasn't invited, sor! I was just tould to take a gun, sor, and sure I had to, sor!"

"What did they do to make you? You don't look like a man that could be persuaded against his will."

"Well, sor, to tell you the truth, I couldn't live on air, and I couldn't get a bit to eat or drink until I jined 'em, sor."

"Couldn't you work for some one?"

"Nobody wanted a white man; only niggers to work, sor; they said they must foight. I tould 'em I was a Northern man, and they said, 'North of Ireland likely.' I told 'em, no sor, I had a likely family in Minnesota settled on a farrum."

"I'm from Minnesota," I said. "What part of the country do you belong to?"

"Well, sor, I don't just remember, for I was never there; but if you can read, sor, perhaps you can tell by this bit of a paper," he said, handing

me a worn and crumpled letter, which I glanced at carelessly, and was about to return without reading, when something familiar in the writing attracted my attention.

I read and gave a whoop of astonishment, exclaiming to Peter, "This is Matt's father! This is a letter my father wrote to him years ago. It is father's handwriting!—What is your name?" I inquired of the Irishman.

"Michael Ryan," he replied, after a moment's hesitation.

When I explained to him that his son belonged to our regiment, he grasped me, and began hugging me, and crying and calling me "his own dear Matt."

When I could get out of his clutches, I explained that I was not Matt, but that Matt had been missing ever since the battle of Shiloh, and was supposed to have been taken prisoner.

"Sure," said Ryan, "if I had known that he was in these lines a prisoner, I'd a got to you with him!"

Michael Ryan proved to be an odd character, with one glaring fault: when in liquor he was likely to do some extravagant thing, which in his sober moments he was, or at least ought to have been, sorry for.

He explained that he had started for Minnesota, but on arriving at the Mississippi River, he had fallen in with some "foine byes," who had induced

him to go down to New Orleans, instead of going up to St. Paul; that he had got out of money, and had postponed his visit to his wife and boy from time to time.

We advised Ryan to take transportation up the river, and go home to his wife.

He hesitated, and then said, "I'll find me son Matt first."

"What will you do for a living, meanwhile?"

"Well, sor, to tell you the truth, for I'm an honest man, and I'll not decave you, I loike the grub here, and I'll stay in this regiment until me son Matt comes back." And thus it was that this man who called himself Michael Ryan enlisted in our regiment.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS.

OUR brigade, now attached to the Fifteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Tecumseh Sherman, was in camp on the line of railroad near Memphis, Tennessee. Arms were stacked in the company streets, and sentinels were seen on posts around the camp. Although it was the last of October, it was still uncomfortably warm, and those boys not on guard duty were trying to keep cool lying off under their tents or extemporized shelters contrived from branches of trees or by uniting several tents.

Some of us were writing letters, some were sleeping, others playing cards, smoking, or telling stories of the campaign.

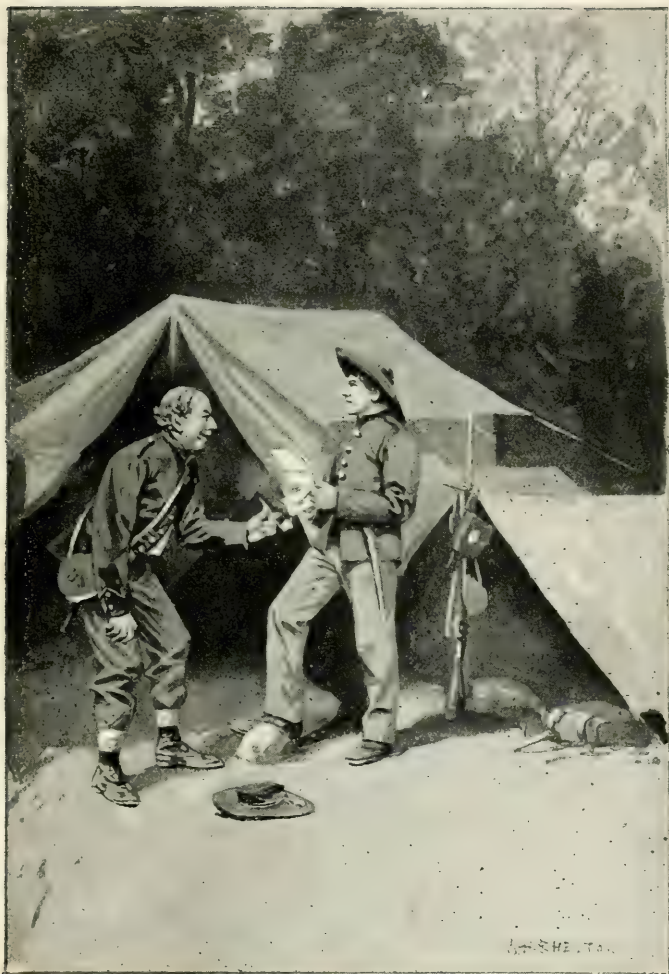
Soon the attitude of the camp changed from that of quiet to one of bustling excitement. The mail had come. Even Peter aroused himself from a recumbent attitude, saying, "Here come letters."

Had our friends at home known how disappointed their boys in the field were when a mail did not

bring a letter from home, they would have written oftener. This time I had two or three letters from home — one from my father, which had been long delayed by mis-direction, while Michael Ryan had one from Mrs. Ryan.

By the delayed letter I now first learned of the Indian outbreak and massacre, which occurred in Minnesota that fall, from which, however, our settlement had escaped. My father wrote that a little Indian girl had come across the prairie bringing from a friendly Indian a warning message which had enabled the settlers to send away the women and children, and arm those who had gathered at the village for defence. The Indians, for some reason, however, did not molest them.

He expressed his disappointment that Michael Ryan could not have come home to his family, instead of enlisting, and also spoke of the grief felt by Mrs. Ryan that Matt had not been heard from. The most startling part of the letter was that parties had jumped a part of Matt's and Peter's claims, and were intending to secure, with false evidence and perjured affidavits, the title to the land. I remembered that at one time, when settlers had ploughed and planted some of the same land, Matt and Peter had declared that there was land enough, and they would not interfere with the operation. My father expressed the wish that Peter might come home if occasion



“ ‘The murdering brutes,’ interjected Michael Ryan, between puffs of his pipe.” — Page 209.

should offer, and also Matt, if he should return to our lines.

I read the letter to Peter, who replied with his usual stoical indifference regarding such small matters as land. Had it been a question of a gun or a horse, he would have been more alarmed and not so indifferent.

"Don't you understand, Peter," I said, "they're stealing your farm?"

"The murdering brutes," interjected Michael Ryan, between puffs of his pipe, and still looking at his letter as if he'd like to get acquainted, if it was all the same to the letter.

"Land 'nuff; all the sky to breathe," said Peter, with his head erect, and inhaling the air.

"The fact is, Peter," I said, "I believe you would be glad if you never saw that farm again."

"What matter? Land 'nuff, dig grave in."

I saw it was of no use to try to make Peter exhibit a lively interest in land, or, rather, in ownership. He had within him a savage instinct that the land was made for man only when he could plant it and use it, and could never sympathize with simply a paper title to it. Was it instinct, or was it the natural feeling of primitive man?

Michael Ryan had meanwhile finished his pipe, and was holding his letter by one corner, with his arm extended and resting on his knee. Glancing at him, I thought that although perhaps he could

not read writing, he was not willing to admit it. "What is it, Mike?" I said.

"Look this letter over, and see what you might make out o' the bit o' writing."

I glanced at it, and saw that it was dated two weeks later than my own letter, and on reading it I gave such a whoop of surprise and delight, that Peter put his hand on my shoulder and gravely looked me in the face.

"Matt has written home!" I exclaimed.

Michael Ryan, his face intense with interest, now bent toward me as I read that letters had been received from the Confederate lines, saying that Matt had been wounded and captured by the enemy at Shiloh, and but for the interference of Lieutenant Preston (now General Preston of the Confederate army), he would have lost his arm by amputation. He expected to be paroled, but some trouble between the authorities had prevented. The letter also mentioned his writing to me, and gave the pleasant information that he expected to be paroled soon.

Soon through the whole camp was heard the hum of voices. "Get ready for dress parade!" said the captain, coming down through the company street; and then turning to me, "Orderly, there's to be inspection to-morrow morning."

We at once began brightening our brasses and buttons, and arranging our clothes in our knapsacks, so that the clean ones should come on the

top; scouring our bayonets and muskets with emery paper; blacking our shoes and belts, and, as Corporal Sam Ryder said, "getting into a sweat generally."

The next day at inspection the preliminary order had just been given, "Guides Posts! Rear open order! March!" and the inspecting officer had begun poking around in our knapsacks, when dark clouds overspread the sky and it began to sprinkle, wetting the clothing in the open knapsacks. At this Peter deliberately left the ranks and shut the flap of his knapsack, and then gravely resumed his place in line.

To most of my readers this would look like a very common-sense proceeding; but common sense and military exactions are often in conflict, as any one having experience can testify, and although Peter was in many respects the best soldier and non-commissioned officer in the regiment, he had not learned to subordinate his common sense to military exactions.

There was a smile on many a face among those who knew his peculiarities, yet when directly after inspection he was put under arrest, the boys who liked the courageous half-breed could not find any but big explosive words such as are often heard in war times, but which are as improper in ordinary life (or at any other time) as would be the explosion of shell in a village street, or of muskets in a parlor.

Yet, as this is a truthful chronicle of life in the field, I must confess that crisp words, hot and sulphurous under excitement of battle, and vexations caused by military restraint, were as common and improper as to the army in Flanders.

I went to my rest that night feeling not very good natured. In the morning when some of our older fellows were remarking, Eh! Oh! Igh! while straightening the kinks of rheumatism out of their joints, it made me wonder why in all the accounts of the American Revolution, or of Napoleon's campaigns that I had read, there had been no mention made of rheumatism. We read of our heroes going barefooted at Valley Forge, and of their being hungry, but not a word about rheumatism or neuralgia. History is silent on this subject.

There is also a familiar enemy that invades a soldier's traps and clothes and that makes him clinch his teeth in rage more frequently than does the enemy in front of him; that has no place in history, although persistently and obnoxiously present in all our campaigns under Sherman in the West, except with tenderfoot regiments, and they were soon introduced.

The veterans will understand, when they read this book, if I do not enter into particulars.

Taking it all in all, that Monday morning in camp was gloomy, but it seemed to effect Peter less than it did the explosive Sam Ryder.

"What's use to make fuss? breathe and eat same under 'rest as 'fore," said Peter placidly.

Still, on that particular morning our older fellows were not in good humor, and were growling with a persistency common to soldiers, when we were aroused by an incident that brightened up the camp as though the sun had come out from behind the drizzling clouds.

It was while Michael Ryan was groaning with the misery in his back and legs that Corporal Sam Ryder stuck his head into our tent, saying, "Here they are, Matt!"

Rheumatism, and chills and fevers, the last of which I had had a touch of that morning, disappeared as if by magic. Michael forgot his pipe and rheumatism and began dancing around while I was hugging Matt, and Peter was shaking one hand and Sam Ryder the other.

When Matt saw Michael dancing and whooping like a wild Indian, he said, "What lunatic asylum is this old fellow from?"

"It's a lunatic you are yourself not to know your own father!" responded Michael, working convulsively to get hold of Matt.

Although Michael Ryan exhibited excitement, there was yet something in his face or manner which I could not understand.

Finally, when Matt comprehended that the "man" claimed to be his own long-lost father, he greeted him very heartily, but still with an

occasional doubting glance from under his brows, as if he was not quite satisfied with his new relative.

"See here," said Matt; "let me have a conversation with me father alone. I want to ask him some questions."

Was it possible that Matt was not satisfied with his identity, and thought this man was merely masquerading as his father?

When Matt finally came out of the tent from this conference, he said, "Well, Tom, it surely must be me old man; but for the life of me I can't remember him as me father. It seems to me that me father was a different looking man; but it must be, for he knows all about my mother and myself, and seems fond of me too."

We were all glad to see Matt; and not least among these was the colonel, formerly the captain of our company, Colonel Archer having been promoted to be commander of the brigade.

During the day Matt told me how he had been wounded and captured, and that he had even been carried to the Confederate amputating-table; but as the surgeon was about to remove his arm he objected, as the bone was only slightly shattered. A Confederate officer who was slightly wounded in the hand was standing near, and Matt recognized him as Lieutenant Preston.

Matt told him who he was, and Preston interposed with the surgeon and asked him to save the

arm if possible, and he afterwards had Matt put under the charge of his own brigade surgeon (for he was now a general of a brigade), and had treated him in the same friendly manner that he had showed towards him at our home.

Matt said he inquired very particularly about me and my family, and he had given him a letter for my sister, which he had mailed at Memphis before coming to camp.

"It seems queer to be fighting a man with whom one feels so friendly," said Matt. "But there was one thing we could not talk about without getting excited, and that was the Union and slavery. He didn't seem to have any sinse left on those subjects. These Southerners actually seem to think that their States are bigger than the national government, and that slavery is better than freedom."

The next day was hot and fair. Marching orders came to the brigade, and soon our knapsacks were packed and we were moving towards Memphis. The long lines of blue, glistening with equipments, and burnished muskets flashing in the sun, marched with cadenced step from its old camping-place, and then broke into route step (with the swinging lope of veterans), filling the road to Memphis.

It was rather a bitter pill for us to swallow when, after dress parade the afternoon after our arrival at Memphis, an order was read reducing

Peter to the ranks for insubordination and conduct prejudicial to the military service. Peter himself exhibited no anger, but merely said, "Rather keep dry than be sergeant," and fell into the duty of a private in line with so much good will that all the officers and men who knew him respected the quiet, uncomplaining fellow. With Peter it was not assumed. He simply would as soon be a private as a general: he was not proud or ambitious in that way; but if a man had proclaimed him a coward or a thief, Peter would have been in such a rage that no man could have controlled him.

We were soon ordered on board of steamers for active duty somewhere.

Here let me take up the thread of military movements that my young readers may understand the situation.

About the middle of July, General Halleck, after distributing the magnificent army of one hundred thousand men to different points and directing Buell against Chattanooga, had been called to Washington to assume command as general-in-chief of all the armies in the field.

General Grant was given command of the district of East Tennessee, and we even then thought there was likely to be more fighting than was healthy under that indomitable commander.

For a while after the fall of Corinth, we worked on fortifications, and then, May 30, had been sent

near Memphis, where we were when the battle of Iuka was fought on the 19th of August at a little railroad town of that name, near Corinth, and also when the Confederates under General Price, on October 3d, attacked Rosecrans, who was holding Corinth.

A more cautious general would, if put in General Grant's place with a force but little superior to his enemy, have thought it sufficient to guard his territory against capture. But General Grant had that faith in success and belief in the justice of his cause that made him aggressive.

After the battle fought by Rosecrans for the protection of Memphis, the rebel defeat was so complete that he no longer feared for the safety of the territory within his department, and determined at once on an offensive movement.

By moving against the enemy and driving them before him, he reasoned that his own lines, which must otherwise be guarded, would almost take care of themselves by the fear inspired that some more vital point might be lost.

The result of this reasoning was the campaign against Vicksburg. This was an important position to the Confederates, as it occupied the first high land near the river below Memphis. It was also the only point which connected the territory of the Confederacy divided by the Mississippi, and from it a railroad ran East, connecting with other roads leading to all points in the Southern States,

All the other points held on the Mississippi below were simply dependencies, sure to fall with the capture of Vicksburg.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAMPAIGNING AGAINST VICKSBURG.

THE campaign against Vicksburg may be said to have begun on the 24th of December, 1862, when, with other organizations of the Fifteenth Army Corps, we embarked on transports at Memphis, and under the protection of a formidable flotilla of gunboats steamed down the Mississippi River, and then, turning in an easterly direction, went up the Yazoo River some twelve miles.

Here on the swampy bottoms, at the foot of the Walnut Hills, we disembarked, and moving through the cane-brakes and jungles encountered the enemy's skirmishers.

They fled before us like flocks of sheep, and we were at first much elated, anticipating an easy victory. But this elation was not of long duration; for, on perceiving their strong position, bolder hearts than ours would have desponded at the prospect.

Here were muddy bayous passable in one direction only by narrow levees, and in another by a sand-bar, where the enemy could shoot down our men as fast as they set foot on it.

"Look at the rebs behind the levees! Gosh! but they've got a soft thing of it!" exclaimed Sam Ryder.

"Sure enough; those levees which they built to keep the Mississippi out of their cornfields are first-rate breastworks to keep us out too," said Matt, viewing the situation with unfeigned disgust.

Here let me explain that these levees varied in height from four to eighteen feet, and had been built to protect the country against high water. They had exterior angles, like fortifications, and were admirably adapted to repel an invading army, as well as the waters of the Mississippi.

Nor was this anything more than a preliminary obstacle; for, above the wide miry bayous, there were rifle-pits and batteries, while an abrupt range of hills beyond was crowned with cannon. The rough sides of the hills, furrowed with gullies, were further protected by rifle-pits and artillery at every accessible point. In view of all these impediments, one of our Western boys was justified in saying, "See here, fellers, this is a lay-out fur a lickin'!"

Even Peter, ordinarily patient and unflinching in the face of obstacles, shook his head, saying, "Bad place for fight."

"Yes, the idea of a surprise!" said Sam Ryder. "Look at their telegraph stations up there on the hills! We can't make a move but them plaguey fellers will tell on us!"

It was evident that they were at that very moment engaged in telegraphing every movement of our gunboats and troops. We also soon discovered that they had still another advantage in the fact that while every movement of our troops was visible to them, they could move their own men with perfect security and secrecy; for where the levees were continuous, as they were along the Mississippi and the bayous from Vicksburg to Haynes Bluff, a road behind them enabled the enemy to move from point to point with perfect security, as if by a covered way.

Their right was a series of batteries and forts seven miles above us on the Yazoo River; while on their left were the hills, two hundred feet high, on which Vicksburg was situated. The enemy had improved all these naturally strong defensive positions with consummate skill.

During the first two days we were engaged in reconnoitring; and all this time we could hear railroad trains coming in and going out of Vicksburg, showing that they were continually receiving re-enforcements, and that every hour's delay made our task the harder.

On the 29th of December, Sherman ordered an assault.

Blair's brigade of Steele's division went in on the left, and DeCoursey's brigade of Morgan's division on the right.

Over tangled abattis of cotton-wood, through the

quicksands, mud, and freezing waters of the bayou, while the enemy rained on them death-dealing missiles, these brave men advanced with desperate heroism, piercing two lines of the enemy's rifle-pits, and were brought to a halt at last only at their main earthworks.

Our regiment, which was sent to reconnoitre the woods, had crossed the bayou on a log, and had skirmished with the enemy, driving him across the larger bayou, when a heavy discharge of musketry drove us back, killing one man and wounding several. A shot here grazed my right fore-arm, making a painful though not dangerous wound. It was the first scratch I had received during my military service, and gave me trouble later, from not being properly cared for.

We were soon ordered to fall back to our old positions. I have since learned that General Sherman meditated another attack that night in conjunction with the gunboats; but on account of the moonlight, which would make us visible to the enemy, the idea was abandoned.

That night a disagreeable, chilly rain came on. The next day the weather cleared up and was warm, but the prospect of success looked discouraging to us.

"If we have two or three days' rain here, we'd have all we'd want to do to swim away!" growled Jim Fowler, one of our Western men.

"Sho, now," said Sam Ryder incredulously, "you think you're talking to horse-marines perhaps."

"Horse-marines, or mud-marines," said Jim. "I'll 'low I've seen the Mississippi chin deep in such places as this, in less than three days of rain."

Peter, who had examined the trees in the low timbered ground where we had bivouacked, soon corroborated the statement of Jim Fowler by pointing to the water-stains on the trees five and six feet above our heads, saying, "Big rain, water 'way up there!"

The next day, in full sight of the enemy, our troops re-embarked, steamed down the Yazoo River, and "tied up," as our Western boys called it, at Milliken's Bend.

From this point our flotilla of transports, accompanied by gunboats, once more steamed up, and in a few hours were going up the Arkansas River, to attack the enemy at Arkansas Post.

Here the enemy was found in a bastioned fort, placed in a strong position at a bend commanding the river and surrounded with deep ditches. A long line of intrenchments protected his flanks.

Here we attacked by land and water, compelling the surrender of the fort, with five thousand men and all their munitions of war. The services performed by our regiment here were comparatively light, although not without danger.

An incident, however, occurred which concerns

one of our characters. We had been sent forward and deployed nearly east of Fort Hindman. The ground in our front and on our flank was wooded, and slightly ascending towards the fort. Here we were ordered forward to draw the enemy's fire. With this purpose we threw out skirmishers, and advanced fifty yards, firing as we advanced.

The enemy getting good range of our line, replied with shot and shell, and compelled us to fall back. As we were doing this a battery of ten-pound Napoleon guns came galloping up and went into position near us, then *whu-r-r-r chug bang!* came a shell, striking a limber-chest, exploding, killing and wounding most of the men on the gun.

At a word from our captain, Matt sprang forward, and calling to Peter, with other of our men, he began to serve the gun so effectually that the enemy were driven from their pieces at one part of the fort.

The next day at noon we formed the reserve that followed three other regiments in the storming of the enemy's works. After an obstinate fight of nearly three hours we captured the works with a loss of only five men of our company killed and wounded.

Michael Ryan during the charge had left the ranks, and yelling like mad, rushed forward, and was one of the first men on the parapet at Fort Hindman. He captured the colors of a Tennessee regiment, and afterward said, "Byes, I tuck the

fort all mesilf, barrin' I was supported by a few regiments."

The captain shook his head, saying, "An insubordinate rascal!"

After this we returned to Milliken's Bend on the transports, and freely criticised the campaign.

This attack on Vicksburg had developed the difficulty of capturing the place.

It stood upon an almost inaccessible plateau, two hundred feet above the river; it was surrounded by formidable artificial and natural defences, rendered almost impregnable by a vast network of bayous and marshes which covered the entire space between us and Vicksburg, north and south, and from the Yazoo to the Mississippi, east and west. Our indomitable commander had at last learned that a direct attack anywhere between Harris Bluff and Warrentown was folly, and he showed no disposition thereafter to repeat the experiment.

The next effort of the army was directed to turning Vicksburg from the south side.

If my readers will look at a map of this region they will find that the west bank of the crooked Mississippi River from Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg, to Carthage below, resembles in outline the closed fist of the right hand with the palm upward and the thumb extended.

The thumb represents the tongue of land on the Louisiana side, lying in a loop of the river com-

manded by Vicksburg; while the city and the batteries are opposite the nail of the thumb.

Grant first endeavored to turn these batteries, in order to get our transports and gunboats safely below them. His plan was to cut a canal at the first joint of the thumb, run the Vicksburg batteries with his transports, and with a naval force attack it from the south.

‘The Mississippi River from Milliken’s Bend to New Carthage makes a tortuous course, forming peninsulas and horseshoe bends innumerable; and these bends are cut up by bayous, and the lowland is at times overflowed by the river. Among these twists in the river is one that forms the long tongue of land opposite Vicksburg.

At first, following Grant’s original plan, an attempt was made to cut a canal across this tongue through which to pass our naval forces and transports without exposing them to the fire of the enemy. After months of wearisome work this was abandoned on the 27th of March, and another plan for a campaign against Vicksburg was adopted, which proved as fruitful as it was glorious to our arms, and of which I shall speak in the next chapter.’

Our corps was set at this task, which kept us at work months, and until, as Sam Ryder said, the shakes caused by the fever and ague which our men got here was the only thing which up to this time had made Vicksburg tremble.

When the waters of the river were let into our

big ditch, it was found that the current was at right angles with it, and that its lower end was easily commanded by the bluffs on the Mississippi side.

After two months' hard labor the waters did not run, and our efforts proved a blank failure.

The high waters of the Mississippi having subsided, our plucky commander, in April, 1863, after many failures in other directions, which I shall not detail, adopted the bold plan of marching his army across from Milliken's Bend (represented by the third knuckle of the upturned hand) to Carthage (at the root of the thumb near the hand). The gunboats and transports were to run the Vicksburg batteries in the night, and join our land forces at Grand Gulf, there to assist in operating against Vicksburg from the eastern side of the river.

When, however, New Carthage had been reached by the first men who marched across to this point, it was found that a break in the bayou here had flooded the country, and had made an island of that place. This necessitated a long march to Hard Times below Perkins's Plantation.

The gunboats failing in an attack on Grand Gulf, next ran these batteries in the night, and, with the transports, assisted in ferrying the army across the Mississippi.

General Grant's first step in working out his purpose was to capture Grand Gulf for a base of supplies.

Bruinsburg, below Grand Gulf, on the east side of the Mississippi (the point where General Grant's forces were finally landed April 30), was two miles from the high land which furnished a solid base for military operations.

To prevent his reaching this safe base, the enemy came out from their works to intercept and attack him.

Port Gibson was the nearest point to the bridges by which they could do this, across the bayou Pirrie, a navigable stream just above their landing-place.

Here McClellan's corps and a portion of McPherson's were thrown forward, and, attacking the Confederates, defeated them and captured Port Gibson. The position of the enemy was turned by this defeat; they therefore abandoned Grand Gulf, burned the bridges across the bayou, and were soon found to be covering a retreat on Vicksburg.

Our corps, which at this time had not begun its march to Bruinsburg, had been instructed to make a feint, by use of the transports and gunboats at Haynes Bluff, in order to detain as many of the enemy around Vicksburg as possible, as well as to deceive them regarding Grant's real purpose.

We performed this work satisfactorily, and were soon marching to join Grant at Bruinsburg.

Our division, however, then under command of General Frank P. Blair, Jr., was left behind to

garrison Milliken's Bend, until relieved by troops from Memphis; the other division joined General Grant at Grand Gulf shortly after its fall and several days before our arrival.

When our division began its march of sixty-three miles along the bayous to Hard Times, the roads, which for some time had been intolerable, were in fairly good condition.

One afternoon, after a long march, we had halted with our train at a magnificent plantation near the lower end of Lake Vidal near Perkins's, *en route* for Hard Times, to join in that adventure of arms, the glorious and final campaign against Vicksburg.

The fine plantations along the bayous, which had been abandoned by their owners, were delightful halting-places. Corn for the horses was found in the barns, and the sprouting grain afforded them forage.

On this occasion I called the roll, and reported to the captain for the second time during the week, "Private Michael Ryan, absent without leave." The captain said nothing, but I thought I saw something in his face that did not promise pleasant things for Private Ryan.

And now let me confess that Ryan was a great disappointment to Matt. I had before our march received promotion as first sergeant of Company "B," which promotion by right belonged to Matt, for he was a better drilled man and a better soldier than I was.

When I said to our captain that Sergeant Matthew Ryan deserved this promotion rather than myself, the captain replied, "Ah, yes; but there are other considerations, Sergeant Clifton. I have no prejudice. Ryan has been an excellent soldier, none better. He has readiness to act at the right moment and courage equal to any one, but" —

"The way he served that battery when the chief of the piece was killed, captain. You said, when the artillery officer complimented him, that Matthew Ryan was a born soldier."

"Yes," said the captain, "but not a born officer. The first sergeant of a company is in the line of promotion as a second lieutenant."

I now understood the captain's disinclination to promote Matt; for the truth must be told that Private Ryan was at times both drunken and insubordinate, and it was felt by the officers that it would not be agreeable for them to associate on familiar terms with one whose father was liable to be under arrest or to be punished, possibly shot, for absenting himself without authority while before the enemy.

Michael Ryan had shown himself to be possessed of reckless courage, and this was the only quality he seemed to have in common with Matt. He also had a quaint and ready wit and humor which had enabled him to get through some hard spots without punishment. There was about Michael, how-

ever, an indescribable something, which, as Sam Ryder said, made you think he was "playing it," and that his sentiments as expressed, as well as his acts, were for effect. On this occasion, before darkness set in we heard the sharp click of oars from the lake; and a boat soon was seen near the plantation landing.

Michael Ryan sprang from it upon the levee, loaded down with chickens and ducks. He coolly presented the colonel and captain each with a pair, saying, "Now, captain dear, it's starvin' ye'd be if I didn't attend to yer feed."

It is very seldom that a soldier, officer or private, on the march, can resist persuasions of this kind, and so Private Ryan escaped once more with only a sharp reprimand.

"There's a rod in pickle for him yet," said Sam Ryder; "the captain wanted the ducks and chickens, but he'll not forget Michael, for all that."

Michael went from bad to worse, to Matt's sorrow and disgust; and although he escaped punishment for a time, he was finally brought to judgment, though not punishment, as will appear in the progress of this narrative.

We arrived at last at Hard Times with our train, and were slowly ferried over to Grand Gulf, where we will once more take breath and look over the situation of affairs on our arrival.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF ARMS.

It was May 7 when we arrived at Grand Gulf, and with a train of two hundred wagons set out to join our comrades in that great adventure of arms, the final campaign against Vicksburg.

The boldness, originality, and daring of Grant's plans will be seen when we consider that the army he landed at Bruinsburg with which to operate against the enemy on the 30th of April numbered but a little over thirty thousand men. With this army he began a campaign over a difficult country, easy of defence, against an enemy of sixty thousand, occupying strong defensive positions, at Grand Gulf, Jackson, Vicksburg, and Haynes Bluff.

It is an elementary maxim of ordinary war that great armies operating in an enemy's country should keep open a base of supplies, with safe and protected communications thereto, from which to receive food and ammunition. But when landed at Bruinsburg, the Union army had a great river and its enemy at Vicksburg between it and its base of supplies.

General Grant had originally planned to make a

new base at Grand Gulf and there await the coming of General Banks's force from Port Hudson. He soon resolved that time was of more importance than these re-enforcements, and that to be successful he must fight and beat the enemy in detail before they had time to fortify or concentrate to resist his advance.

To assist in the general purposes of this campaign, and to distract and hinder the enemy, on the 17th of April Colonel Grierson had been sent on a cavalry raid through the interior of Mississippi, and had aided powerfully in preventing the early concentration of re-enforcements against General Grant's army by breaking the enemy's lines of communication.

Grant's army had started out while its trains were still west of the Mississippi ; and his men had less than an average of three days' rations in their haversacks, and hence depended largely on the country for their food.

There were no trains for ammunition, and so these had to be extemporized from the teams found in the country through which they were operating.

On the 13th of May, McPherson, commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps, had fought and defeated the enemy near Raymond. The capture of this place gave us control of a system of roads branching out in every direction. Up to this time the army had hugged the Big Black River (which

runs nearly parallel to the Mississippi), guarding all its ferries to prevent the enemy from getting in our rear and intercepting our communications with Grand Gulf.

General Grant, discovering that to guard these communications might cost him so much in time and men as to defeat his main purpose, at once boldly decided to have no communication for the enemy to intercept; he therefore cut loose and turned his whole column towards Jackson.

In the rain and mud of the 13th and 14th, Sherman and McPherson marched their men to the outer defences of the state capital, attacking at once and capturing the place.

Our division had reached Grand Gulf on the 7th of May, and at once began its march to rejoin our commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps. The first three miles out the roads were uphill and rough, but they improved as we advanced. Eight miles out we took the road that forked to the right. Some uneasiness was felt for fear the enemy might attack our flank. The roads were dusty, the weather in the middle of the day hot, but the mornings and evenings were comfortably cool, and water was very scarce except such as fell from the sky.

The temptation to straggle was under such circumstances very great, especially among those who had not had, as Sam Ryder sarcastically expressed it, "all independent ideas drilled out of them."

Most of the roads ran along the tops of ridges, and the country between them was covered with an impenetrable thicket, which, though it presented some disagreeable possibilities, had the compensating advantage of preventing the enemy from attacking our flank.

The same day that Sherman and McPherson had captured Jackson, we reached New Auburn, where we joined forces with McClermand's corps, with our trains loaded with rations for the army. These were the only supplies, other than those gathered from the country and carried in haversacks, received by the army during the campaign.

On our way to join our corps we naturally struck the left wing of the army; for after the fall of Jackson the army faced west, thus bringing Sherman's corps on the extreme right.

The fall of Jackson had not only cut the rebel line, but had separated Johnston from Pemberton, and had also cut the railroad communication between Vicksburg and the territory east of the Mississippi.

When we came up with the trains of McClermand's corps they presented a grotesque and motley spectacle.

The vehicles consisted of all kinds of conveyances from an ordinary farm wagon to an aristocratic barouche. Some had only a pair of wheels on which was fastened a large box of boards. The animals consisted of horses, mules, oxen, and some-

times cows, and were hitched to these vehicles by straw collars, cotton and tarred ropes, or strips of heavy cotton cloth, and in some instances by plough harnesses, and occasionally by handsome silver-plated ones.

To an aristocratic carriage piled high with cartridges there would be hitched a pair or more of grotesquely harnessed mules, while a handsome harness would be seen upon mules drawing an old farmer's wagon of antiquated device.

The provisions carried by the men were as varied as their equipages. Some had hitched behind the teams bleating sheep or cows, struggling to get away, while across the shoulders of the men, as well as on the backs of mules and other animals of these trains, were seen ducks, geese, hens, and chickens, some alive and others dressed for the pot.

The soldiers seemed to enjoy the grotesqueness of these trains, and would have enjoyed them much more, no doubt, had they not been so hurried.

Matt declared that the army was like the locusts of Egypt that my father had once preached about: they devoured every green thing except the people, who didn't always wait for us.

The thought of the poor people, pillaged because of the necessities of our campaign, where our armies were mostly subsisting on the country, did not trouble me then so much as it did afterwards.

One of the Thirteenth Army Corps, whom I had met, said to me, "I tell you, business is humming in this country! Every mill from a coffee-mill to a grist-mill is a-grinding corn for army johnny-cake."

"You've got enough to eat, I suppose?" I interrogated.

"See here, suppose you give me a handful of coffee for this chicken all ready for the pot," was the reply of the Thirteenth Corps man.

I gave him the coffee, and thanked him for the liberal exchange, at which he replied, "Stranger, I'm ashamed to look a chicken or sheep in the face, we've killed and eaten so many of 'um. I never want to see a chicken again as long as I live. Hardtack and salt bacon's good enough fur me. I ain't proud, I ain't, 'bout grub."

At Auburn some of the people, and among them many women, came out to see the Yankee army. One little girl said, "Do you Yanks always go around taking other people's fixin's to eat?"

The women were good-looking and not averse to being seen by the Yankee soldiers.

"Do you lay around on the ground at home?" asked a pretty, black-eyed miss curiously.

"No," said Matt, "and wouldn't here if we had time to accept an invitation to visit you."

"What makes you tote around in such a hurry?" she asked.

"Got to gobble up Pemberton's army," ex-

plained Matt, "if we can find out where they have skedaddled to."

The people asked us many curious questions, but did not generally use abusive language.

At New Auburn we had camped near a pond of water, but after leaving there our men suffered more than usual from the thirst which always occurs among men on long marches.

After the 14th the roads were dusty and water was very scarce. Yet in the circumstances in which the army was placed, straggling was as much a crime as treason, for this campaign (as I heard a member of our corps say) was as much a feat of legs as it was of arms.

Stringent orders had been given to all our men not to leave the ranks except when detailed to obtain rations or for other camp purposes.

On the 16th we were hastening forward to Edwards Ferry, supporting Osterhaus of McClernand's corps, and when halted at night I was again obliged to report Private Michael Ryan as absent without leave.

"How long," asked the officer, "has he been absent?"

"Seven hours, since noon," I replied.

"I distrust that man; he will bear watching," said the captain. "He enlisted too willingly. He must be punished."

"He ought to be shot," said the colonel, who at that moment came up, and to whom the captain told the circumstance.



“A volley of jeers and jokes saluted Michael and his picturesque steed and its equipments.” — Page 239.

"He behaved well at Chickasaw Bluff and at Vicksburg, colonel," I said, saluting.

"He was the 'wild Irishman' that was first on the rebel parapet at Arkansas Post," said the captain. "He don't flinch in a fight. I'll say that for him."

The colonel paused a moment and then said, "If he answers at roll-call to-morrow morning, all right; he'll get a good chance to stop a bullet without our shooting him, before the campaign is over. We can't spare fighting men now."

After sundown Michael made his appearance, coming from the direction of where the rebel lines were supposed to be. He rode into camp mounted on the back of a cow, on which he had placed a horse-saddle which he had fitted to the animal with cotton pickings. Behind him was a goodly array of chickens and a sheep, while balanced on either side were two tin pails, one containing water, the other apple-jack.

A volley of jeers and jokes saluted Michael and his picturesque steed and its equipments. He passed the water to Matt, saying, "Fill up yer canteens, byes!" and after we had passed back the empty pail he knelt down and began to milk the cow.

"Where have you been, Mike?" we inquired.

"Whist, now, yer make the cow kick!" he replied evasively.

After the cow was partially milked he surren-

dered her to some other aspirant for milk, and advancing to the colonel's bivouac fire, saluted him and said, —

“It's some milk for yer coffee I've brought, and some apple-jack, sor;” and then turning to the colonel's black servant: “Don't stand there grinning while yer master's waiting fer milk in his coffee;” and then pressing a pair of fat chickens on the colonel's servant, he admonished him to see that they were cooked well, for, said he, “they are the best I could find in the country fer the colonel.” Then plunging his hand into his haversack he brought out some eggs which he had carefully packed in cotton, laid them down, and once more saluting, said, “It's a noice supper I wish ye may have, sor; and long life to yer honor!” and marched away as sedately as if he had performed a duty instead of having been guilty of a grievous breach of military orders.

It has been said that a man's heart is reached through his stomach; and when we saw our captain and colonel eating chicken at their bivouac fire and drinking the apple-jack, we knew that Michael Ryan had escaped punishment at least for that time.

That night our company had broiled mutton for supper, cooked by holding the chops over the fire by our ramrods.

Poor Matt felt as though his father was a disgrace to him, although he did not express this feeling until Michael addressed him.

"And why do yer look so glum, Matt?" he asked.

"Because of the trouble you are getting yourself and me into, father," replied Matt.

"And what wud the company do if nobody picked up a bit of grub for 'em? An' sure ain't I always on the spot when there's foraging or fighting? tell me that, sor, will yer, and not stand there like a tinderfoot!"

Sergeant Matt turned away without reply; for he had that old-fashioned feeling that he must respect his father, although there was nothing in common between them.

Michael's temper and habitual insubordination grated harshly on Matt's sensitive nature. Accustomed as he was to associate with more refined people, yet he could not fail as a son in his duty. That night I awoke and found that he had not been asleep.

"What's the matter, Matt?" I asked.

"It's father that troubles me; he doesn't seem at all like the father I remember as a child. But, Tom, you must remonstrate with him, for his own good, or he will be in trouble."

The next morning, while the men were getting breakfast, I began the remonstrance in what I thought a very gentle manner, telling Michael how badly Matt felt. That he did not take my remonstrance in good part was evident by his manner; and although he made no reply he glowered

at me from under his straight shaggy brows; showed his under teeth shut over his upper ones like a bull-dog ready to snap; while his eyes had in them an ugly phosphorescent glare still more ominous.

What was there in Michael Ryan that made me feel that he was not what he seemed?

On the 16th we moved northwest on the route to Bridgeport, and found ourselves confronted by the enemy's right. We heard the deep roar of artillery, and every moment expected the order to attack. It is now known that McClernand's failure to aid in the battle of Champion Hill prevented a most overwhelming defeat, if not the capture of the enemy's forces on that day.

On the 16th we joined in the pursuit of Pemberton's army, which had fled beyond the Big Black River, destroying the bridges behind them. The other two divisions of the Fifteenth Corps under Sherman, after destroying the public property at Jackson, and the railroads near there, had made a forced march from that place at noon on the 16th and had halted at Bolton, twenty miles west, and at noon on the 17th reached Bridgeport, where we had already preceded them. We were glad to be united once more with our corps, for we seemed to gather but few laurels except when marching under Sherman.

On the 17th of May, McClernand's corps, the Thirteenth, followed closely by McPherson's (the

Seventeenth), pursued the demoralized enemy, attacked and defeated them at the Big Black River, captured one thousand seven hundred and fifty-one prisoners and eighteen pieces of light artillery, with a loss on our side of thirty-nine killed and two hundred and thirty-seven wounded and missing. When we arrived we found a few men in position on the west side of the river. A piece of artillery was turned on them, and they surrendered without firing a shot.

It was a picturesque sight, when after laying a bridge on inflated rubber pontoons, fires were kindled on the banks of the river and we crossed by their light at night.

But little resistance was made at the Big Black, for the demoralized enemy did not recover their *morale* until they were under the protection of their defences at Vicksburg.

On the 13th we saw General Grant riding along the Vicksburg road inquiring for Sherman; his first anxiety, as it afterwards appeared, being to secure for his army a base of supplies on the Yazoo above the city.

By a happy coincidence our line of march led us to the very point at the Walnut Hills which we had attempted to wrest from the enemy the previous December in our attack at Chickasaw Bluff.

It was now only eighteen days since Grant crossed the river at Bruinsburg. During this time he fought the battle of Port Gibson, secured the

possession of Grand Gulf and the east banks of the Mississippi. The battles of Raymond and Jackson divided the enemy's forces into two parts; Champion Hill and Big Black River compelled Pemberton to shut himself up in Vicksburg where we were to besiege him.

For eighteen days the Army of the Tennessee had marched and subsisted mostly on an enemy's country; had defeated the enemy at Port Gibson on the 1st of May. Fourteen Mile Creek on the 3d, Raymond on the 12th, Jackson on the 16th, Big Black River on the 17th, and on the 18th had driven the enemy to his defences at Vicksburg after having abandoned Harris Bluff and Walnut Hill. The enemy had been beaten in detail on their own ground with a force smaller than their own, with a loss in killed of six hundred and ninety-five of our men and three thousand four hundred and twenty-five wounded, many only slightly, and only two hundred and fifty-nine captured and missing.

In rapid movements and vigor of pursuit this campaign equals in audacity and skill any adventure of arms in modern times, throwing out even the final surrender of Pemberton.

The energy and skill displayed in this campaign rank General Grant among the great commanders of armies of modern times.

CHAPTER XX.

ATTACK AND REPULSE.

WE marched towards Vicksburg with the confident step of victors. Our division had done but little fighting during the campaign; yet we had done the part assigned us, and participated in the general feeling of elation over the successes achieved. We felt that the enemy had been outmarched, out-manœuvred, and beaten at every point, and were now driven, as Sam Ryder said, to their last hole.

As we neared Vicksburg on the Jackson road, we found ourselves in a rough country, cut by deep gullies and extensive wood-covered, vine-tangled ravines. Beyond, on still more elevated ground, rose yellow heaps of soil or clay in striking contrast with the vivid green of the surrounding foliage.

These mud-heaps, as we advanced, soon showed evidences of being outworks of the enemy. Little puffs of smoke curled up here and there from them; then the sharp crack of distant rifles and the *ping* and *zurr* of singing bullets was heard, as if, as we marched on the enemy, they were

saying, "Stand off! Keep your distance! We mean to fight!"

We turned off the Jackson road on to a road branching to the right, while our skirmish-line engaged the enemy in a crackling conversation of musketry.

As we halted for a minute or two, the captain looked towards the high land on our front and at what Matt designated "the rebel mud-heaps," and shaking his head, said to me, "They have got a very strong position there, Clifton."

I replied confidently, "Yes, so they had at the Big Black, but they got up and dusted out of it as soon as we showed ourselves, Captain."

Peter, who had been looking at the "lay of the land" with a hunter's critical eye (for the art of war is similar to that of the hunter), said, "Musk-rat run to der holes, but fight when get der!"

"We'll drive 'em right into the river!" said Matt, joining in the conversation with a confident tone, and with his head thrown back in a characteristic manner.

Our captain, who was about twenty-five years old, had a lion-like face and head. He said in an undertone, "Whether they make a stand or not, I think we shall 'try it on' to-morrow."

"Have dig muskrat out here," said Peter with a gesture towards the enemy.

The captain smiled at the simile, and gave the order, "Attention! forward, march!" and once

more the regiment took up the swinging step of veterans over the dusty road.

The road on to which we had turned from the Jackson road, and running at right angles with it, is now known as the Graveyard road, and it soon brought us near the front of the enemy's works known as the "Graveyard bastion" (where we halted); a name rendered more significant by our after experiences in attacking it.

Here it may be well to say to my readers that the enemy's position at Vicksburg was a vast intrenched camp (speaking in general terms) described around the city in a semicircle of seven miles or more in extent. There was also a line of forts on its river front, to defend it from our gunboats. The position, a strong one naturally, consisted of a bluff or plateau two hundred feet above the river and about two miles in width, cut in many places by deep valleys and abrupt ravines.

Our army occupied positions around it in the following order: 1st, Sherman's corps, extending from the water front on the Mississippi above Vicksburg on the right, and from thence curving around the rebel lines in front of the Graveyard bastion;¹ 2d, McPherson's corps in front and facing west; 3d, McClellan's corps on the extreme left.

The enemy's works occupied the bluffs of high

¹ A bastion is a projecting part of a main fort consisting of a face and two flanks.

land, protected by gullies and ravines which they had fortified with great skill, so as to sweep with musketry and artillery every approach to their stronghold by road, ravine, or gully.

The ravines and gullies in front of the forts were filled with canebrakes, and their sides were covered with entangling vines and fallen tree-stumps or standing timber, thus supplementing the arts of man by the hinderances of nature.

General Sherman has since the war expressed the opinion, after seeing the Russian position at Sebastopol (for which the allied armies of England and France contended for months), that Vicksburg was the stronger of the two.

The great strength of organized attacks of armed men is in their ability to act as a unit. This, the hindering gullies, thickets, and ravines made impossible in our first assault on Vicksburg.

That night we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and slept the sleep of tired men. The next morning when I awoke I found Matt boiling coffee, of which he had a little still remaining, and our men scattered about engaged in cooking and eating.

After my frugal soldier's meal, I seated myself and began reading a chapter from my Bible. "Read out loud," said Matt, who had a touching reverence for the Word. I read that morning from the thirty-fifth Psalm. At the fifth verse, "Let them be as chaff before the wind and let the angel of

the Lord chase them," and at the twenty-seventh verse, "Let them shout for joy and be glad that favor my righteous cause," I heard a hearty "Amen" uttered near me, which proved to come from the captain. As I turned towards him I found he was seated near with his back against a tree; and he said, as if answering some thought of his own about the chapter, "That expresses the natural call to something higher than his comrades which a man feels like making when about to encounter trouble or peril, and I have that feeling of calling for help very strong this morning. I hope the boys on the hills whom we've got to fight will be scattered 'as chaff before the wind,' and that the Lord will finally let us shout for joy in the triumph of victory; yet this morning when I think of the fight, I feel depressed. I don't have as much hopefulness and courage as I do sometimes."

"You've got the blues, Captain," I replied.

After an interval of silence, during which he filled and lit his pipe, he said, without reply to my remark, but as if continuing, "Clifton, I have a sweet-faced, good little mother at home, who taught me to pray, and who I feel prays for me all through these times. If I should not come out of the fight to-day or to-morrow, I wish you would send her my watch and a letter you will find in my pocket. When I left home she said, 'Try to do your whole duty, John, and God will take care of

the rest.' " After another short silence he resumed, "I haven't thought of these things much until now; I haven't always been just good; but I have never shown the white feather before the enemy or spared myself in labor for the cause. I hope God will forgive the rest hereafter."

"Don't you think our chances are good?" asked Matt.

The captain threw off his serious mood, and standing up, said gayly as he glanced down the line at our bronzed veterans, "Faint heart never won an enemy's earthworks, boys: we'll try 'em on!"

Afterwards, when the captain had gone down the line, Matt said to me, "I guess we'd better say our prayers pretty thoroughly this morning, Tom. A man never feels like our captain does without a cause."

Although I laughed at what I called Matt's Irish superstition, yet we both silently said our prayers that morning, at which Michael Ryan looked on with a sniff of disdain and curiosity, either at seeing a good Catholic and a Protestant praying together, or as if his praying days were over.

When some of our rough fellows had made fun of Matt at his prayers, he had replied, "Tom and I have a different way of doing the same thing and of asking for help from the same One, and He hears us both."

Matt had a truly reverent and devotional spirit, and often quoted to me a remark of his priest's:

“Let us love God, not as much as He deserves, that we cannot do ; but as much as we can, that He deserves.”

The attack on the enemy's works which we had confidently awaited did not come as early as we expected.

We were formed on the road which ran along the top of a ridge with a ravine on our right and left and with the sides cut by gullies, and steep declivities towards the enemy's bastion.

It must have been nearly two o'clock in the afternoon before we heard the artillery firing, which was the signal agreed upon for an attack all along our line from right to left.

At the sound of the artillery volleys, we advanced at quick-step with the Thirteenth United States regulars in advance ; brave fellows, commanded by the heroic Captain Washington. We then spread out, advancing in line, scrambling over the obstructions mentioned, — the deep gullies and fallen trees and tangled vines which made it impossible for us to reach the enemy in anything like an organized formation. As we advanced into line, the boom of cannon, the *zur, zur, swich, bang* of moving and exploding shells ; the singing *ping* and *bur-r-r* of passing bullets, and their *spat, spat*, as they struck the timber or ground ; the grape-shot ploughing the earth or tearing the bark from the logs and trees, — made for us anything but entertaining music.

We heard the yells of the enemy and the cheers of our men mingle with the heavy boom of cannon and the crackle of musketry, as our advance encountered the rebels behind the breastwork on our right.

I caught the flutter of a flag planted on the enemy's works, and then the quick crackle of musketry was intensified as we neared the rebel position and saw dimly through the smoke a dark line of heads and shoulders above the yellow parapet. In another moment we had reached the foot of their "mud-heap," and I found myself with Matt and Peter and the others clambering up the steep slope.

In another instant we heard the command, "Lie down, men," and a volley passed over us. Once on our bellies, we watched for heads to appear over the parapet,¹ and fired when we saw them.

"Now follow me, byes; I'll show yez how it's done," yelled Michael Ryan, scrambling up the parapet.

"Charge up!" commanded the captain. "Don't let that wild Irishman shame you!"

The loose earth giving way under our feet fortunately made the task of obedience hard, or we should have all been killed as we again started to scale the steep slope.

¹ Parapet, a breast height of earth covering soldiers from a front attack.

In another instant we saw Michael fire, then club his musket, while standing on top of the rebel parapet, then, with a wild screech, he came rolling down, heels over head, like a sheep with its feet tied.

A line of musket barrels protruded over the bastion, and amid blaze and smoke we rolled or got down the slopes of the fort in any way we could, for we were not in a mood to be particular.

After we had regained our confidence and courage once more we found one man still lying face downward with uplifted sword on the slope. It was our brave captain.

Peter crept up the bank, seized the captain by his feet and pulled him down. The sword dropped — our brave captain was dead. Four others of our men were dead in the ditch; a dozen were wounded, and the balance were sore and savage at heart, — for the demon of battle possessed them.

We now watched the parapet for rebel heads, and with deadly aim fired on every dark object that showed itself above, and fiercely answered yell with yell.

Sometimes, without the men showing themselves, muskets would be held almost vertically over the parapet and fired. We shot at every hand as well as at every head that protruded.

This fight was kept up until darkness set in, when we got orders to withdraw.

The advance of our division under Captain

Washington had meanwhile had a most terrible encounter. After planting its colors on the exterior slope of the enemy's bastion, our right retired with its brave commander mortally wounded, and seventy-seven out of two hundred and fifty men killed or wounded.

All along the line of several miles, from right to left, similar encounters and repulses had taken place. The rebel fire was hot, and our loss correspondingly severe.

Steele's division on our extreme right, we learned, had carried some of the outworks and defences, and had captured a few prisoners, but yet the repulse was general along the whole front occupied by the Union army.

The rebels had evidently regained their *morale*, spirit, and courage.

We sorrowfully brought in our dead captain and some of our wounded men, but did not bring in our dead.

Tired, nerve-strained, and not a little despondent, we had retired to the cover of the ravine.

Here we buried our young and gallant captain in a soldier's grave, after cutting off one of his tawny locks to be sent to his "sweet-faced little mother," on the banks of that great river for the possession of whose waters her son had died, fighting so bravely.

The same night, to our great surprise, Michael Ryan, whom we had thought dead, walked down

the ravine from the enemy's intrenchments, growling furiously and humorously that he had been left alone to capture the fort.

He had, it seemed, only been stunned by a blow on his head, but had resolutely refused to consider himself dead after being senseless as he said for some hours on the parapet.

Matt had received three flesh-wounds, but not dangerous ones. Peter was slightly wounded by a bullet passing between his thumb and forefinger, while the edge of my forage-cap had a bullet-hole in it.

On the same night of our repulse some of our men threw up a breast height within one hundred and forty feet of the enemy's line.

The 20th and 21st were otherwise occupied by our forces in clearing the ground for our camps, in building new roads to the rear, bringing up provisions, and in relieving the material wants of the individual machine known as a soldier.

New roads were made on our right to Chickasaw Bluff; new bridges built across the bayou; steamboats loaded with munitions of war, including hard-bread and coffee, which most of the divisions of the army had been destitute of for several weeks, were brought up.

We soon discovered by our pickets being advanced, and our artillery being placed in commanding positions, that another attack on the enemy's works was meditated.

While we felt that there was a moral as well as a military reason for carrying the enemy's works as soon as possible, yet we did not feel so confident of the results as has sometimes been assumed. We had, however, an army in our rear under Johnston as well as the one we were attempting to "gobble" as we called it, and therefore could not afford to linger without, as Sam Ryder said, "trying them on."

In the general assault which took place on the 22d, the watches of the generals were set by the commander's and the time of the attack agreed upon at ten o'clock in the morning. As early as three o'clock, our artillery began to "advertise," as Sam said, our assault. Then began the usual exchange of musketry on the skirmish-line to keep down the fire of the rebels behind the parapet, but who, loading their rifles under cover, showed themselves only when in the act of firing.

Over a hundred and fifty of our men rushed forward with boards and small timber to bridge the enemy's ditches. The column of attack followed, and as in the previous attack of the 19th reached the exterior slopes of the forts, and were driven into the ditches by the enemy that rose in double ranks and poured a furious musket fire upon us that swept every point with its leaden showers of death.

We were deployed on the off side of a spur leading from the ridge on which the Graveyard road

ran ; keeping up a steady fire upon every head, or even hand, that showed above the intrenched position of the enemy. We saw two men stand and fire from the parapet, but they did not stand there long, for our trained Western sharp-shooters were not accustomed to miss their aim.

We saw the attack, and also saw that it would fail. When the front ranks had reached the ditches and recoiled, the masses in front pushed them forward until the men reached the slopes of the intrenchments, and some of their flags were once more planted there by our brave fellows.

Exposed, however, to a terrible fire of a double line of men behind their strong defences, they were soon broken into groups, seeking protection behind logs, in the ditches, and wherever shelter was afforded, from the destructive short-range fire.

During the night that followed, some of our wounded were brought to the protection of the ravines ; but the ground was plentifully sprinkled with dead, for we had once more met with a bloody repulse along the entire line, in spite of the heroic efforts of our soldiers.

We must henceforth exercise patience as well as courage if we would grasp the coveted prize.

The very next day the army begun to dig rifle-pits, and continued digging until the "Gibraltar of the South" fell before our victorious spades and arms.

As soon as the news of the investment of Pem-

berton's army at Vicksburg reached the North, a large number of visitors came to see us. Some came as to a circus, some to see sons or fathers and brothers, others to reclaim the bodies of their dead. Members of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions came to minister to our sick and wounded. My father wrote to me that he expected to come, but that the want of help on the farm on account of so many young men going to war had kept him at home at farm work.

I thought that women and citizens should keep away from scenes of war. We hear much about women in hospitals. My experience has been that they were great nuisances.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRUCE AND ARREST.

ALTHOUGH we had not lost confidence in ourselves or our ultimate success, yet after the two bloody repulses chronicled in the foregoing chapter, we were for a short time a little irritated and depressed. It was galling to know that although we had lost heavily we had inflicted but slight losses on a foe whose powers of defence we had underrated and despised.

I have before noticed that after all great conflicts where the nerves of men are strained to an unnatural tension, there comes a reaction of gloom and discouragement. But give men a good camping-place, and rest and sleep, and plenty to eat, and they soon forget previous hardships.

The night after the attack a group of comrades were gathered around a little camp-fire made in one of the wide ravines, back from the right of the Graveyard road, and out of range of the enemy's fire. Some had been gathering for their beds the Spanish moss which hung from the trees like funeral decorations.

Peter was quietly smoking. Matt was making coffee. Sam Ryder, snuffling with a bad cold, was cooking something very savory in half a canteen held over the fire.

The crackling fire of a soldier's bivouac conveys a sense of comfort, and is a centre of camp cheerfulness as the fireside of home is of content and cheeriness. Occasionally the rapid crack of musketry along our front showed that the deadly conversation between our picket-lines had not entirely ceased, and yet no comments were made by our group.

As I glanced over the faces of our boys I mentally compared them with the boys who came to the front with me in '61 as guileless of any proper knowledge of a soldier's hard fare as children. The lines on their faces were deepened; the forced marches, encounters, and many dangers, the coarse and often scanty food, had transformed these boys, once so careless and happy, into stern, resolute, bronzed veterans, men who had the iron of resolution in their souls, with some of the generous glow of manly youth.

Our boys began to talk about the attack and the causes of its failure with that free spirit of criticism of the higher officers that was perhaps too common in our army.

One fellow thought we might have been successful if we had maintained only a thin skirmish-line, and then massed the balance of our men for

an attack at some key-point on the lines of the enemy.

"We advertised that last fight too much," said Sam Ryder.

"What kind o' stuff are you givin' us now? What do yer mean?" asked Jim Fowler.

"Why," said Sam, "we set our artillery to roaring at them fellers before daylight, saying just as plain as if we'd talked it, 'We're a-coming fer yer just as soon as we get our breakfast!'"

We all laughed at Sam's presentation of the subject, but were only agreed on one of his propositions, and that was, that after eating our breakfast that morning it would have been better if we had chewed on it until the present moment,—and then not attacked.

Peter expressed in his usual monosyllabic way his opinion that we should have crept as near to the enemy as possible in the silence of night and then have made a great rush for their works before they could fairly get their eyes open.

"Yes," said Matt, "but there are more skulkers in the dark than in the daylight always, otherwise I should say yes to that."

"But say, fellers," said Jim Fowler, "them fellers jest give us an almighty good peppering; they fit in good style, them chaps did." We reluctantly agreed with him.

In short, there was the usual display of military knowledge, and with it a mixture of growling

about the generals and over the results, but a generous silence was observed concerning those officers who had shared with us the dangers of the assault.

When the boys spoke of our captain it was in suppressed tones and with an assent to a remark, that we shouldn't get another such bully fellow to command the company.

During the silence that fell on the group after the mention of the captain's name, we heard a peculiar shrill cry coming from the direction of the enemy's works. "What's that?" said Matt.

We listened and again heard it. "What is it?" I exclaimed in alarm.

"Oh, that's some kind of a screech-owl," said Sam, who had a confident way of explaining everything. "There's all kinds of plaguy things in this country."

Peter stood up in his peculiar attitude of listening; and again a shriek long and shrill was heard.

"What is it, Peter?" I inquired.

"Hurt horse or mule," said Peter, resuming his seat.

So it turned out; for in the morning we learned that the enemy, to save feeding their horses and mules, had turned them loose between the two lines, and had shot many of them when they approached our lines, in order that their dead carcasses might endanger the health of our soldiers, or that we might not derive any benefit by their capture.

This practice of shooting horses by both the contestants continued until the poor brutes wandering between the hostile lines were finally exterminated.

On the 24th we began breaking ground for intrenchments and the construction of batteries on the ridge about four hundred yards from the enemy's works.

The construction of field-works called to the duty of engineers every man who could pretend to a knowledge of the art; every graduate of the national military school was required to assume these duties.

General James B. McPherson had graduated at West Point, in the engineers, the highest graduation, and, previous to the war, was in charge of the coast defences of New England. He was one of the most efficient engineers in the service. Once or twice I saw him riding along the intrenched line during the siege, as grand an equestrian figure as I ever saw.

General Archer, our old colonel and friend, was also assigned to this duty in common with other West Pointers, and it was under him that the men of our company on this occasion learned to construct siege material.

Our first lesson was in making gabions; and perhaps it may interest my readers to know how they were made.

A circle was first struck on the ground about

two and one-half feet in diameter; and around this circle stakes two and one-half feet high were driven into the ground, about four inches apart. Willows, grape-vines, or canes (the last beaten to make them flexible) were used. These were woven in and out between the stakes in the same manner that baskets are made. When finished, those gabions resembled huge rough baskets without bottom or top.

A sap-roller is made in the same manner, but they are from five to six or seven feet long, and much larger around in proportion, as they are used to shield men when at work in rifle trenches. They are placed in front of the trenches so as always to make a barrier between the enemy and the men at work.

Peter had been accustomed to basket-making, and his gabions were so fine, and his instructions to us so lucid, that both Matt and I became very expert in making this part of siege material. These gabions are of great value in revetting or lining embrasures or strong earth-works.

They are usually carried in the night as near the enemy's works as possible, set down and speedily filled with earth. When this is done a single man can shield himself behind it, or advance in line behind it towards the enemy, or other gabions can be placed beside it and filled, and these form a starting-point for a sap or trench.

During this siege I often saw two barrels put

head to head and wound with twigs and canes for sap-rollers. Sometimes the rebels would throw fire-balls into these sap-rollers, and more than once they were successful in destroying them.

Since the attack on the 22d our dead and some of our wounded lay where they had fallen, between the two lines, so close up to the enemy's works that it had been impossible for their comrades to remove them without danger of being killed.

On the 25th a truce was granted us to bury the Union dead and to succor such of our wounded as had not been removed. We found several of our brave fellows who had been exposed to the heat of the sun, and to the tortures of wounds, hunger, and thirst for two days. Their sufferings were terrible; and one said to us when rescued, "Thank God, young fellows, I am not to die like a dog after serving my country like a man." Another said, "It was terrible out there in the sun without water all day yesterday."

Such are the hardships often exacted in war from patriots whose sacrifices are too soon forgotten or ignored by those who do not understand them.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the truce took place, and after the wounded were carried away the dead were buried near where they had been lying because their condition would not admit of their removal.

Groups of Confederate and Union soldiers then lingered to chaff and swap tobacco for coffee in as

absolute good-nature as if they were neighbors and friends instead of foes.

"Why don't you give it up," said Sam Ryder, "and come over and get some hard-bread and coffee, and have some decent grub?"

"Why don't you give it up, Yank, and go home?" was the retort.

"Got to dig you out o' this place first, and we're goin' to do it if it takes a year."

"T will take yer longer than that; we uns hain't showed our hands yit," said the Confederate threateningly.

"No," said Sam laughingly, "nor your faces neither. We ain't in no hurry; we are holdin' yer as prisoners of war and lettin' yer feed yerselves."

"Well, by me faith, if it's prisoners of war they are, it's about toime, sor, that we took away their shmall arums," said Michael Ryan, who with a group of Union and Confederate soldiers had been listening to this chaff.

"By heavens, I thought you were dead!" exclaimed a rebel soldier, turning and facing Michael in great excitement.

"Why, it's Pat Pike, the scout!" exclaimed another.

The rebel soldier who first had spoken, as if too much had already been said, put his hand warningly on the other's shoulder.

All this time Michael stood in seeming apathy. The only sign of excitement that he showed was

that the hand hanging at his side was clinched like a vise, and the short black pipe was griped so firmly between his teeth that it broke with a snap.

“ Arrest that man, and hurry him to the rear ! ” ordered our colonel in a low tone.

Michael looked up from under his straight shaggy brows while his lips disclosed the overlapping under teeth. His eyes had in them that dangerous phosphorescent light, so like a beast at bay ; yet he had such outward self-control that he was perfectly quiet and his face was rigid.

As the men at the colonel's command advanced to seize him, I saw the muscles of his arms swell under his blouse ; the huge lump in his throat rise like a danger signal, the cords of his neck swell, the head become erect ; then with the angry roar of a lion he sprang forward, with his brawny arms extended, as if about to hurl his would-be captors right and left.

I heard the click of revolvers around me, and at this sound Michael subdued his anger as with one act of will, and in an instant became calm again.

With a careless smile on his face he said, “ Yer intentions are good, colonel ; ye wud 'a' shot me down like a dog, but I'm not to be shot this afternoon, thank ye ! ”

There was a certain dignity, an attitude of command in his manner, which was new to us, and which seemed to affect even the colonel, for he said to the men, “ If he accompanies you without resist-

ance, don't touch him ; if he attempts to escape, shoot him down ! ”

When Michael passed Matt, with an indescribable tone of authority he ordered the guard to “ Halt, while I speak to this boy. ” Then, addressing Matt, with softening in his voice he said, “ Matt, believe what you will about me, but I never intended ye harrum. I wud give my life to save yours, for your father was ” — He hesitated, and then was hurried away by the guard to be court-martialled and shot.

Matt turned to me with a white face, and with a quiver in his voice said, “ He's a brave man. I don't understand him. I have always felt that he was not what he pretended to be, but he's not my father, thank God ! I will see him to-morrow and find out what he knows about my father ; how he came by his letters and secrets. ”

Matt seemed fated not to find out about his father from this man ; for that very night marching orders came to our division, and by sunrise, in light marching order, we began our march with three days' rations, towards the Big Black River.

During the week that followed, our time was employed in an expedition between that river and the Yazoo, burning bridges, driving away cattle, and destroying everything on which Johnston's army might subsist.

General Grant, finding that Johnston's army had been re-enforced and was menacing his rear, had

sent out a division under General Frank P. Blair, Jr., to intercept and observe the enemy, supposed to be collecting between the Big Black River and the Yazoo River, and also to destroy railroad bridges and provisions on which an army might be fed.

We were absent about a week on this expedition, during which we reconnoitred the whole region thoroughly along the Yazoo for forty-five miles.

Matt's first anxiety on returning to our old camp was to learn the fate of Michael Ryan, or Pat Pike as we must now call him.

"They've shot him by this time," said one of our men.

"Old Colonel Tuttle, who's conducting these court-martials," said another, "don't fool a great deal with rebel spies. A volley and a pine coffin is the most he ever does for them."

"Yes," said Jim Fowler, "and he considers a man guilty until he proves his innocence."

Matt's inquiries were met with a good deal of reticence, but the substance of the replies was, that in the midst of the court-martialing of Pike, the proceedings had been stopped by an order from headquarters, and the last seen of him was when he had been conducted under guard to General Grant's quarters.

"Likely the evidence was complete, and General Grant wanted to question him before he was shot," said Jim Fowler. "Grant don't say much, but it's

like trying to pull a piece of solid iron apart to move him. I guess Michael's done for."

This seemed to be the general opinion, but to Matt and myself the mystery connected with Pike seemed deeper than ever.

A soldier has but little time, especially during a siege, to make inquiries or discuss individual matters; and our attention was soon diverted to the siege, or as Peter styled it, "digging out rebel musquash nests."

We found our comrades all along the line at work in the trenches as they were detailed, and also pioneer companies and hired negro laborers who had done a great deal of the hard work.

Our company camping-places were made as comfortable as possible by bringing up the camp equipage belonging to the different regiments. Although we might still be said to face an enemy of over thirty thousand on our front, as well as having an army threatening our rear, yet our army was now being largely re-enforced, and was strong enough to fight from either direction. We could also spare men enough to interpose a strong force between Vicksburg and Haynes Bluff, the direction in which we were most likely to be threatened by Johnston's army in his attempt to relieve the Vicksburg garrison.

CHAPTER XXII.

SIEGE AND SURRENDER.

THE siege had been pushed with great vigor. A battery of six pieces of field artillery was disposed on our front near the Graveyard road, with three other batteries along our division front on the ridge about four hundred feet from the rebel bastion.

The nearness of our artillery will be realized when we consider that three hundred yards was at that time the usual distance in ordinary target practice.

Our approaches towards the enemy started from the left of the earthwork, where the first battery mentioned was stationed.

If my readers will imagine a wide shallow ditch, three feet in depth, with the excavated earth thrown all on one side, they will understand how our rifle trenches looked while in the process of construction. Sometimes while the earth was being thrown up, a breast height of logs or gabions was built up in front, and the earth was thrown over against it, with a step of earth left for the sharp-shooter or infantry to stand on.

In digging, the soil was thrown toward the enemy, and these trenches ran in zigzag fashion instead of in direct lines. This is the usual method of approaching an enemy in a siege, as the enemy might, if they were in a straight line, enfilade the whole length of the trench. All along our line for miles were to be seen these zig-zags, which Sam Ryder said put him in mind of a ship beating to windward; receding from one point in order to advance at another.

These approaches on our front finally reached a lone oak-tree standing a little over a hundred yards from the enemy's earthwork.

By this tree a strong fort was erected for our sharp-shooters; and, among other marksmen of our company, Peter, Matt, and I were sometimes detailed for duty.

Not a rebel head or arm could be shown during the day without risk of being struck by a bullet. The object of this sharp-shooting stand was to protect our labor parties against the rebel marksmen. These parties, however, generally worked at night.

While we were at the "place of arms" as military men would term it, or "duck-pit" as Peter called it, we could see the operations of our men in the trenches; and it was amusing to watch them digging deeper and deeper while the firing was going on, until we could scarcely see their heads.

From the right of this strong rifle-pit a "half parallel," or rifle-trench, covered only toward the

enemy, was constructed to the foot of the hill in front. This was cut along the hillside; and on reaching the summit another strong earthwork was begun within eighty yards of the enemy's works.

In the night we could see the huge sap-rollers slowly moving ahead of the trenches as fast as they were dug, nearer and nearer the enemy, with the steadiness of fate.

Only once or twice, to my knowledge, was there any attempt made to destroy the sap-rollers; but on several occasions the rebels shot into them, and then a series of volleys would come from our sharpshooters in reply.

Generally the attitude of the rebel picket during the night was one of curiosity rather than antagonism, and sometimes an agreement would exist between Yanks and rebs not to fire upon each other.

Several times our pickets got so near to each other as to get mixed; and then an agreement was made as to where the lines should be, which agreements were usually much to our advantage.

Sometimes after entering into a tacit truce, privates and non-commissioned officers would meet between the lines to swap tobacco and coffee. On these occasions the utmost friendliness would be shown, and at times important information would incidentally be given us as to what was going on in the city.

The connecting parapets and every other avail-

able position within rifle-shot were, however, constantly occupied by a line of sharp-shooters during the day and by trench guards and pickets during the night.

Wherever our zigzags gave the opportunity, loopholes were made by putting logs on top of the earthwork, and then digging underneath them holes large enough to run a musket through. Stumps and fascines were also sometimes placed on the top of the parapet for protection.

Had the Confederates had ammunition for a constant artillery fire on our earthworks, these head-logs would have been knocked into flinders.

The position of our sharp-shooters was generally as elevated as that of the rebels, and the rifle-pits along the ravine and up its sides were so much lower than the Confederate works, that they found it too expensive to human life and limb to expose themselves by firing upon us here. Our artillery was also protected against bullets by closing the embrasures with thick planks and other contrivances at the times when the guns were not being fired.

In every direction along the fifteen-mile line of investment, the same kinds of earthworks, rifle-pits, covered ways, and approaches were to be seen.

Along the ravine, between us and the Jackson road, as well as on our right, covered ways, by which our men could be quickly concentrated along the line, were constructed.

At one time, near us, the enemy fired into one of our sap-rollers, rolling it over and over upon the men who were digging in the trenches. Our artillery and sharp-shooters replied with such fury that they did not try it again.

Heavy guns, carrying one hundred and two hundred pound shot were generally used at that period during the siege of a fortified place; but at Vicksburg there were no siege-guns to be had, but simply such artillery as is used in the field. On our right, however, there were some heavy ship-guns loaned by Admiral Porter and manned by his sailors.

At night we could hear the jarring boom of mortars from our naval fleet, or from the mortar-raft anchored near the shore of the thumb-shaped peninsula opposite Vicksburg. At night we could see bombs like rockets describing curved lines against the sky.

The shell that exploded during the day over the beleaguered city made little round clouds of smoke, at first seemingly compact and then spreading and drifting away.

During the siege the Confederates tried at different times to smuggle percussion-caps (of which they were short) through our lines. On the 25th of May several of them dressed in Federal uniform were captured while trying to get into Vicksburg with the coveted article.

We had been warned that such attempts might

be made, but thought but little of it, until one night the following incident occurred when we were on trench guard with a working-party.

The rebels had just been making themselves unpleasantly familiar by throwing hand grenades, and in one instance a shell with lighted fuse, when one of the working-party jumped upon the parapet as if about to rush in anger upon the enemy. This he no doubt would have done, had not Peter caught him by the feet and pulled him struggling into the trench again. The man seized a musket standing against the parapet, but before he could use it Peter had knocked him down, and in reply to our exclamations said, "Spy Wild Dog!"

On rising to his feet the prisoner tried to throw his canteen towards the enemy's mud heap, but was frustrated in the attempt, and his hands tied.

The suspected spy was taken into camp and put under guard while the colonel was sent for. He was carefully searched, but nothing was found until Peter showed that the man's canteen was full of percussion-caps. When these were emptied into a rubber blanket two musket cartridges of ordinary make were found among them, on the paper of one of which was found a cipher despatch from General Johnston, of which the following is a copy:—

"Lieutenant-General Pemberton: my X, A, F, V, last U, S, L, X, L, A, M, E, I send U, S, L, X, by B, R, C, Y, A, J and 200 V, E, G, T. How and where is the J, S, Q, M, L, G, S, F, N, E, H, B, F, Y, is your R, B, E, E, L. J. E. JOHNSTON."

It is probable that if this spy had tried at almost any other part of our line, he would have been successful in his ruse ; but Peter's knowledge of the man, together with his keen Indian instinct, had alone prevented it.

A drumhead court-martial was convened by General Blair, and we were summoned to give our evidence. During the examination the spy sat stolidly observant, occasionally giving keen fox-like glances toward the witnesses. While this was going on I saw him take a piece of paper, write a few words on it, and push it toward one of the officers of the court. The officer glanced at the paper and passed it to General Blair, who had come in during the examination, and who, after reading it, gave the man an astonished look, then turning to a table wrote a note and sent it off by an orderly.

The spy stood all this time with excellent nerve, showing no concern except by the same sharp glances thrown occasionally toward members of the court. We were dismissed after giving our evidence regarding his capture, and of having seen him several times within our lines. The sequel, which we learned some time afterward, I shall give in its proper place.

We inquired next day about him, and were told by some that he had been executed, and by others that he had been sent to General Grant's headquarters and had not been heard of since. For several

weeks my right arm, in which I had received a flesh wound at Chickasaw Bluff, had given me trouble, and finally, the wound breaking out afresh, I was, much against my will, sent in June to our hospital for treatment. It was a place that soldiers as a rule have no liking for, but one to which they must sometimes resort in cases of necessity.

The surgeon was a great burly fellow of few words, and was seemingly better fitted for a sap-roller than a field-officer. He examined my wound, evidently considering me of no consequence except as the owner attached to the injured member; for after squeezing and pinching my arm without any preliminary other than a grunt, produced a sharp instrument, and after one slashing cut, gave a few directions to the assistant and walked out without looking me in the face or even saying good-day.

“What in Tom Walker did the old rascal mean by that?” I exclaimed between howls. The assistant muttered something between his teeth, produced a sponge, carbolic acid, and water in a tin wash-basin, and proceeded to sponge my wound, still muttering replies to my questions between his teeth, and gruffly reprimanding me when I howled at his procedure. At last he condescended to say, “Didn’t heal from the bottom.” After winding a bandage about my arm and saturating it with water he turned me loose. For several days I had to go through this performance every

morning, varied by having the wound reamed out with caustic, regarding which I will say to the uninitiated that it was worse than a red-hot iron. Carbolic acid and caustic were the only antiseptics used in good old army days.

I soon began to like the gruff fat surgeon and his assistant, notwithstanding their unceremonious manner of using caustic and cutting into a man without consulting him. At this time I was granted passes to be absent from hospital quarters during a part of the day.

One Sunday shortly after my entrance to the hospital I wandered down to the camp of a Massachusetts regiment (which had been sent to re-enforce our line during the siege) to attend a religious service held at its headquarters.

The preacher in a nasal tone gave out as a text, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." He preached an excellent sermon, arguing that the fear of the Lord drove out all other kinds of fear, and it was therefore important that soldiers should have it. The speaker had not proceeded far, however, before I discovered a strange familiarity in tone and gesture. "What is the chaplain's name?" I inquired.

"Reverend Uriah Johnson," was the reply.

It was my old schoolmaster, very much improved in manner, dress, and speech. The sermon was not ended when one of the rebel batteries began an uproar and the shell howled their hoarse unmusical anathemas around us.

The Reverend Uriah was evidently not yet thoroughly accustomed to such church music; for before I could get a chance to speak to him I saw him with his hat off, on the off side of his horse, running along by his side, urging him forward with a click of the tongue, and paying no heed to the laughter of the boys of the regiment, who uncharitably shouted, "The fear of the Lord will take away all that, parson!"

I saw Parson Uriah after this; and re-introducing myself as his old pupil, we were soon on good terms. From him I got news from Centreboro, and also learned that he intended to resign his commission soon and to settle in the West.

On the 3d of July I met Sam Ryder, who had a genius for hearing news before any one else. He rushed up to me exclaiming, —

"Say, neow, heard the news, Tom?"

"No; what is it?"

"The rebs are going ter surrender as true as yer live!"

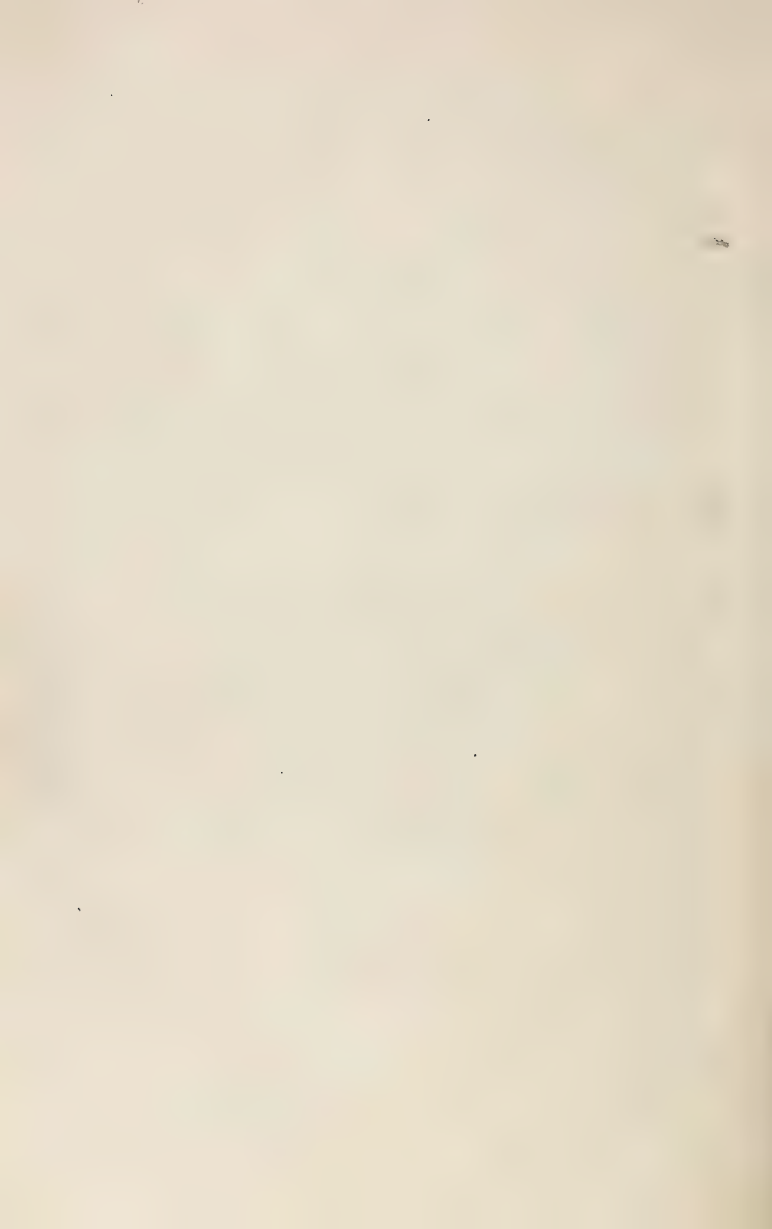
"How do you know that, Sam?" I asked.

"Why, I jest see General Grant ridin' deown that way," pointing towards McPherson's line, "as cool as an old iceberg, an' they dew say he's gone ter see old Pemberton to talk over the terms o' surrender."

"I 'low," said Jim Fowler, "we've got the rebs whar their ha'r is short, and they are thinkin' of surrender."



Parson Uriah running away. — Page 280.



"What makes you think so?"

"Think! why they say so themselves," said Jim. "One of 'em said only last night, 'We uns hev ter give up the tussle right soon, fer you uns has got a heap more grub fixin's than we uns. Our mule meat's most giv' out.'"

"Well," said Sam Ryder, "they dew sing low if that's their tune."

Just then cheer after cheer rolled down the line from the direction of McPherson's corps. We learned later that the sight of white flags displayed along the rebel line had provoked these cheers.

The white flag had appeared on McPherson's front at two o'clock P.M., and by noon the fact was generally known along our whole line.

"We got this newspaper of them the other night," said Sam, showing me a sheet printed on the blank side of a piece of wall-paper. "Now, just read this. 'The Yankees boast they'll take dinner in Vicksburg on the 4th of July, but the best recipe for cooking a rabbit is "first catch your rabbit."'" . . .

On the 4th, at ten o'clock, the rebels formed in line in front of the works, stacked arms, and returned within their fortifications, without a cheer going up from the Union line. The scene was pathetic to us, and, knowing how bravely these men had defended their city, we respected them.

After sick-call that morning I went down to my regiment, and, to my astonishment, found them

formed in line ready to march away. I learned that the whole corps had received marching orders. "What is the matter?" I inquired of the colonel.

"General Sherman says we are going to clean out Joe Johnston now," was the reply. "I'd like to go into Vicksburg, but duty is duty."

With a rousing cheer for the capture of Vicksburg the Fifteenth Army Corps began its march again.

Vicksburg had fallen, and in the expressive language of our good President, Abraham Lincoln, "The father of waters flowed unvexed to the sea." Thirty-one thousand six hundred prisoners were surrendered, one hundred and seventy-two cannon, sixty thousand muskets, and four thousand small arms, the largest surrender of men and material ever made up to that time in the history of war.

After the fall of Vicksburg and its corollary, Port Hudson, which surrendered to Banks on the 8th of July, the Mississippi was wholly in possession of the Union army, and formed a line of separation between the eastern and western members of the Confederacy.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SCENES AROUND VICKSBURG.

AFTER the surrender, the entire garrison, comprising over thirty thousand men, were paroled not to take up arms again until declared exchanged by the proper authorities.

The exceptions to this were a few who refused parole, preferring to go north as prisoners of war.

On the 6th I got a pass and went into the city, which I had a great curiosity to explore.

It was a novel sight. The people thronged the sidewalks, Union and Confederate soldiers fraternizing, walking arm in arm, swapping knives and sharing each other's rations, discussing the campaign, and associating in the most friendly spirit. Even the non-combatants, who were usually the hardest to propitiate during the war and afterwards (especially women), received us with tolerable kindness. They answered our inquiries with civility, and sometimes voluntarily showed us things of interest connected with the siege.

Among the interesting features of conflict were the caves they had dug in the hillsides and steep banks as a protection against the shot and shell

which daily fell into the city from our mortar-rafts and gunboats. They were perfectly bomb-proof, and there was often considerable ingenuity displayed in their construction. Some of them contained fireplaces, shelves, cupboards (all of earth), and in some places they were divided into three or more rooms. When exposed to the air the clayey earth hardened, and this added to the utility and comfort of these caves.

One woman told me that there were intervals at morning, noon, and night when there was little or no firing, and at these times they went out for exercise or prepared their meals.

The city was not so much battered as one would suppose considering the constant bombardment to which it had been exposed, although ragged holes where shell had traversed the walls were common, and I saw some buildings down by the water with their gable ends to the river, that were in a dilapidated condition.

The colored people were very jubilant, and very grateful for food issued.

The citizens, especially the old men who constituted the large majority of male citizens, seemed relieved by the surrender. They accepted government rations with more avidity than thankfulness. The women did not express so much gratitude as one might have expected under the circumstances. I heard them bitterly declaiming against General Grant and the Yankee Government as they yet called the United States authorities.

On the 7th our hospital was removed to the high land near Vicksburg because of more healthy conditions, and this enabled me to visit the city daily.

Two or three days after the surrender, as I was rambling around the place, I was attracted by a chorus of magnificent negro voices singing a song with which I had years before become familiar, "Roll, Jordan, Roll." I stopped on the outskirts of the crowd to listen a moment, when one of the colored men began to exhort, and as the earnestness of the speaker arrested my attention, I still lingered. The speaker began by saying, "My mars'er is Jesus. I want no other mars'er, 'case he's so good; he was like a li'le chile; and de Word say, 'Ob such am de kingdom.' For de Scripture say, 'Cept ye become as a li'le chile ye shall not see de mars'er. Years ago, bredren, I lef' dis home o' bondage, and wur born to freedom. I trabble up dis great Mississippi ribber to St. Paul; not St. Paul de prophet, but St. Paul de city, dat am set on a hill. A white man tuck pity on me; dat were like Jesus, 'case he war like a li'le chile, he nebb'er t'ink any one tell lie to him. So he tuck me at my word like a li'le chile; fed me, hid me, and helped me to freedom; and ob such are de kingdom up dar. De t'ings of heaben are revealed unto babes, 'case dey don' know what bad means; dey's clar ob it like dat good man."

Something in the earnest vibration of the

speaker's words touched me deeply, and the numerous "Amens" and "Glorys" vociferated by the audience showed that his words were understood and appreciated by them. For the first time the speaker turned his face towards me, and then I understood. It was Aleck; older, more bent and careworn, but the same Aleck I had known eight years before in my dear prairie home.

I made my way through the crowd to speak to him; but he did not know me, as in the interval I had grown from youth to manhood.

When I made him understand that I was, as he called me, "young Massa Clifton," he clasped me in his strong arms as if I was still a child, and while the tears ran down his black cheeks, he exclaimed, "Bress de Lord fur dis sight to my ole eyes. It's Massa Clifton's chile! It's Massa Clifton's chile! Dat man I tole you of who is like a li'le chile, he's so good of heart." And then pausing he exclaimed, "But de good Lord! how ye's growed!"

After a few more words of explanation to his sable audience he fell on his knees, saying, "Let us pray!" and I am not ashamed to say that I got on my knees with those humble men and women.

Though the congratulations and manifestations of regard were rather overwhelming and patronizing, yet I am sure their expressions of good-will were as sincere as any I have ever received in my life.

We had withdrawn from the crowd at last, and Aleck had begun to tell me about his life since he was kidnapped back into slavery, when a cold, commanding voice interrupted him, exclaiming, "Aleck! Aleck! I say, boy! Aleck!" and coming across the street was a man in the uniform of a Confederate officer.

"Who is that, Aleck?" I inquired.

"Dat ar's Massa George. He's powerful towsy ob late; he keeps sayin', Massa George does, since de surrender: 'Boy, we's 'lowed to tuck our servants wid us.'"

"Why, Aleck!" I exclaimed, "you are free! President Lincoln issued a proclamation in January giving you all your freedom, — all the slaves."

The officer heard these last words, and glancing coldly and suspiciously at me, he said, "Aleck, what are you talking to this man about? Come along, boy!"

I was so exasperated and angry at his assumed ownership of Aleck, as well as by a certain look or tone of assumption of superiority, that I exclaimed, "We soldiers have some rights here as well as yourself, sir;" and here for the first time I looked him squarely in the face. I gasped in absolute astonishment and exclaimed, "It is the spy Wild Dog!" He had the same yellowish stiff beard and thin face, but yet the expression seemed different.

The Confederate turned a trifle paler, but did not avoid my eye as he said, "Who might you be, sar?"

"I? I am Sergeant Clifton, at your service. Who are you?" I replied rather brusquely.

He was respectful enough in words, but with a look of sarcasm and *hauteur*, he said, "I am Captain George Spring of the Confederate army, sar, and presume that you will not entice this boy away with you, as I have a pass given me by your superiors allowing him to accompany me outside the Union lines. Come along, Aleck! Come along, boy!"

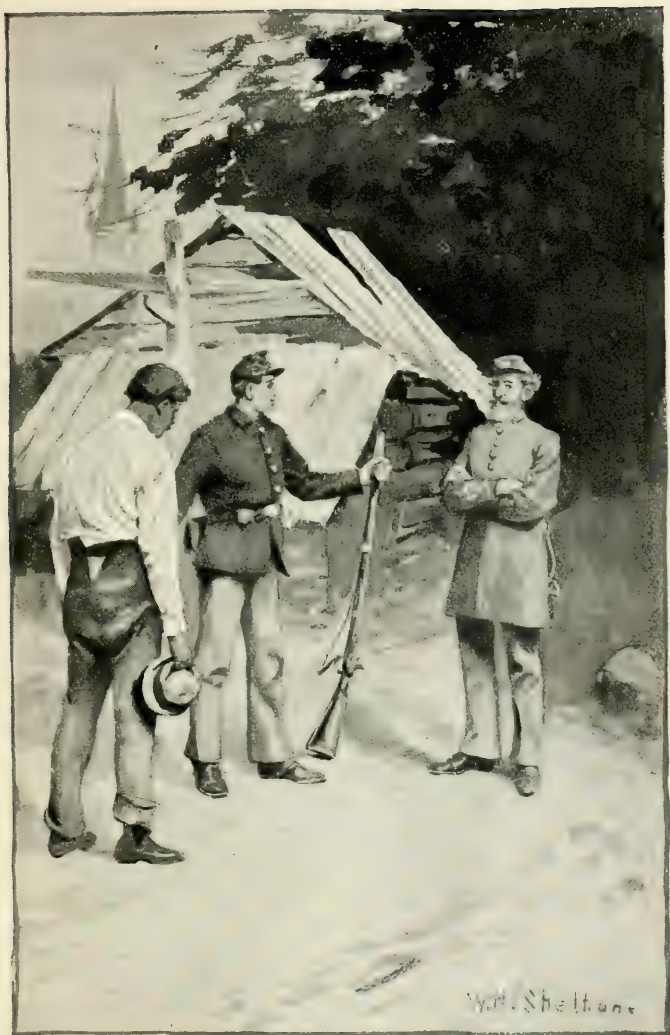
I replied angrily, "He is not a boy, but a man; not a slave, but is free, sir!" and I held on to Aleck, refusing to let him go with his assumed master.

Just then a mounted officer of our army riding down the street, I called out to him. He rode up to the sidewalk, saying, "What is it? What's going on here, sergeant?" I saw that it was General John A. Logan, whom his men often affectionately called "Black Jack."

In a few words I informed him of the situation, and added, pointing to Captain Spring, "He is a spy, general! I saw that man inside our lines at Camp 'Can't Git-away,' and again at Shiloh dressed as a citizen."

"'Fore de Lord, I reckon not, Massa Clifton, I reckon not!" interrupted Aleck.

General Logan's face had grown dark with anger, while the Confederate officer, whose reddish bristling beard seemed to give greater pallor to



"I am Captain George Spring of the Confederate army."
— Page 288.

his face, with flashing eyes exclaimed, "It's a lie, general! I can explain it all."

He assumed an air of boldness and candor not at all in keeping with the sly, watchful expression I had formerly observed, and which now began to make me doubtful of his identity with the Confederate spy, or "Wild Dog" as Peter had called him.

Some of Logan's division were in the street; and he ordered them to bring the officer to his quarters, and also told me to bring Aleck with me to that place, where he promised to make an investigation of the facts.

Accompanied by Aleck, at five o'clock that evening I presented myself at General Logan's quarters. There I found Captain George Spring and several officers of his regiment, by whose testimony he showed that he had been continuously with his regiment since its organization; and to my astonishment, when General Logan questioned Aleck he corroborated these statements by saying that he had been Spring's body-servant for several years, during which time he had been with him daily except when in battle.

At which Captain Spring, looking towards me, said in a tone of triumph, "Are you satisfied?"

I said to General Logan, "There's some mistake about the spy." Turning to Captain Spring, I said, "I am satisfied about that part; but will you explain how it was that after being wounded and

taken prisoner, and paroled with the inmates of the hospital at Shiloh, you violated your parole and escaped?"

For a moment an angry flush overspread his face; but then as he evidently saw that I did not intend an insult, but simply wished for an explanation, he replied, "I was not wounded at Shiloh. My horse was shot and fell on me, and I was stunned and hurt for a time."

"And you got away after being paroled?"

"No; that's a mistake; only the sick and wounded were paroled; I was neither. The medical director (Lyle) said the terms were not binding on me, and I took a horse and rode away, and was glad to do so," said he, laughing at the remembrance.

"Are you satisfied?" he again politely inquired. "If so" (bowing to General Logan) "the boy and I will be going."

"Yes, I am satisfied with your explanation. There has been a misunderstanding; but there can be none about the fact that Aleck is a free man; is there, General?"

Captain Spring had taken Aleck by the sleeve, when "Black Jack," removing his cigar from his mouth, said to Aleck, "You needn't go; you are a free man, and can go where you like. If you choose to go with either of these men no one will hinder you."

Aleck had sidled nearer and nearer to me as if

for moral support, and said, "I goes with young Massa Tom!"

"You hear this man's decision," said General Logan, "and will act accordingly!"

Captain Spring said, "The boy has been enticed away. I'll appeal to your superior officer."

"Black Jack" looked blacker still as he said in angry tones, "So will I;" and turning to his desk he wrote the following letter:—

COLONEL RAWLINS, *Assistant Adjutant-General*:¹

Sir, — I solemnly protest, as an officer of the United States army, against the manner in which the Confederate officers are permitted to intimidate their servants in the presence of officers appointed to examine said servants, and also against passes permitting them to go out with their masters. The manner in which the thing is being done is conniving at furnishing negroes to every officer who is a prisoner in Vicksburg.

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Major-General, U. S. A.

After this I went with Aleck to get what he called his "propurty."

When the captain found that he could not get his servant into the rebel lines with himself he submitted more gracefully than I expected he would, although he showed some anger at first at what he called enticing away his servant.

"He can go with you, if you can entice him," I said.

"Massa George," said Aleck humbly, "I'se 'bliged to yer, but Massa Clifton and de general

¹ This is a genuine letter.

says I'se free, and I wants to try freedom some more ! ”

“ Haven't I been a good master to you, Aleck ? ” said Captain Spring.

“ Yes, Massa George, yer has: I'm 'bliged ter yer. I'se mighty fon' ob you, but I'se don' glad I'se got freedom, fer, Massa George, suppose yer got killed and yer brudder Leroy got me agin, whah'l become of Aleck den ? ”

The captain was silent for a moment, and his head dropped as if this were a home thrust. Then in a most manly way he replied, putting his hand on Aleck's shoulder, “ Aleck, you may be right. For a bright boy like you freedom may be preferable. I wouldn't like for Leroy to get his hands on you again; for although he is my brother, he is not a good master.” Then turning to me he said, “ Aleck has always been a good boy; he would never have left us but for my brother, who treated him roughly and sold him to a rascal. None but gentlemen should own servants, sar.”

“ Is not slavery all wrong ? ” I asked. “ Does it not take away a man's self-reliance and self-will and leave him as a child ? ”

The captain said pleasantly, “ That's the Yankee way of looking at it. Yet we find that when the Northern men become masters, they are more exacting than Southern gentlemen. We own servants as a convenience, not as a means of making money.”

Before we left, Captain Spring spoke pleasantly with Aleck, gave him a silver piece, and said, "I wish I had something more to give you. You have been a good servant. I don't like to turn you loose among these Yanks without anything to begin life with."

"Bless yer, honey, I has my han's and self," said Aleck. "I'm mighty sorry to leab yer, Massa George, but I reckon I wouldn't like to fall into de han's ob Massa Leroy."

The captain departed, bowing stiffly to me, and I was sure my opinion of him had gone up fifty per cent since our first interview.

That evening Aleck gave me some of the details of his life since he left us eight years before. He explained many things that I had not understood.

Leroy Spring was a reckless speculator, rover, and gamester. He had plied his vocation as a gambler on the Mississippi river boats, and had been among the Indians of the Northwest and at military stations on the frontier, as a trader. It was on one of his visits to St. Paul that he had recognized Aleck, and had determined to kidnap and afterward to buy him cheaply from his master, and make some money by that method.

When Aleck, with the assistance of the old captain of the steamboat, had escaped, Leroy Spring advertised for him and he was soon captured. Whether Spring had ever bought him of his former owner he could not tell. He took him to

New Orleans after his brother George had twice interfered to save Aleck from punishment. Aleck showed me his back, which was covered with scars caused by whipping and pickling. He said, "Massa Leroy was a right smart hard man when he was drunk. Massa George say one day, 'Leroy, you no gentleman. Dat Aleck good boy if he have good master.' Massa Leroy say, 'Hum! better buy dat boy, and set him Christian zample; he'll run away, bet yer hunderd dollars. Yer got ter keep him down, to keep dat boy. He too smart fer a nigger!' Massa George he say ter me, 'Aleck, if I buys yer an' treats yer well, will yer be a right good servant and not run away?' An' I say, 'Massa George, I promise 'fore de good Lord I'll nebber run away till I changes massas.' An' I kep' my promise. I'se been powerful tempted to run to de Yankee army since de war began, 'case I reckon I know what kin' o' folks dey is. Massa George done trus' me, an' I don' know 'bout de wirtue ob leabin' him now; but I reckon, Massa Tom, de owner ob dis. Aleck is changed, and I tink I'se boss ob dis nigger myself arter dis yere time."

Notwithstanding Aleck considered himself "boss of Aleck," he followed me about for a time like my shadow. He worked around the hospital waiting on the surgeon, but refused to become the servant of any one, although he had plenty of chances to get employment at good wages in that capacity.

It was on the 27th of July that I was discharged from the hospital and ordered to report to my regiment, which was twenty miles east of Vicksburg, where the Fifteenth Army Corps was then holding the line of the Big Black.

Before I left Vicksburg I was astonished to receive a visit from my big brother-in-law, Jonathan, who had been shipped as he called it in the navy, and had been promoted to be a master's mate. I introduced Aleck to him, and he offended me by saying, "He's a very common-looking nigger, Tom!" He had a letter from father, full of news about those near and dear to me. Father said that the war had carried away most of the young men from the settlement, and that he was compelled to hire Indians and foreigners and stay at home to superintend them. He regretted that the privilege of doing something for his country was denied him. I had written to him about finding Aleck; but he had not yet received the letter, or at least he did not state that he had.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER VICKSBURG AND KNOXVILLE.

AFTER the incidents narrated in the foregoing chapter I wrote to my father an account of Aleck's reappearance. I received an answer which showed that my letter had created great interest in Lakeview, where the story of Aleck's disappearance was well known. My father wrote that if Aleck was willing I might send him to the settlement at his (my father's) expense, where he would guarantee him steady employment at good wages.

I read the letter to Aleck who, with much intelligence and feeling, replied that the war had now become the colored man's war, and he believed duty required him to fight to secure the freedom given to his people by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, which it seemed he had read and discussed with his people.

I laughingly said, "There is no mistake, Aleck, but you have got the war fever and want to be a hero."

"Can't tell," said Aleck, whose ideas of heroes seemed to be rather mixed; "maybe I'll git to be a ossifer."

"Yes, Aleck," I replied; "but you'll find that knapsacks are heavy and long marches and fighting desperately dangerous and disagreeable."

Aleck soberly replied, "I 'speck de day o' jubilee will come tru' sorrer and de red sea o' trouble. War means kill, kill all de time, an' when I hear dem gunboat shells comin' an' sayin' *whar-r-r ish-h-h he-e-e now-w-w*, I'se mighty skeered and like ter git into de bum proof; but I'se got used to dem shell, and dey carn't scar me no mo'."

"Well," I said, "I will write to my father and tell him you would rather stay here."

"Massa Tom," said Aleck reproachfully, "I'se like to see Massa Clifton powerful, an' dat yer sod house, and dem mules and hosses, an' be a lan' owner, but 'pears like it am my duty to tote de burden ob my people fro' de lan' o' bondage."

"Sort of a Moses," I said; "is that it, Aleck?"

Aleck's voice broke and his eyes filled with tears, as he said, "Massa Tom, yer makin' fun o' dis yer boy, but I means it, an' befo' dis war am ober I may fin' my wife and li'l chile."

I felt that the brave fellow was right and told him so.

Several colored regiments were forming at Vicksburg at this time, but before Aleck enlisted I got my discharge from the hospital and he accompanied me to see "Massa Peter" and "young Massa Matt." My knapsack was rather heavy; and as Aleck offered to "tote" it for me, I thought it

would be a good breaking-in for his war experience. He had not carried it over a mile when he showed signs of distress, and finally, as we halted to rest, he said, "Massa Tom, 'pears to me dat knapsack made of lead or hab a right smart lot ob bricks in it."

So, notwithstanding his shame-faced protest, I strapped it on my own back, and, as long use had accustomed me to the burden, was not a little proud to show Aleck how easily I carried it.

We found the regiment occupying a comfortable camp near a magnificent grove. General Sherman had his headquarters tent pitched here near a house occupied, we understood, by some Southern friends of his.

It is needless to say that Matt and Peter (as well as other comrades) gave me a hearty welcome.

They did not at first recognize Aleck; but when I told how I had accidentally met him, it became the talk of the regiment, and the boys treated him as well as if he had been white.

"Why," said Matt, "it would read like a story if it was put into print." The first evening in camp Matt told us about the attack on Jackson, where Peter had won his sergeant's warrant once more.

During the time we remained, Peter and Aleck were constantly together, and it was plain that Aleck revered Peter's stripes and chevrons. He was very reluctant to part from us, but finally left our camp, and in a few days I received a letter

written in a cramped hand, of which the following is a copy:—

“Dun gon 'listed in cullud reg'ment, 24th fur corporal.

ALECK.”

It was in the very heart of the summer, July 28, when I rejoined my regiment.

Until September nothing seemed to break the monotony of the situation except occasional skirmishes with guerillas and detachments of the enemy's cavalry, who were observing the line of the Big Black. Then the intelligence came that Bragg had beaten Rosecrans and driven him into Chattanooga, where, the railroad in his rear being inadequate to supply him with stores, his army was in danger of starvation.

On the 27th our division, commanded by General Giles Smith, began its march, reached Vicksburg on the 28th, and there embarked on boats for Memphis, which latter place on account of the scarcity of fuel for our engines, we did not reach until October 2. During the voyage we burned most of the rail fences along the route, and a large amount of green wood, in getting up steam enough to reach there even at that tardy date.

We then pushed forward to Corinth, and from thence to Iuka, near where we were engaged in repairing the railroad, when an incident occurred which caused us to take a speedy departure.

On the 27th of October, while I was sergeant of the guard at Iuka, we arrested a queer and dirty

individual who was attempting to cross the camp-guard line without a pass. He had a dark beard which covered his mouth and chin, and was dressed in mixed clothing, as if he had picked it up at random. He wore a Union blue dress-coat with the buttons gone, gray trousers, a light slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, and was barefoot. He spoke with a queer mixture of Southern accent and Irish brogue.

There was something strangely familiar in his voice, though rack my brain as I would, I could not remember that I had ever seen him before. In answer to all inquiries he would say, "I done gone want to see General Sherman, sure I've got a big letther fer him."

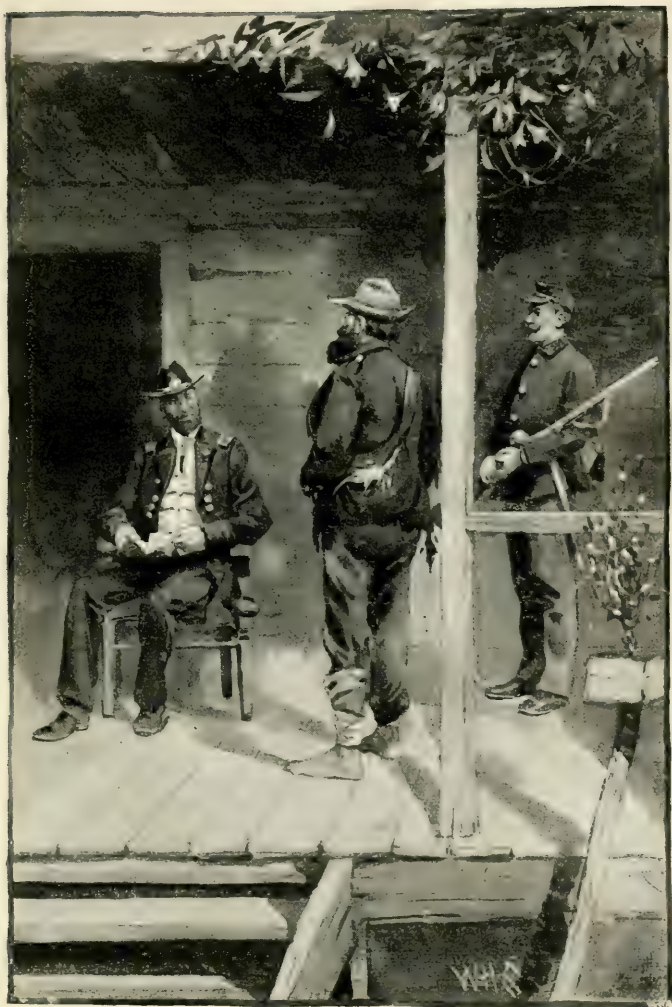
Finally we conducted him to the general, who chanced to be seated on the porch of a house near by. Without words he handed General Sherman a dirty official envelope. The general opened and read it, and exclaimed in evident surprise, "Where did you get this? Where did you come from?"

"Got it," he replied, "from General Crook."

"But how did you get here?"

"Come down the Tennessee over Muscle Shoals, rebel guerillas poppin' at me all the way. Reported to General Blair and he sent me to you."

Here the dirty individual gave a sharp glance at me as if he more than half suspected my confusion, and then coolly helped himself to a chair beside our general.



“Where did you get this? Where did you come from?”

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The general nodded to me, saying, "He's all right, sergeant; you can go." With a strange impression upon me that I had known him somewhere before, I left the queer individual talking familiarly with the general.

That same night we got orders to pack up and at early morning the whole division was in motion. As we marched along I saw this stranger riding with the general. I called Matt's attention to him, but he thought he had never seen him before. I did not see him again until we were near Ellton, when he rode his horse near our company and spoke a word to Matt, who looked up with such startled surprise as almost to cause him to drop his musket. At the same moment this man started up his horse and rode rapidly away down a cross-road, and that was the last we saw of him at that time.

Matt still looked in open-mouthed astonishment after him; and when I inquired, "What is it?" he replied, "Why, that's Michael Ryan! that's the spy!" Then it came upon me like a flash — yes, it's Mike, it's Pike.

"Some one ought to speak to the general about him," said Matt; "he's a dangerous man!"

Peter said nothing, but shook his head. It was finally agreed that when we halted I should tell the general about Michael Ryan, *alias* Pike.

It was a peculiarity of General Sherman that a common soldier could address him without rebuff, although he was sometimes distant to officers. Af-

ter we halted I approached him and requested an opportunity to speak to him. I then briefly stated what I knew about Pike, and said I thought it my duty to warn him. The general smiled and said, "It's all right, sergeant. Pike is a good man, — a scout, spy if you will, but on the right side. He brought me an order from General Grant," and then in an undertone, as if to himself, said, "a strange man, full of disguise, ready for any dangerous duty." Looking up again he said cordially, "Thank you, sergeant; no danger from him; he's gone."

"What's the matter, Tom?" said Matt, as I came up to him. "You look as if you had been euchered."

So I told Matt the conversation I had had with General Sherman, and we agreed that the contradictory characteristics of Michael Ryan were puzzling.

The message which the scout brought to General Sherman (so I have since learned) read as follows:—

"Drop all work on the railroad east of Bear Creek; push your command towards Bridgeport until you meet orders.

U. S. GRANT, *Major Gen'l.*"

General Grant had been ordered to Chattanooga and was now in command of the armies of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee, with which to defeat and drive out Bragg who was holding this point.

To assist in furthering Grant's designs we now began a forced march of over five hundred miles, over miserable roads, through the enemy's country, until finally, on the 20th of November, we reached the Tennessee River, near Chattanooga.

Without pausing for rest, on the 21st we left our camp equipage and knapsacks, and taking with us only two days' rations and a single army blanket to each man — literally stripped for the fight — we crossed the Tennessee to co-operate with the other forces in attacking the Confederates who were besieging Grant at Chattanooga.

On the 22d, under cover of the hills, we moved to North Chickamauga, and on the 23d, at midnight, took possession of the bridge boats which were gathered at that point, and silently dropped down stream below the mouth of Chickamauga Creek. Here we embarked, returning the boats to the other side of the river for a fresh supply of troops.

By daylight eight thousand men had been landed on the east banks of the Tennessee, ready to attack the rebel position at Missionary Ridge.

No mere statement of these circumstances can convey an idea of the hardships which our brave men had endured up to this time. Although it was cold, our shoes and stockings had literally worn from our feet, and Matt quaintly said that he had only the outline map of a shirt on his back. Peter had made a pair of moccasins for himself and a

pair for me ; but I should be ashamed to tell in polite society of the dirty and dilapidated condition of 1st Sergeant Thomas Clifton in other respects.

My regiment, on being landed on the east bank of the creek, stealthily moved along the shore and captured all but one of the rebel pickets. Meanwhile a bridge, 1,350 feet long, had been speedily made from the boats and placed across the mouth of the Chickamauga Creek.

It was raining a steady, dreary drizzle, and we had scarcely a dry thread of clothing on our backs, when at one o'clock we moved forward under the cloak of the low clouds that concealed us from the enemy, to capture the Mission Hills.

The head of our column, covered by a line of skirmishers, crept up the steep heights and had secured the summit of two hills, of which Mission Hills were a continuation, before the enemy awoke to the movement. Then, "*whiz ! bang !*" their shot and shell came ploughing down the hill. We had, however, succeeded in getting our artillery up the heights and were able, as Matt said, "to give them a bit of satisfaction in return."

We began at once the work of intrenching on these hill-tops, and continued it all night, leaving a brigade in each position.

About four o'clock the enemy opened on our brigade (which formed the left flank of this force) sharply with artillery and musketry. During this

action its general, Giles Smith, was wounded and left the field.

If ever I saw a cold place it was, in spite of our bivouac fires, on those hills that night. The morning dawned clear and frosty.

At the rising of the sun the bugle sounded the "forward." As the blue lines advanced, there was a flashing of sunlight on polished arms, then the crackle of musketry, and lines of white sulphur smoke marked the enemy's position and our own.

During a moment's halt we beheld below us the beautiful amphitheatre of the Chattanooga; the Tennessee River like a silver horseshoe gleaming in the light encircling Moccasin Point; the city beyond; the movements of troops marching to position, and all around the grandeur of its encircling hills lent to the scene romance and beauty.

A hill with an intervening valley separated us from another of the same series, with steep wooded sides and narrow crest. At its farther end, in a breastwork of logs against which fresh earth had been thrown, were seen the enemy. On a hill which rose still higher than the one above the railroad tunnel they could be seen in great force.

In the gorge below and above the railroad tunnel, which could not be seen from our position, ran several roads.

Near here the rebels had massed a strong force, and later in the day, when Sherman attempted to

capture their communication with their *dépôt* at Chickamauga, they poured their men through this tunnel in a resistless tide, and swept our men back in deadly defeat.

General Corse, with General Lightburn co-operating, advanced his men along a narrow ridge and attacked the enemy from our right centre, while we moved along the east base of Mission Ridge connecting with General Corse, who soon gained an important secondary crest where the fighting became fierce and hot. Here the position was held while the fight was at its height.

At the railroad embankment and tunnel the battle was most desperate. With our division it was a close, persistent, continuous struggle. From the hills occupied by the enemy there came a concentric plunging artillery fire upon us, and from different directions the columns of the enemy were seen streaming towards us. On our side there was an occasional shot from Orchard Knob and symptoms of a fight at Lookout.

Our company had halted under the shelter of rocks and logs. "It looks squally," said Sam Ryder.

"'Bout time fight over!" said Peter, who had been hugging the ground more affectionately than he would have hugged a sweetheart.

"Tedious as shinning a greased pole," remarked Jim Fowler. Matt drew a long breath as he watchfully glanced along his musket.

Gradually the enemy's fire ceased. The artillery seemed turned in another direction.

"What does it mean?" I asked. Peter pointed towards Orchard Knob, saying, "Big fight; look!"

A line of white musket smoke was seen curling up in front of Orchard Knob, and faint sounds of a conflict reached our ears. The white smoke gradually extended right and left, farther and farther, and then disappeared from our sight.

We understood something of its import then, and later learned that it was the attack of Thomas on the enemy's centre, which had been weakened by their attack on our force.

Thomas had swept over Missionary Ridge, capturing all the enemy's positions, and Bragg was in ignominious flight.

Thomas's soldiers had, in their enthusiasm, carried the heights without orders, and nothing could stay their daring assault. Thus in battle the men often took their positions and gained successes which their generals did not contemplate.

The men who were in the valley told us they had seen Hooker's musketry fire on Lookout Mountain at night like the flashes of a thousand fireflies, without hearing a sound, and across the round red disk of the moon which rose over Lookout Mountain they saw phantom-like armed men marching.

On reconnoitring in direction of the tunnel we found it vacated by all except a large number of the

dead and wounded of both armies. That night we pursued the enemy, and the next morning at daylight continued the pursuit. On the 30th we had reached Charleston. The weather was bitterly cold; and, although we had no tents or proper rations, another terrible march was before us.

Burnside was shut up and besieged in Knoxville, and his twelve thousand men were represented as starving, and we were to be hurried eighty miles, by forced marches, over villanous roads, to his relief.

For some time Peter had not been well, and during this march broke down. The assistant surgeon decided that he was threatened with fever. He was left by the way at a house belonging to a little hatchet-faced, black-eyed widow named Perkles, whose husband, a rebel soldier, had been killed at Chickamauga. She reluctantly consented to care for Peter, and we unloaded our pockets of greenbacks to pay her for these services. She said she had money enough, such as it was, and showed us a basketful of rebel scrip, copies of which are here given.

On our march I witnessed one of those scenes of pillage made necessary by war, the harshness of which is seemingly lessened by terming it "foraging," or "living on the enemy." The head of our column came upon a country house with its barns, stables, smoke-house, stacks of fodder, and other evidences of thrift and abundance. The foraging officer was called to the front with his party and

directed to take the wagons available for their purpose, and, by going forward at a rapid pace, take whatever he found needful for the army.

A full regiment accompanied him at a double quick to collect food and transportation. The place proved to be a perfect magazine of teams, grain, meat, fodder, chickens, and cattle.

This was gathered so dexterously that, on the arrival of our regiment, the new supplies fell into line and moved forward without a halt of the column, receipts having already been given.

The distress of the household can be imagined. It was not until later that we learned that this estate belonged to the parents of our old acquaintance and friend, General Preston, of the Confederate service.

December 6, after a terrible march, we reached Marysville, a short distance from Knoxville, and here found that Longstreet had raised the siege and marched away.

Shortly after this we marched back to Chattanooga, having been on the move almost constantly since leaving the Big Black River near Vicksburg.

The men were now destitute of proper clothing; were barefoot; all were tired and worn, and many were heart-sick with hardships, but they were proud of the achievements of the Fifteenth Army Corps and its old commander, General Sherman.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON VETERAN FURLOUGH.

WE returned from Memphis to Chattanooga by the same route by which we went. On reaching the house of Mrs. Perkles, where we had left Peter, we found him still weak but convalescing.

The little hatchet-face Southern woman and the patient were apparently on excellent terms. When I asked him if he felt well enough to return to Chattanooga with us, he replied, "Yes," whereupon Mrs. Perkles gave him such a look as, to use one of Sam Ryder's sea phrases, made Peter "take back water."

We were invited to remain to dinner, and contributed coffee and bacon as our part of the meal.

When Mrs. Perkles had left the room to superintend the cooking, Peter got out of his big chair, and, after listening at the door, said to us, "Little woman '*whirr*' when I say go," and then made an odd gesture with his hands in imitating the excited flight of birds. Just then the little woman came into the room, and with a motion of her hands seated the big honest fellow in his chair,

and tucked the blanket around him as if he were a baby. Peter submitted, though it seemed to us rather sheepishly; and by these symptoms we concluded that he was under petticoat government.

"Captured!" said Matt in an aside: "we have got to get him out of this, or, by jimminy, she'll marry him in spite of himself."

There was also a noticeable change in the woman's sentiments regarding the Union army. At our first meeting with her she was bitter in her expression of hate towards them, and now we heard but little of her dislike for "Yanks."

Once when she used the expression "Yanks," Peter looked at her with such an angry commanding air that, to use Jim Fowler's expression, "she wilted." When we said that we hardly dared to leave Peter at her house for fear of guerillas, she straightened herself up, and her eyes snapped as she said, "I reckon not, stranger; they won't gobble him while I'm hyre!"

I wish I could reproduce the inflections of her voice, and the idiom peculiar to Tennessee with which she spoke, for it meant determination and fight in such an emergency as a guerilla attack.

On reaching Chattanooga we went into comfortable camps once more, and entered upon a much-needed season of recuperation and rest.

About three weeks after this Peter made his appearance, looking much improved, and I could see that he was glad to be with us once more.

Not long after this we saw a queer little figure in poke bonnet and straight skirts coming across the parade ground.

"By all the powers!" said Matt, "but here comes Madam Perkles." Peter gave one look, and then sat down as if shot.

Meanwhile the madam came slowly down the company street, occasionally speaking to the soldiers who stood about, until at last, when opposite our tent, she paused, and in her high-pitched drawling, Southern accent called out, "Peter! Peter!"

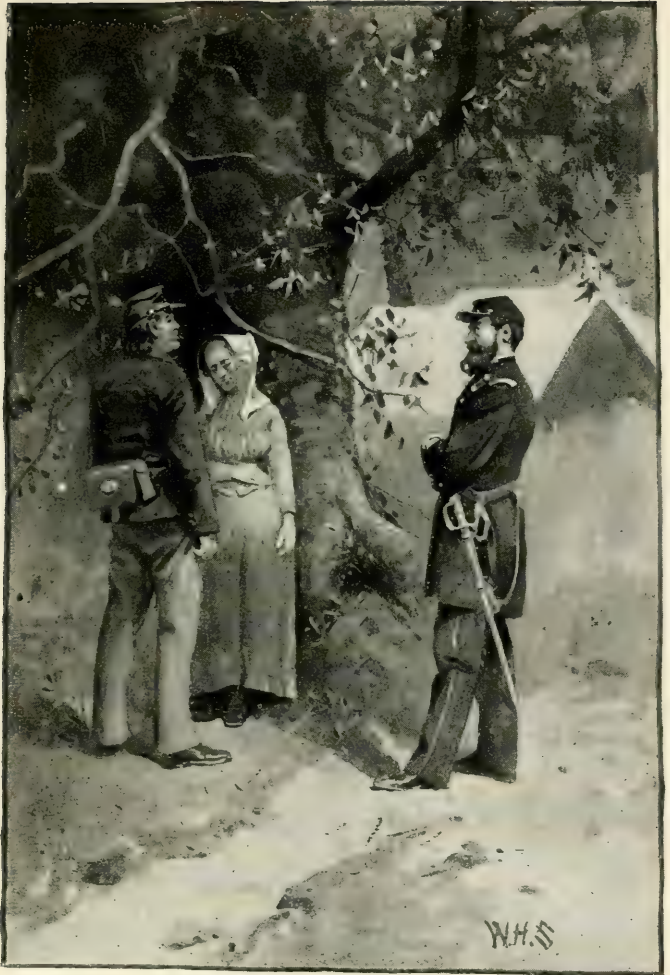
Looking a trifle sheepish, Peter went out and greeted her.

The little woman's face showed signs of breaking up into a smile as she said, "Howdy," and took hold of one of the buttons of Peter's coat, and, smiling, said, "Yer look right peart, Mr. Roy. What ar' yer such a plumb fool as ter come hyre and live in cloth houses fer? Yer ar' a right smart sick man, I'll 'low."

Just then the colonel came along, and, speaking to Peter, said, "Sergeant, who is this woman?"

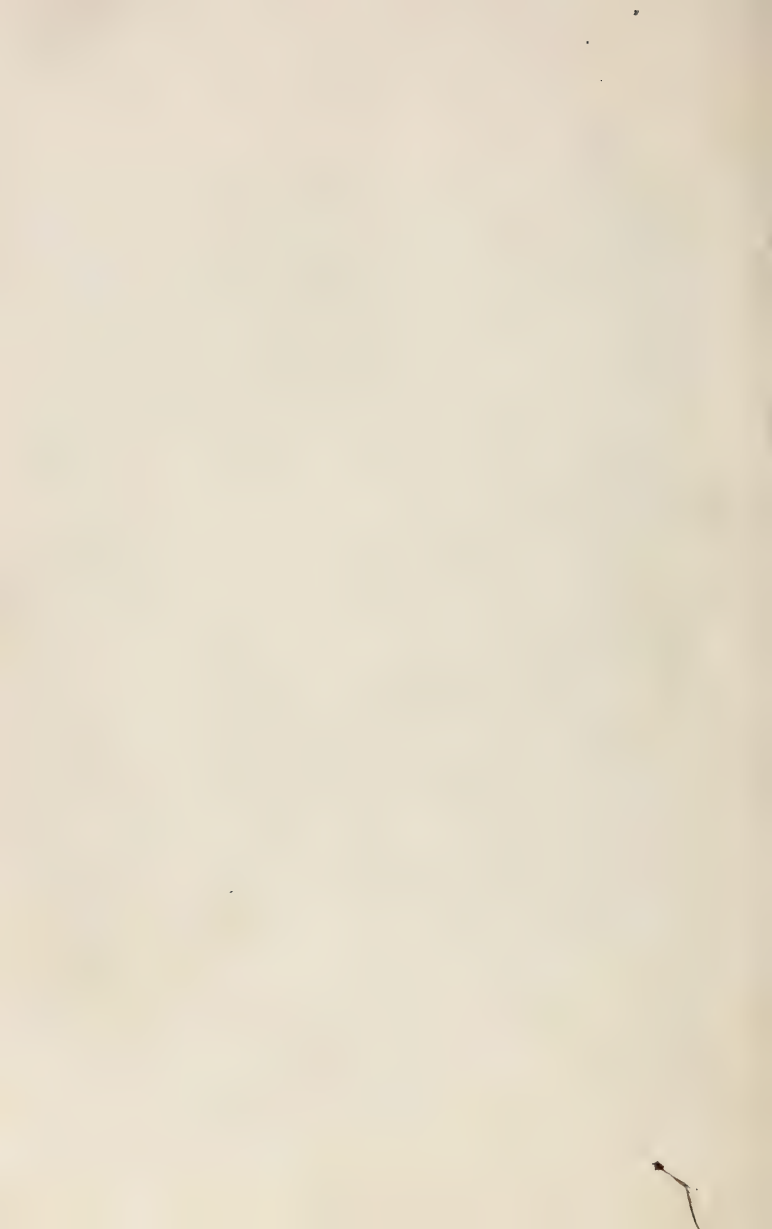
Sergeant Roy saluted, and with a rough but grave courtesy introduced the widow.

"What do you want of the sergeant?" said the colonel with a twinkle of amusement in his eye. Then, as no answer was made and the little woman still clung to one of Peter's buttons, the colonel added, "Do you want to marry him?"



“Sergeant Roy has something to do besides marrying, madam!”

— Page 313.



Mrs. Perkles hid her face in the depths of her poke bonnet and made no answer. But the colonel, as if taking silence for consent, said, —

“Sergeant Roy has something to do besides marrying, madam!” and with a smile of amusement in his eyes, turned away.

After this we saw Mrs. Perkles in camp occasionally talking to Peter, and once or twice he brought in a chicken, saying, “Little madam bring somethin’ to eat!”

During the spring and winter of 1864, the government offered a bounty of one thousand dollars and a thirty days’ furlough to such of our number as would re-enlist in the service of the United States for another three years, unless sooner discharged. This proposition for a time engrossed our attention, and was discussed by the members of our regiment. Most of us agreed with Jim Fowler in regard to the war, who said, “I think we’re bound to see the thing through, or be killed for it.”

“I wonder,” queried Sam Ryder, “how many of us will squeak out alive if we re-enlist?”

“Got die sometime; die fighting good ’nuff,” was Peter’s philosophical remark.

“Our time is nearly out,” said Matt. “We can go home soon and re-enlist in a new regiment and get commissions.”

In this remark Matt had touched a sore spot, for promotion had been slow among us, as inexpe-

rienced men from civil life had been commissioned, leaving the veterans, privates and non-commissioned, in their old positions.

Our attachment to our regiment was, however, so strong that we finally agreed that we would rather stay with it than to go into any other, notwithstanding the injustice complained of.

In March we "veteranized," and were soon on our way home.

At St. Paul we stopped at my Uncle John's over night. He had been an officer in the Army of the Potomac (brevet brigadier-general), but, being desperately wounded in the fight at Gettysburg, had resigned and returned to his home.

He was very proud of his military record, and had a good deal to say about the superiority of the "Army of the Potomac" over our Western armies. Matt didn't relish this, and sharply said, "It seems to me, General, that the difference between our Western armies and the Army of the Potomac is, that we usually whip the rebels, while the Army of the Potomac let the rebels whip them."

At this home thrust my uncle, after uttering "Humph," gave very close attention to his cigar.

All three of us, Matt, Peter, and I, had the money for our veteran bounties with us, as well as quite a large amount of our back pay. My uncle, on learning of this, advised us to invest our money in Minneapolis land.

"I thought, Uncle Jack," said I, "that a St. Paul man never recommended anything in Minneapolis; and I've heard that the people of Minneapolis won't allow their ministers to take their texts from St. Paul."

My uncle laughed and replied, "Money matters and sentiment are two different things. This is a matter of business, and I tell you Minneapolis is going to hum with business one of these days. The milling interest is going to boom it. They've got a lot of hustlers over there that ain't going to see things go down. There's that Washburne feller you met when you first came here; he's a booming it for all it's worth!"

The next day we went over to Minneapolis to take the boat at St. Anthony, and while there with my uncle bargained for some land. Peter was rather indifferent about speculation, but put part of his money into land. Uncle Jack expressed his satisfaction by saying, "Hold on to that land, boys, and you'll never die in the poor-house."

At last we arrived at our own familiar landing, and saw my father with a double wagon, waiting in anticipation of our coming. Garrison, like a true abolitionist, barked at us furiously until he understood who we were; then his barks were changed to whines of delight.

My father was somewhat bent and had visibly aged since we last saw him, but was in good health.

"Your hair has grown very white, father," I said.

"Yes, Tom," he replied. "I'm not sure but I have suffered more from anxiety than you have from hardships and wounds. You look vigorous; your wounds do not pain you now, do they?" looking into my face with inexpressible pride and solicitude.

"No," I replied, placing my hand on his arm as I rode by his side.

My aunt and Bess came out to greet us as we reached the dear home.

"Dear suz! What a great hulkin' feller you've got ter be, Tom! I declar'! a freak o' natur'!" exclaimed Aunt Hitty, walking around me and taking hugs and pinches of snuff. Our greeting was as warm as any home-coming in the land. Matt went off to see his mother, but Peter tarried with us. My sister Bess had grown taller and very queenly and sedate, but the expression on her beautiful face showed that the war had left traces of sadness there.

That night we sat late around the table, talking over the occurrences of the months since we had met.

"Who do you think has bought a farm and is going to settle here?" asked my father.

"Uriah Johnson. He has resigned his commission and will settle down to the pursuits of peace," said Bess in imitation of Uriah's tone.

Among the persons in my father's household was an Indian girl about eighteen years old. She was the same girl whom my aunt had decorated with ribbons when we first settled here, and was the messenger who came to the settlement to warn the settlers of the Indian uprising in the north-west during the fall of 1862. My father, however, attributed the immunity of the settlers from attack to the fact that he and all of the dwellers in Lakeview had always treated the red men with exact justice.

The next morning we viewed the farm improvements, and then went to call on Mrs. Ryan. I never saw her looking younger or stronger. She had managed the farm well, and had improved it very much with hired help, but had not succeeded in ejecting the people who had "jumped" a portion of Matt's and Peter's claims (about fifty acres of each).

During the month we were at home we succeeded in ejecting the squatters; but as they had built a very good house on the land, Peter bought that at a good price, at which they expressed great satisfaction.

Peter also gave them liberty to live in the house until they could get settled elsewhere.

My father expressed surprise that Peter should exhibit so much interest in his farm; but he did not know, as we did, of Mrs. Perkles.

There was considerable curiosity exhibited by

our settlers to learn of the war at first hand. Sam Ryder was kept pretty busy telling war stories; but I am afraid he did not always subordinate his sense of fun to his consideration for truth, for he afterwards said, "The folks ter home have got the awfulest hunger fer lies of any folks I ever talked to! They'll swaller anything big in the shape of a war yarn."

When Mrs. Ryan had been shown a pencil sketch I had made of Michael Ryan, *alias* Patrick Pike, she astonished us by declaring that the face was familiar to her, but she could not remember where she had seen it before. "It looks like your grandfather," she said to Matt.

The day for our departure and leave-taking at last came. "It seems," said my father, "as if the only thing that reconciles me to your leaving home again is that it is your duty and my belief that you are more in God's care when in the performance of your duty than if you were at home avoiding it."

The last of May, when we had reached Chattanooga, we found that the Army of the Tennessee had gone. General Sherman had originally planned to await the return of his furloughed veterans before starting out on the Atlanta campaign; but, as General Grant had designated May 5 as the time for beginning his movement on the enemy, he had not been able to wait for them.

We were therefore sent forward by easy stages, doing guard duty here and there along the route, and so did not rejoin our command until several battles and skirmishes of the Atlanta campaign had been fought.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

ON the 18th of March General Grant had turned over to General Sherman the command of the Western armies, while he went to Washington at the request of the President, to assume the general direction of all the armies in the field.

General Sherman, as we have said, had not found it convenient to await the return of his veterans who had received furloughs, and on the 5th of May had set out on his Atlanta campaign.

The force for the execution of his task, at the opening of the campaign, was 98,976 men, consisting of the armies of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio.

The Confederates, meanwhile, had an army much inferior in numbers, under General Joseph E. Johnston, consisting of 45,000 men, but with the compensating advantage of operating on interior lines, in their own country, where its inhabitants were their guides and spies, and which was also made easy of defence by its rivers, rocks, ravines, woods, and mountains.

On the other hand, as Sherman advanced into

the enemy's country, he was constantly obliged to diminish his original force for guards, at all important points, while the enemy received a corresponding accession of force by picking up his detachments and guards, rendered needless as he fell back nearer his base of supplies.

He also had railroads opened in his rear, by which he received re-enforcements and supplies. Added to this was the zeal of a blind, unreasoning energy which is infused into a warlike people when an invading army penetrates their country.

As the territory over which Sherman advanced was easily defended, he marched from his base at Chattanooga to make a feint or threaten his adversary's front, while he made his real attack at Resaca, eighteen miles in the enemy's rear.

This movement compelled General Johnston to abandon Walton and fight at Resaca, where we lost 2,789 men in battle. From thence the enemy fell back to Allatoona.

After repairing his railroads, Sherman, knowing the strength of Johnston's position, attempted to flank it, and get to Atlanta by way of Dallas; but Johnston was soon aware of the movement, and compelled our army, on the 25th and 28th of May, to fight at Hope Church and Pickett's Mills, in which engagement the enemy, though defeated, inflicted heavy loss on our army, and fell back to Marietta, with Brush Mountain on his right, Kenesaw on

his centre, and Lost Mountain on his left. There, finding his lines too extended, he shortened them by concentrating at Kenesaw.

Such was the situation on our arrival.

Various causes had delayed our arrival at the front; and by reference to my note-book I find that we reported for duty in the field at Big Shanty, Georgia, on June 16, 1864.

At that time the fighting along the line was incessant, for the Union army had closed down on the enemy's strong position in battle array, repairing the railroads to their very camps; the skirmishers were in actual contact, and our batteries and line of battle but little in rear of them.

From the time of our leaving Chattanooga the weather was extremely uncomfortable, in that it rained most of the time. I find in going over my note-book that we had over twenty days of rain, with but little intermission during that time.

On the 19th we went on picket-duty in the rain, and shortly afterwards discovered that the Confederates had evacuated their first line of works, and had fallen back to the mountain.

Our regiment, thinned by disease and the casualties of battle, at that time numbered only three hundred men, and was commanded by a senior captain, a man of great courage, who was a sergeant when I entered the regiment. He was formerly a railroad engineer, and believed in fighting rather than in marching or in manœuvres; for,

as Matt said, fighting was something he could thoroughly understand.

As the enemy fell back we followed him up, and intrenched; but our work did not seem to be of much use against a plunging artillery fire from the higher land, to which we were subjected, and against which our intrenchments seemed but little protection.

"Worse Vicksburg!" was Peter's exclamation, which indicated that he was not entirely satisfied with the situation.

"It rains all the time in this doggoned country!" said Jim Fowler, shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog just come out of the water.

"Yes," said Matt, "chunks of cast-iron, lead, and water." And just as he was saying it a shell exploded in our rifle-pit, killing the only man lying down under shelter of the embankment.

Nothing further of importance occurred, except the constant firing, until Saturday the 25th, when, in the afternoon, just as we were expecting a little quiet (for the enemy had "slowed up," as the captain said), we were moved to the right about five miles, to the southern point of Little Kenesaw Mountain. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as possible; and, after a soldier's breakfast, the captain commanding came down the line, saying, "Boys, we are going for 'em, right up there!" pointing at the same time towards the mountain. Seeing, possibly, the gloom or doubt in the faces of the

men, he continued, "It's the only thing that will make them sick; that will restore the Union, — keep giving them the best we've got in the tender!"

"Yes," said Jim Fowler, "fire up!" and the boys caught the expression, and shouted along the line, "Fire up!" and this did not seem to displease our officer, for something like a grim smile spread over his face, like cracks radiating from a shattered window-pane!

Skirmishers were at once thrown out beyond our intrenchments, and our line of battle formed about a hundred feet behind the line, which was soon engaged with the enemy.

Then the order came, "Forward! Guide right!"

The enemy's position was yellow with earth-works, on a ridge to the right of the mountain.

One of our brigades entered the ravine between the mountains, to overlap the left of the hill, while our brigade, together with the fourth, moved towards the enemy's intrenchments on this ridge.

We knew, however, but little of the nature of this ground, though we had seen their position over the tops of the trees, from a high point in the rear of our line.

We went forward, picking our way over a low, swampy thicket, and all the while the incessant *crack! crack! crack!* of our skirmishers, with those of the enemy, went on before us.

We now began to come upon the dead and

wounded of this prelude to the fiercer conflict yet to come.

Our advance was impeded by swampy land, in which we mired knee-deep, and also by a dense thicket, where the wild-rose vines and other entanglements were so difficult that we were often obliged to crawl on our hands and knees, or move in a stooping attitude, to get through.

These obstructions were finally overcome; and at last we succeeded, with scratched hands and faces, and wet and muddy feet, in getting on the open ground in front of the enemy on the hill.

"There's their roost up there!" shouted the captain commanding, as he looked along the line of his brave, bronzed veterans.

"Does he expect us," said Jim Fowler, "to bunt our heads against those rocks, Sergeant Matt?"

There was not a man in line but knew that the task before him was next to impossible of accomplishment, or a terrible one at best. Yet veteran soldiers obey. They do not argue, except in reluctant acts; and they often attempt the impossible in the face of certain death, because they understand the importance of obedience. They learn by constant examples that those who serve must often die unhonored or unknown, to give a final victory to their country's cause.

The hill before us was steep and rugged, covered with fallen trees, precipitous rocks, and abatis, thus

rendering our advance in line of battle next to impossible.

We could see, a little below the crest of the hill, the rebel earthworks crowded with men.

Their guns commanded the whole slope, and from the nature of the ground they were able to pour into our advancing column a deadly flanking fire that no troops could withstand.

There was scarcely time for alignment; no time to wait; for the shot were striking our ranks, and we must go forward, for it was not our habit to fall back from dangerous positions.

“Forward! Drive them out of that roost, boys!” shouted our commanding officer, as, disdaining to take his place in the rear, he marched at the front of the line, up the hill.

With a shout of defiance, which was answered by an angry yell from the enemy on the hill, our men went on. I remember that the line of men bent their heads as they advanced, as if against the storm of lead that swept the ground.

All in vain their valor! The line was soon more like a skirmish line broken into fragments than a line of battle. Yet we went on, steadily climbing up; sheltering ourselves behind rocks and fallen trees, from their deadly cross-fire, before which our men fell fast.

The captain commanding, and some sixty men, including Matt, Peter, Jim Fowler, Sam Ryder, and myself, had, for a while, sheltered ourselves

in a shallow ravine, just in front of the rebel works.

Two of our men were killed here, and several wounded.

"Catch your breath, men, and then shoot at every head you see!" exclaimed our captain grimly, while his rugged eyebrows met in a scowl of rage at the continued loss of his brave men.

Just a breath or two, and then the captain exclaimed, "Forward in line! Drive them out of that roost, boys!" and we dashed over the intervening space, followed by some two hundred men.

A perfect Babel of sounds succeeded: shouts, shots, imprecations of rage, yells of pain, groans. It was a whirlwind meeting the rocks!

The captain had mounted the rebel parapet, followed by several of his devoted men, and then we saw him fall dead on the outer slope, with our men leaping the works, and yet the rebel flag was waving, and the rebels still held the line.

We had met with a bloody repulse! Our captain and the lieutenant of our company were wounded at the ravine, and I was in command.

"No use try again!" said Peter, as if understanding my thoughts.

The brave fellow had brought away a stand of colors during the encounter, and yet had not received a scratch.

The remainder of our men fell back from rock

to rock while keeping up a steady fire on the rebels, until they reached the ravine, where, sore, angry, and sullen, they remained, firing on the exultant foe until darkness came. Then we got back to the intrenchments from which we had advanced in the morning.

Our regiment's loss in this encounter was two captains and twenty enlisted men killed, one captain, two lieutenants, and thirty men wounded, and ten made prisoners.

When men are killed in storming an intrenched position with an inadequate force, when that position could have been turned, it is little short of murder.

When I remember the brave boys who were shot down, or were made prisoners (among the latter, Jim Fowler and Sam Ryder) at Kenesaw Mountain, it makes me angry, because after-occurrences showed it to have been needless.

Although General Sherman tried afterwards to justify himself for this assault, he never did it to the satisfaction of those who fought in the front line at Kenesaw Mountain.

The following from my note-book will give a faint idea of how lively General Sherman made us move in the weeks following the occurrences I have just narrated:—

“July 2. Marched eight miles to support General Schofield.

“July 3. Skirmished with the enemy, losing

two men, driving their cavalry two miles across the Little Sweet Water.

As we went into camp that night, near a large Southern house, I was attracted to a group of our men gathered around an apple-tree.

"This fellow here," said Matt Ryan, calling out to me, "has been doing something wrong. The rebs haven't hung him to a sour apple-tree for nothing."

"What fellow?"

Matt drew nearer to the tree, and pointed to a man hanging by the neck from a limb.

Peter looked at the body, removed the slouch hat from over the face, but made no remark as he looked at me and gestured with one hand toward the unfortunate spy, Wild dog or Spring.

Pinned to the breast was a placard which read, "A traitor to the Confederacy."

Later, several mounted officers came up. I heard one, whom I recognized as Colonel Tuttle, say, "So they caught him at last!"

"Caught who?" said another. "What does it mean?"

"This scoundrel," said Tuttle, "is the one we court-martialled at Vicksburg. He would have been shot in another hour if he had not scribbled a few words saying he had important information for our commanding general. When he was conducted to General Grant, he coolly offered to betray the correspondence of Johnston and Pemberton if he would let him go."

"Yes; and it was current talk among the general officers that this man was paid large sums of money for the information he brought into our lines. It was said that is how Grant kept so well posted as to what was going on in Vicksburg."

"He betrayed both sides probably?"

"No; he betrayed the one that paid the least."

The next morning, when we marched away, the spy was still swaying in the wind.

Singular to relate (for it is singular that so morbid a passion should exist in the hearts of brave men), his clothing had been mostly cut away for mementos.

"Ugh! He bow to me!" said Peter with a superstitious shudder, as we marched on once more.

"July 4. Supported the Sixteenth Army Corps in the advance.

"July 5. Remained in reserve.

"July 8. Moved to Nickajack Creek.

"July 9. Intrenched.

"July 11. Marched to Sweet Water Creek to cover flank of the army.

"July 12. Moved eight miles to the left, passing through Martinsville at daybreak on the 13th, thence eighteen miles to Roswell.

"July 14. Crossed the Chattahoochee River and intrenched.

"July 15. Advanced six miles to Nancy's Creek.

"July 18. Marched five miles towards Stone Mountain.

"July 19. Tore up the track of the Augusta railroad, then marched to Decatur, seven miles more.

"July 20. Moved three miles along the railroad and intrenched at night.

"July 22. The regiment has advanced half a mile, captured some rebel intrenchments, and is now, at two P.M., engaged in remodelling them."

I find no memorandum after this for several days, for reasons which will presently be seen.

At shortly after two o'clock the enemy appeared in our front, and certain indications showed that they intended to assault our position.

At about three o'clock P.M. the enemy came on in one dense column, which seemed to outnumber our force three to one. Our regiment was flanked on the left, and this compelled the larger portion of our men to fall back, leaving some twenty men, including Matt and myself, with the colors (which Peter carried) cut off from the main line.

Our forces had been so persistently set to the front during the advance of the enemy, that we did not notice when the line gave way on both right and left, in season to fall back with it. We soon found ourselves in such an exposed position that we could not retreat. As Matt said, "The Rebs had us under the supervision of their rifles entirely."

Every time we raised our heads above a slight

barricade we had erected on our right and left, "*ping*," "*ping*," hummed the bullets in remonstrance. We were at first too proud to surrender and in too tight a place to run.

If there is anything that sends a man's courage down to zero, it is to be caught under a galling fire, when the utmost ingenuity fails to discern an opportunity to back out.

Twice the enemy rushed upon us and were driven back, leaving their dead and wounded around our breastwork. We heard the shouts of our men meanwhile, cheering as if charging the rebels, which encouraged us to hold out.

Peter soon after took the flag from the staff, tore it into twenty pieces, and distributed it among the men. "That shows what Peter thinks," says Matt. "What shall we do?" Just then, as if in answer to the interrogation, the enemy came upon us in such numbers that we surrendered and were sent to the rear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY."

AFTER being captured we exchanged the usual joke and chaff, which in ordinary intercourse among men might be called insults.

"We uns ar' a-lickin' you uns a right smart ter-day!" said one of them.

"Look here, Reb! I don't believe it's going to be much of a shower after all," replied Matt humorously. "You've got lots to do to lick our uncle Billy Sherman."

"We uns have killed you uns biggest general right out yer," pointing to the woods on our right.

"Who is it? What general is it they've killed?" I inquired, somewhat startled. An officer here replied, "General McPherson; he was killed in those woods there."

I did not believe this intelligence then, but learned later that it was true. The Union Army and the Army of the Tennessee, which he commanded at the time of his death, had lost that great and noble man, whose patriotism and skill, fearless courage and kind heart, endeared him to all who knew him. There was, I afterwards learned, mourning

in the hearts of the humblest of our army ; for by his many manly qualities he had endeared himself to them all.

“What’s that cheering?” we inquired of the same officer.

“Your people have driven our men back, I am afraid,” said a young soldier near.

The weather was exceedingly hot, and the exciting campaign we had passed through since starting out from Chattanooga, with its attendant hardships, had left me depressed mentally, and physically much worn out. I was also chafing with great impatience since being made a prisoner, for I had just been commissioned as first lieutenant, a place I had been acting in for some time since the fight at Kenesaw Mountain.

Our men were all much in the same condition of depression ; for terrible stories had been told to us by prisoners who had reached our lines the week previous, after escaping from “Andersonville Prison.”

We were now marched to the rear and placed under a new guard. Something of gloom must have appeared in our faces, for the young and handsome sergeant of the guard said, “It is the fortune of war ; I’m sure it’s not your fault !” The tone and the words were sympathetic.

I learned by conversation with him that he was a Georgian, and that the regiment he belonged to was from that State. A fine body of men, much

above the average Confederates I had ever seen in the field, acted as our guard; they shared their rations with us, and, with few exceptions, treated us so pleasantly, that a looker-on who did not know our relations would not have thought us prisoners under guard.

Though my musket and other arms had been turned over to the enemy, I yet retained my haversack, canteen, and knapsack; for all three of us from choice still carried the last-named article, though men of the Army of the Tennessee had largely discarded them, and wore simply their blankets, in which were rolled their needful garments and other necessities.

One of our guard was a stubbed little Georgian, with an ugly scar on his face, and who had been wounded at Vicksburg. At some remark made by one of our number, uncomplimentary to the Vicksburg soldiers, his face turned pale with wrath, which for a moment boded ill for the one who provoked it.

"I reckon," said he, "yer wouldn't say that if you had been thar."

The laugh was rather against the Yank who made the wrath-provoking remark, for he *was* comparatively a new recruit, who had joined us on the Big Black, after Vicksburg.

When Matt told him that we were all at Vicksburg, with the exception of the offending soldier, he became good natured and friendly at once, and said,

"You uns used us right well thar, Yank, and I'm going to use you just as well as I know how."

I made some inquiries about General Preston, when he said, "He commands our division; what do you know about him?" I informed him we were acquainted with him before the war, and that he had been a good friend to Matt when he had been taken prisoner at Shiloh.

"I wonder," said Matt, "if General Preston couldn't get us paroled if we could see him." The young sergeant, who overheard this talk, said, "If General Johnston were in command, a parole or special exchange might be possible; but General Preston is on bad terms with General Hood, who has just taken command of our army. Hood is said to distrust all former friends of General Johnston. He is a brave man, but not very pleasant to those who disagree with him."

On our way to Atlanta he made some very intelligent inquiries regarding public sentiment at the North. I told him plainly that outside of a few Copperheads, who called themselves Peace Democrats, the sentiment was very general in favor of continuing the war until the South was brought back into the Union.

"I suppose you are a Black Republican," he said interrogatively. Matt replied for me, "Yes; he believes in human rights for everything human, even niggers." The rebel sergeant, after a few moments, said thoughtfully, "Yes, and it

seems right as a mere statement that we should all be in favor of human freedom. I suppose I should have been a Black Republican if I'd been born at the North."

"If man not blame being black, is God blame?" said Peter with a stern look at the sergeant.

Peter felt that this distinction of color, that God has made, ought not to be urged against a man, and hence this speech or interrogation so unusual to him.

The Confederate soldier turned toward Peter and said courteously, "You Northern men don't understand us. We've got slavery, and were raised with it. Only a few men South consider it right, whatever they may say in the heat provoked by discussion. We do, however, assume, that it is less an evil among us than it could possibly be with Northern men, if they should become slave-holders, for we do not, as a class, try to make money out of everything we have." Then after a pause, he said, "We prefer to deal with our own affairs in our own way without interference. If separated from the North, could we not manage these questions better than now, when constantly irritated by its discussion by those who do not understand it? When the South has gained its independence, very likely it will then begin a system of general emancipation."

In reply to doubts I expressed of this, he said, "At any rate, the discussion of our affairs has

angered our people, and has made them a unit in supporting the war. We should take more liberal views if we were not interfered with."

I replied, "Your politicians stir up this feeling." I also pointed out to him the constant political aggressions of the South: the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise; the fugitive slave act; making hunting-grounds of free territory, and similar acts, to which he replied, —

"The politicians did this; they claimed it was made necessary in order to give the South an even chance with the North. They excited the prejudices of our people, and drove us into this terrible war, which we now feel compelled to sustain with all our power to the bitter end. There were a good many who did not originally think it politic or right to dissolve the old Union, but finally, being obliged to adopt one side or the other, naturally went with our own people. We are done with the old flag forever now!" Here the conversation was interrupted by a change of guard.

I shook hands with this young Confederate soldier, who impressed me with having many manly qualities. I do not remember meeting a young man on either side who so favorably impressed me with modest and grave but friendly manners.

Among the Confederates I met during the war there seemed to be less careless light-heartedness and a more subdued gravity than among similar

men in our own ranks. Is it a natural trait of Southern men, or did the war produce this sobering effect?

The new guard was composed of boys from fourteen to eighteen years of age, while some I should judge were as young as thirteen. They were very unlike in manners and speech those who had preceded them. With here and there an exception, they were evidently from the class termed in the South, "Low down people," or "poor whites."

One of these boys shot one of the prisoners not twenty minutes after being placed on guard. I did not learn the full cause, but understood it was for a trivial breach of orders.

As we marched through the streets of Atlanta very little curiosity was shown by its people. A few small boys on a fence shook their little fists and threw stones at us, and in treble tones said something about blamed Yanks! Here and there a military lounge called out, or a group of women turned their heads to glance at us. Yankee prisoners marching through the streets had evidently become too common to excite curiosity.

I bought two loaves of wheat bread from a woman who was either passing with a basket of loaves or had it for sale on the street. The fact that most impressed me was, that she much preferred Yankee greenbacks in payment, to Confederate money, or local scrip.

I gave half of one of these loaves to the guard,

who was eying it hungrily, and in return received corn-bread. This act seemed to have inclined him to be friendly with me; for while we were halting on the sidewalk he advised me to roll my blanket and put inside of it such things as I desired to keep, as my knapsack would probably be taken from me.

Atlanta seemed a beautiful place. It was built upon tableland, surrounded by parks, shaded walks, and fine residences. Evidences of wealth were seen on every side, and well-dressed men and women walked the streets.

Upon our arrival, there was quite a group of ladies near the depot, apparently expecting friends. The women of Atlanta manifested much contempt for Yanks. I did not care to be spit at by the most beautiful women with the rosiest lips.

The provost marshal who here took charge of us was very consequential, and, as Matt said, considered himself a swell. We were marched through some of the principal streets, and, when halting at one time, a few well-dressed women in carriages showed their devotion to the Southern cause by cheering for Jeff Davis and General Hood. We in return cheered for General Sherman and President Lincoln, and then gave three more for General Grant.

The greatest confidence was expressed by some of the people on the sidewalk of their ability to whip the Yankee army. We were finally marched

into an enclosure, half an acre in extent, surrounded by a board fence twelve or fifteen feet high, in which there were over a hundred other prisoners. Here some Indian meal and bacon were issued to us.

There was no shelter, there were no fires, and, had there been, it was so dark and we were so fatigued that we should have been indisposed to cook, although very hungry.

Here our knapsacks and other things not in our blankets were taken from us, the airy provost marshal remarking in his oratorical manner, "Confiscated to the Confederacy as war material;" and it amused us when he absent-mindedly made this remark on taking away Peter's fine-toothed comb. But Peter looked very angry, as he said scornfully, "Needs it more Peter does."

The next morning, with two hundred other prisoners, we were marched to the railroad station, under guard, and put on board of box cars to be sent to Andersonville, the mention of which, even then, thrilled us with inexpressible horror, for we had heard terrible stories of it from the lips of escaped prisoners.

There were five car-loads of prisoners in the train; but although there were forty or fifty men each, on most of the cars, we noticed that there were not more than twenty on the car we occupied, and but two sentinels on top of this car, while one sat inside before the open sliding door at the side.

Finally the train started on its way southward, and our hearts fell at the possible fate in store for us.

The young Confederate soldier who sat at the broad entrance of our car could read and write, and was evidently of a better class than the majority of our guard. A portion of his time during the day was spent in reading a New Testament and in croning over a small song-book, the tunes of which were mostly familiar to the soldiers of our army, with the words changed to Southern use.

The Yanks soon joined in singing these tunes, the reb soldier using his own version, and we the words in common use among us.

When the two versions conflicted, as, "We'll hang Abe Lincoln to a sour apple-tree," while we sang, "We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple-tree," the effect was ludicrous, and the young Confederate seemed a little disgusted.

Matt was not a good singer; he could sing very loud, but not very well. Sam Ryder once facetiously said Matt could sing right along side of a tune and not hit a note, and that it didn't matter what the tune was he varied his singing but very little for it. But Matt never seemed to understand that he was not as good a vocalist as the very best.

Our progress was slow, and for four or five hours during the day we were switched off while waiting for supply-trains to pass. At that time we were allowed to get off to cook food and stretch our legs.

Our car was hot and uncomfortable, being ventilated only at the doorway; but as the sun declined it became cooler, and we went slowly jolting along through the Southern pine land that skirted the road. The passing shadows of these tall pines, and the monotonous jolting, with the singing of the guard, soon lulled me into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PRISONER LOOSE IN DIXIE.

A SUDDEN jolt of the cars awoke me, when I found that Peter had changed his position and was sitting near the Confederate guard, while Matt passed me a slip of paper, on which I read, "Peter and I think of gagging that reb and jumping the train. What do you think?" I nodded my head in assent. Peter glanced at me inquiringly, and I nodded my head once more, and in another instant he had thrown his brawny arm around the neck of the guard, and soon had him gagged and tied hand and foot.

There were some protests against this proceeding from the timid ones in the car. One said, "You'll get us all killed!" but an angry, threatening motion from Peter, who was at the doorway and who had the guard's musket, silenced these outcries.

The young rebel soldier evidently did not expect any mercy, for he moved his eyes in mute appeal from one to the other of us.

"He's about my size," said Matt. "I guess I'll

swap clothes with him, though mine are a little the best."

"What's that for?" I inquired.

"Why," said Matt, "I'm goin' to turn myself into a reb and stand guard."

"Just thing," said Peter with a nod of agreement, as if such a proceeding was the most natural one in the world.

When the reb was dressed in Matt's uniform, and Matt in rebel gray, and Matt had changed places with Peter at the doorway, and assumed the rebel's musket, haversack, and song-book, we thought it an improvement.

The clothes fitted him so well that when the soft gray hat was pulled down over his eyes the transformation was complete, and I could hardly realize that it was not the original Confederate guard.

"Good reb nuf," said Peter approvingly.

We now began to discuss whether it was best to jump from the car then, or wait until it should be darker, when the train began to slow up, and finally stopped.

"It won't do to jump now, anyway," said a big Massachusetts man named Shaw, who had been acting with us. "We've got to play this hand out, if we don't take a trick."

Just then the sergeant of the rebel guard came up, and, addressing our supposed guard, said, "Hardy, we are a-goin' to issue the Yanks some

grub fixin's here, I reckon." Then seeing the bound man near the doorway, said, "You mustn't let the Yanks get so near the door."

"Dead Yank," Matt replied. "Just died."

"Well, put him off here. Get the Yanks to help you. They won't run away, I reckon, with the guard on top thar ready to pop at 'um."

Rations of water and uncooked Indian meal and cow pease were soon issued and divided among our men. Matt was careful to let the sergeant of the guard do most of the talking.

"I'll stand here by the door while that big Yank helps you carry out the dead one," said the rebel sergeant. So in the darkness Matt and Peter laid the bound reb by the side of the road. The reb struggled very unlike a dead man, but it was too dark for the sergeant to observe this.

He then left us, and the train began to move, when, one after another, we jumped unperceived to the ground, and glided into the darkling woods.

"Easy rolling off log!" said Peter complacently.

"Sure," said Matt, with a lapse into Irish dialect, which was common with him when under excitement, "sure if they'd stopped the cars twenty minutes sooner, the Old Nick wud a-been to pay, and I'd got paid for bein' a Confederate. I felt as guilty as a dog, seeing that poor chap layin' there with his feet tied, and Peter's dirty handkerchief stuffed into his mouth."

On getting into the woods our first procedure was to hold a consultation about our route of travel. It was then agreed to break up into small parties, each to use his best judgment in endeavoring to reach our lines.

Our party consisted of the big Massachusetts man, named Shaw, whom I have before mentioned, Matt, Peter, myself, and a little Tennessean, who relied upon us so much that we had not the heart to refuse him.

"Get way from here quick," said Peter.

"Yes," said Matt; "we must walk all night, for they will get after us the first thing in the morning, if not before."

That night we travelled through the woods in what Peter said was a north-west direction. This he determined by occasionally examining the branches of the trees, and by glimpses of the stars. We walked in single file, with Peter in advance, and Matt with his musket bringing up the rear.

The high rolling land seemed to lie in beds, with a ravine on one side and a swamp upon the other.

Rain began to fall during the night, and towards twelve o'clock it came down in torrents, drenching us to the skin. Later it cleared, and the stars came out.

We went on, with occasional rests, until daylight, when we halted to cook rations and get some

sleep. Then for the first time Matt examined the rebel haversack, and found in it a large knife, about two pounds of bacon, two *pones* of Indian cake, about five pounds of wheaten flour in a cotton bag, and also some salt, and a bunch of red peppers. "Good for nothing," said Peter disdainfully, throwing the peppers aside; but the little Tennessee comrade said, —

"If the dogs get after us fellers, they are just the thing to rub on the bottoms of our shoes to throw them off the track. 'Dogs don't like red pepper a bit.'"

We had never heard this theory before, and do not even now know whether it is true or false, but it certainly is one entertained by many who ought to know.

We found a place where we thought we could safely do our cooking, in a little ravine well concealed by foliage. Here we fried bacon, cooked some cakes, and then, wearied with our night's pilgrimage, slept so soundly that it must have been three o'clock in the afternoon when we woke and resumed our travel through the dense woods. I had with me a book-map which, if not very minute, gave us a good general idea of Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, and North and South Carolina. This map I had carried for some months, the better to understand the country through which we were campaigning.

Before night we came to a low and level region,

stretching far out on our front, right and left. The night fog settled near the ground, giving the country the appearance of a lake.

Here we encountered tall weeds of the Southern lowland, through which we forced our way with difficulty, as they were wet with dew and high above our heads.

After getting through them we came to higher ground, which proved to be ploughed, with field after field of the tall, white stalks on which grew Southern corn just in the milk. We filled our haversacks with it for future use.

"Get out here soon as can," said Peter.

"Yes," responded the big Massachusetts man; "it's too civilized to be safe here;" and this remark was just then emphasized by the barking of dogs and the voices of people at a house near us, which we could not see.

We now made haste towards a piece of thick woods. Passing out of this we came to a hedge of cane-brake, so compact and interlaced that it was impossible to make any progress, except by following huge Peter, in single file.

We then reached a stream, and travelled along the banks to find a fording-place, but finally crossed it on a log.

The river here made several abrupt turns, which necessitated our crossing it again, if we held our course to the north, so we took up our line of march farther towards the west, to avoid it.

Twice during the following day we heard dogs, and once, while I was standing guard as my comrades slept, men passed along a cart-path not far from us.

For the two nights following we travelled, but lay concealed during the intervening day. On the fifth day out, believing there was but little danger of being recaptured, we travelled during the day and also part of the night, keeping away from roads and clearings as far as practicable. We, however, procured green corn from the fields for food.

I think it was the seventh day after our escape, when we struck a swamp, very dense and hard to penetrate.

I was nerveless and worn out, and too weak to travel. In debating our plans with Nevins, the Tennesseean, and Shaw, they both insisted that our only safety consisted in keeping to the swamps and woods and away from roads and dwellings.

But Matt and Peter both felt that it would be impossible to pursue this course any longer, as I was breaking down. I urged them to abandon me and save themselves, but Peter declared that they would not do so.

After some debate, Nevins and Shaw said they would strike out for themselves, and leave us to pursue our own course. So we separated from these two men with many expressions of good will on both sides.

Then it was that Matt proposed a new *rôle*; viz.,



“After separating from Nevins and Shaw, we travelled on the roads
in a north-west direction.” — Page 351.

that he should personate a Confederate soldier guarding two Yankee prisoners. At the same time it was agreed that we should come in contact as little as possible with the people. That night, after separating from Nevins and Shaw, we travelled on the roads in a north-west direction.

It was clear, hot, and starlight. The first night on the road we went to sleep on some hay stacked in a field, and slept so soundly that the morning was dawning before we awoke.

After again setting out we reached a brook which ran across the road, where, going into the wood a short distance, we refreshed ourselves with a good bath, and filled our canteens.

I tried very hard to keep up that day, but, after following the boys as well as I could for a time, began to grow dizzy and sick and to stagger at every step. Peter looked at me sorrowfully, and then got me into the cool woods where I rested, with a blanket under my head for a pillow. A dinner was here improvised, but I couldn't eat. "'T won't do," said Matt. "I believe I shall have to give an order on the Confederacy for a dinner and a warm bed."

As I was burning up with heat, I saw but little need for more of that; but I felt that rest would be acceptable, for I trembled with weakness.

Again setting out, we soon met an old man on horseback accompanied by a negro driving a mule team. Matt halted and, speaking roughly to Peter

and myself, said to the stranger, "I've got two Yanks yer, and I'm goin' to Atlanta with um."

"Why don't yer go to Macon?" interrogated the old man. "That's nearer than Atlanta."

"Well," said Matt, "my regiment is at Atlanta, and I'm just a-goin' to get these Yanks thar!"

After some further conversation, Matt asked if he could get a good dinner at his house. The man replied that we could, and when we reached there we did get a satisfying meal of fried chicken, bacon, and Indian cake.

I did not have much appetite, and the woman of the house said compassionately, "The young man is sick!" To which Matt replied, "I suppose the Yank *is* human, but I can't think so, since he is an enemy of our glorious country."

"You're Irish, are you not?" asked the old planter.

"No; I was born in Ireland," said Matt with a laugh; "but if I'd been born in a crockery-shop, should I've been a dish?"

After dinner Matt made considerable parade in taking out his song-book. He asked the planter if he would like to hear a bit of music called "When this cruel war is over."

When Matt began his alleged song his howling was so ludicrously unmusical that I could not keep from laughing, and even Peter, with an unusual grin of amusement, said, "More howl dan music!" at which Matt frowned on him in true rebel style.

Some hot tea was given me by the woman, and she exhibited so much sympathy that I could not help thinking she must have a son in the Confederate army.

Matt was very rough with us until out of sight of the house, when he resumed his old manner.

I braced up for a while after this, but by three o'clock that afternoon gave out again. My knees trembled, and my stomach seemed suspended by a thread. In this emergency, in spite of my protest, Peter picked me up and carried me as he had often done when I was a twelve-year-old boy.

There was a restfulness communicated to me by Peter, whether springing from his tender-hearted sympathy, or from the ease of his motions, or otherwise, is not material, for I went to sleep in his arms while being carried, and on awaking found myself on the greensward before an aristocratic mansion of Southern type, with its customary surroundings of mud-chinked negro quarters and outbuildings.

When Matt, with his musket over his shoulder went to the house, striding alongside his giant companion, taking two steps to Peter's one, I remember of thinking him very like many other Confederate boy soldiers I'd seen.

Shortly after this they returned and carried me to the veranda, where there were three people. One was a kindly looking man seventy years of age, or thereabouts, very polite; a quiet, well-dressed dame, and a young miss of sixteen, one

of the most beautiful of the type of the Southern brunette I had ever seen.

The lines of her face, I noticed even then, were regular, though her chin was rather prominent, and her nose had just a piquant turn upward, suggestive of mischief and humor. Her eyes were large, dark, and bright, and had in them a concentrated power which people call magnetic. Her hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped. I noticed these things at a glance, sick as I was. "Put the boy in the hammock," said the old gentleman.

We had been seated but a little while when Matt produced his song-book, and howled the "Bonny blue flag," "Mother, I've come home to die," and "We'll hang Abe Lincoln to a sour apple-tree," with a voice that Peter had already intimated had "more howl than music."

The scene was so ludicrous that, though sick, I could not restrain my laughter, at which there went up a ripple of laughter from the young girl, and a hearty ha! ha! ha! from the old gentleman. Matt scowled at this and was really angry, as he pointed to me and said, "Shure thar's no music in that Yank."

The old gentleman was here interrupted by a servant coming to the veranda with his medicine case, from which he gave me a liberal dose of pills and quinine.

"It's 'time we were moving now, Yanks," said Matt to us; and then to our host, "Shure, sir

and madam, accept my thanks for your hospitality."

I made an effort to get out of the hammock, but turned faint and sick in the attempt.

"This young man must not travel in his present state of health," said the old gentleman compassionately but decidedly, and then added, "While I do not claim to be a practitioner, I yet have a good knowledge of medicine and also of symptoms, and I assure you this young man needs rest and medical treatment."

I thanked him and said, "We must not trouble you too much; but, if the guard is willing, I shall be glad to accept your kindness."

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE SWAMPS.

THE next morning, though weak, I had less fever.

A nice breakfast of eggs on toast, with coffee, was brought to me on the veranda.

The young lady kindly inquired after my health. I felt the blood rush to my cheeks, as this South Carolina maiden stood at my chair, and gave to the young colored girl a few thoughtful directions for my comfort. I stammered out my thanks for her kindness.

Matt had opened his song-book, and begun what Peter called his howl, when back of me I heard a step, and presently on looking up saw a young fellow in Confederate uniform.

The old doctor, who just at that moment had come to the veranda, said to the young Confederate, I thought apologetically, "One of our soldiers with two prisoners;" then, placing his hand on my wrist, said, "Ah, yes; fever abated — better; — just a little more quinine;" and he gave me a dose that made my mouth pucker. Matt laughed and said suggestively, "Green persimmons, Yank?"

The doctor and the Confederate lieutenant had walked away when Peter, putting his finger to his lips for silence, said, "Young reb talk," then glided to the farther end of the veranda, stood in that attitude of intense listening we had often noticed when hunting, and then returned to us and said, "Reb told old man they all Yanks," at the same time making a gesture towards Matt, then after a moment he said, "Night, get way from here! Now make believe happy all day!"

I knew from Peter's face and manner that his alarm was no idle matter, and from his words I inferred that he wished us to throw the people off their guard by appearing unsuspecting and contented.

I told Matt what Peter had intimated, when Matt replied, "That young reb looked me over suspiciously and questioned me. Say, Tom! I'll capture the lot of 'um, girl and all, and march 'um to Sherman's lines, if you say the word."

I think I must have blushed when Matt said "girl;" for he gave me an expressive look of amusement, as I replied in a low voice, "No, Matt; these people have been good to us, and we mustn't disturb their home."

Matt's face changed to an expression of sympathy, which sometimes made him beautiful, as he said, "Now, shure, may the saints preserve them; we'll not hurt a hair on their heads!"

As we were conversing, the old gentleman came

out on the veranda again, and Matt, approaching him, said, "Sir, do you think the sick Yank will have fever?"

The old man blandly regarded Matt and replied, "With proper rest and food he will be able to march in a few days. Si! Si!" called the doctor, "bring my case here!" The doctor gave me some drops, saying, "He needs stimulants," and then in an undertone, as if unconscious of his words, muttered, "Mere boys! mere boys! when will it all end?"

When captured I had preserved my sketch-book, and on one of the few remaining leaves I proceeded to sketch the veranda and its occupants—the old gentleman in his chair, Matt with his mouth open with howling, Peter grim and quiet, the fair young girl and her stately mother.

The likeness of the young maiden was quite a striking one, for it seemed to come from my pencil without an effort. I was so intently engaged in finishing it that I did not notice that she had left her seat and was overlooking my work.

I started and looked confused when she said apologetically, "I spoke, but you did not notice me!"

"What is it, Marion?" inquired her mother.

"This soldier has made such a splendid sketch!" then to me, "May I show it to my mother?"

I took the sketch from the book and handed it

to her. I saw the old gentleman and his wife and daughter laughing quietly over Matt's portrait.

We were treated very kindly during the day.

That night the family retired early. We went early also to our rest, but when the house was quiet Peter roused us with a whisper, saying, "Reb come back ; gobble us."

We silently made our way to the lawn with our shoes in our hands, that we might not disturb the household. There I was surprised to find Si awaiting us with a supply of cooked food and some medicine taken from his master's medicine case. We silently shook hands with Si, with whom Peter seemed to have a good understanding, and once more started out towards our lines.

"Take to woods, swamps," said Peter with a motion of his hands, when we were out of hearing once again.

"Do you think the old man will help hunt us?" I inquired.

Matt said gravely, "Not very willingly ;" but Peter said he heard a talk between the old doctor and the young Confederate, and that the doctor advised the young lieutenant to let us alone. Matt said he thought the young reb was not a relative of the family, simply sweet on Miss Sibley, for that was the name of the family.

Upon leaving the plantation we at once made for the swamp in which Si had advised us to take refuge. He told Peter that there was a story,

which was believed by the negroes of the neighborhood, that several escaped slaves had at different times lived in this swamp, and the difficulty of reaching a fugitive here was so great that it was seldom persevered in.

We reached the swamp at twelve o'clock that night, at which time a white veil-like vapor overhung it.

Halting for a few moments to rally resolution and strength, we entered this formidable entanglement of vines, trees, briers, canebroke, bogs, and water.

At first we took our course along the borders of the swamp in a westerly direction. It was very gloomy: the tall, spectral trees, with funeral-like festoons of moss hanging from their branches waving in the night breeze against the background of the dim, moon-lit sky; the ghostly vapor rising from the swamp, partly defining its outlines like a monster irregular cross, depressed me with gloomy forebodings.

Our advance was slow, for, as if jealous of man's intrusion, the tangled growths disputed almost every step of progress. In addition to this, every step had to be felt out with our canes before we could place our feet upon the trembling, boggy surface with safety. We stumbled and plodded onward, however, until nearly daylight. The strongest in our party was jaded, while I was weak and trembling with the exertion.

At last we reached a hummock, elevated and

dry, and free from briers, and here we rested. Our feet were wet and covered with mud, and our clothing saturated with the heavy night dew. We were too tired to eat, and went to sleep from sheer fatigue.

It was nearly noon when Peter made a fire and fried some eggs and bacon in the little pan Matt had found in the rebel guard's haversack. Peter climbed to the top of one of the trees to take an observation, and came down with a ludicrous expression of discouragement on his face. Matt, not satisfied, climbed the tree to look out for himself, and came down more crestfallen than Peter, saying, "No wonder Peter looked discouraged, for the plantation from which we started is in plain sight on the high land back of us."

Peter, who had apparently been thinking over the situation, finally said, "Safe nuff." Matt explained that we had reached our position over a narrow tongue of land, surrounded with swamp and water, but which, in a straight line, was not a mile from our starting-place. If the rebs followed us with dogs we should get warning enough to escape across the sluggish stream near us on three sides, for any one following our track would meet with the same impediments that we had. We therefore determined to remain where we were for a while and see if we were pursued.

The next day the only incident of note that occurred was that some quails lit near us, and Matt

fired at them, killing three, before Peter could interfere.

"Men hear that!" said Peter reproachfully.

"Of course," said Matt, "they know we are somewhere, but others might fire guns in this country as well as ourselves."

"Don't let us travel until we are hunted," I protested; "I'm too sick to scramble through this swamp."

"We'll have these quails to eat anyway," said Matt as he prepared them for broiling.

We remained here for several days. I was no better, but, on the contrary, felt that I was losing strength. The air around me was permeated with a faint odor of decayed vegetation, and sickly vapors, freighted with miasma, seemed to float in the atmosphere. That which nourishes a rank vegetation often kills man.

In any case it was agreed that we could not linger here, for we were nearly out of food, and so we began our travels through the swamp once more. Sometimes Peter carried me over difficult places, for his vigor seemed unabated.

We halted on dry and elevated land, and here my comrades took observations from the trees in order to determine in what direction it was best to go, that we might replenish our stock of provisions.

They determined to leave me a while and go on this errand. I was very tired and lonely for a

few hours after they had left me, but in the afternoon I went to sleep. When I awoke from a profound and restful slumber, I looked up and saw the sun higher in the heavens than when I fell asleep. It was more than twenty-four hours since I began my slumbers, and neither Matt nor Peter had come. I looked for my haversack, and hungrily ate of its contents of Indian cake and bacon.

Where were my comrades? Had they missed their way, or had they been captured?

Full of doubt I remained on the hummock all day, when my food was consumed and I was disheartened. I knew then that some accident had happened to my comrades, or they would have come back to me. Yet I had no disposition to go out and surrender myself.

I now began to move forward through the labyrinth of the swamp, and, being hungry, chewed at twigs which I broke off as I passed along. One of these had a sharp, pungent taste, and I began to imagine it invigorated me.

When it came night I lay down in the oppressive silence of the swamp, and was lonesome and discouraged enough to cry.

The next morning I folded my blanket and, chewing at a twig of the shrub mentioned, began to advance once more in a purposeless manner. I found myself quite free from fever, but very weak.

About noon on this day I came out of a wilder-

ness of cane-brake near a deep and sluggish stream, and lay on the banks in sheer fatigue, hunger, and perplexity.

As I was debating about my future course, some hours after this, I heard the deep bay of bloodhounds, and was soon satisfied that they were on my track. I heard men blowing horns and shouting.

Luckily I had before this time noticed a grapevine that had grown up into a tree on the opposite side of the stream, and which was within reach from a tree on the side on which I stood. I seized this vine, and cut it off so that it would swing clear of the water. It was about half an inch thick. My fears gave me strength, and I easily climbed it, hand over hand, like a rope.

I still heard the sounds of dogs and men. I knew that in times of peril one needed all his self-possession and coolness, and so I proceeded with that deliberation and seeming indifference to danger which sometimes seems to possess one when in peril.

Ascending the vine until my feet were over the water, I began to swing back and forth like a pendulum, until I was able to clutch the tree opposite with my feet and legs. Holding on to the vine with one hand, I caught the tree trunk with the other, slid to the ground, and quickly hid myself.

I was none too soon, for the men presently came

out on the opposite bank. They were baffled, for I heard them cursing and raging up and down the bank of the stream.

Finally the sounds died away, and I was still free.

I went to the water, stripped off my clothes, and bathed, and then lay in the shade, deliberating what next to do. One thing was certain — I must get food or perish.

I was thus deliberating when I heard a movement in the bushes near the stream. I thought at first it might be a stray pig, and had determined to kill it for food. The crackling grew louder, and then I saw, to my great terror, a giant black man coming along beside the stream. He was angling, and was partly naked and partly clothed in skins.

He wore no hat, and his hair was matted in a grotesque mass upon his head. When he turned his face in my direction, I saw that it was almost white, but corrugated with lines, and that his nose, instead of being of the African type, was almost Roman in its character. There was a savage determination stamped upon his face, that made one tremble.

Did I see in him my deliverance from death? I spoke, when, with a bound like a panther, and with angry, startled eyes, he sprang upon me. "I'm hungry and hunted, help me!" burst from my lips with despairing accents.

His aspect changed. He stopped, looked at me, and then advanced with hands extended, as if in encouragement, and with a compassionate look on his face, saying in strangely pure English for a negro, but in accents like one unaccustomed to speech, "Were they hunting you?" I made no motion, but faced him, saying, "Yes, with dogs. I am a Yankee soldier trying to escape!" then overcome with emotion, I reeled with weakness, and fell.

"Yes; I can feed and take care of you," were the first words I heard after this, when I found him supporting me, for my own strength seemed suddenly to have left me.

With his rod on his shoulder and his rude fishing-basket on his arm, he helped me until we came to what seemed to me an impassable slough of ooze and water. Holding my arm, he directed my feet, and then I perceived that piles had been driven until just below the water, and that by stepping on their flat tops they formed a safe passage over the slough, otherwise impassable. "No white man's foot," said he, "ever trod there before."

We soon reached an elevated spot containing about ten acres, which this boggy swamp completely surrounded. Here, near a large live oak, he prepared his fish, and, raking out some live coals, which he had evidently kept covered with ashes, kindled a fire and broiled them.

I took out my little bag of salt and offered him some, but he refused.

“Eat,” he said; “it will do you good.”

I ate as only a man can when half famished, while the giant looked on in compassionate silence, and then he said, “Come and sleep.”

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HUT OF THE FUGITIVE.

THE food I had eaten after my long fast invigorated me, and my courage and confidence, by finding a friend at the time of my seeming hopelessness, were re-established.

I followed my black protector into a portion of the swamp which was thickly studded with towering cypress-trees, whose trunks, like the pillars of a vast temple, supported its roof of interwoven branches, which were hung with festoons of Spanish moss.

Beneath these branches the light of noonday was shut out so completely, that only a dim twilight pervaded its recesses, and all around there was a dark ooze of mud and water.

The silence and gloom conveyed to me a sensation of awe which was not without a certain impress of majesty.

Except our own voices, the splash of some dark form subsiding lazily into the ooze, or the screech of a night bird, no sound broke the silence.

I hesitated, for I saw no passage through this dark maze. The negro must have perceived my

hesitation ; for he said, as if to give me confidence, "Follow close to me," and then over cypress knees, roots, hummocks, and fallen logs, he picked his way with what appeared to me a marvellous instinct.

At last, after a half-hour's journey, we came out upon high and dry land. Here we encountered such an impediment of briars and tangled grape and laurel vines, that I found it impossible to advance farther.

"Try if you can get through der," said the negro. I examined the dense mass for two or three hundred yards, but found no passage, for this natural barricade extended across the high hummock to the swamp on each side.

I thought I perceived a gleam of satisfaction in the negro's face at my failure. He then directed my attention to a point in the barricade, and said, "Get on your hands and knees and creep along these limbs. Don't get off of them, or you will not get out alive ;" and then I perceived that by the use of these lever-like branches the weight of the mass was lifted and, as we passed over, fell back into its place.

After passing several other impediments we came to a cleared space on the hummock, four or five acres in extent, surrounded by swamps on all sides.

"No white man ever came here before," said the negro as he stood erect and looking around him

with the air of a king, or, what is still better, that of a free man and one able to maintain his freedom.

A few steps farther brought us to a picturesque hut built around the base of a huge, live oak.

The rafters of the hut were fastened to the tree, and their ends were supported by uprights, and the whole was interwoven with limbs and twigs, basket-like, and then covered with the bark of cypress-trees, overlapping like clapboards and shingle, to render the hut impervious to rain.

The floor was raised some feet from the ground to prevent, as he informed, me overflowing during the rainy seasons.

I was very curious to know why he built the hut around the base of the tree, when he showed me shelves nailed around it, and then to my astonishment showed me that the tree was hollow, and that he had ingeniously cut away a portion of the trunk, leaving a swinging door of its bark. This door was large enough to conceal a person, and so contrived that, when shut, the whole seemed solid. I also discovered that one could enter here, close the door, climb up inside the tree trunk, and come out at the top, like a chimney sweep from the interior of a chimney.

In one corner was a clay hearth and a fireplace, very neatly contrived. All this excited my surprise and admiration.

The interior of the hut was a model of neatness and cleanliness. Two large bear-skins and some



“A few steps farther brought us to a picturesque hut, built around the base of a huge, live oak.” — Page 370.

dry pine or cypress leaves in one corner of the hut formed the negro's bed.

He kindled a fire outside, and cooked a very palatable meal of fried fish and corn-bread, in an iron pan, for our supper, and showed so great a solicitude to make me comfortable that I could not help trusting him.

That night, at his request, I told him about the war and its tendencies to free the black race; also of Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. He seemed to have some knowledge of these things, gained from the negroes with whom he had intercourse from time to time.

I explained the purport of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, and how tender his heart was for suffering, lowly people. He said after a long silence, "It seems like a dream. The white man's hands have been turned against the black man when he dared to be a man, and now they fall out among themselves and proclaim his freedom!"

When I told him of Mr. Lincoln's life, that he had once been poor and despised, he said, "Only men *who have* been crushed and suffering know how to pity and help other miserable men. White men who own slaves look on black men as dogs. They treat their dogs well, but if they disobey or annoy them, they whip and kill them, when they care to put themselves to so much trouble."

He then briefly told me that he had been raised in Alabama as a house servant, and had been mar-

ried when only twenty years of age to a young woman in the family of his master, but that he had afterwards been cruelly whipped and sold away from home.

"Why," I inquired, "were you whipped?"

"I am a man; and I struck the man who called himself my master for insulting my wife. Then *she* was whipped until she died.

"There was nothing to bind me to white men any longer, and I became free, and will maintain my freedom until I die. No man can capture me, because I will die first;" and there was a glare of suppressed and determined frenzy in his eyes, though his face was immovable. A sense of freedom and manhood seemed to give a nobility to this man's carriage. Is not this an inevitable accompaniment of freedom that is maintained by personal courage?

In the course of our first conversations I gave him an account of my army life and of my escape with Peter and Matt, and also a description of my home life before I became a soldier. I asked him if he would not ascertain what became of my comrades.

He was very much interested, and said he would endeavor to learn what had become of them, but that he was pretty sure that they had been captured on going out of the swamp; for before meeting me he had noticed armed men lurking around there.

That night I slept so soundly that when I did awake, for an instant, I knew not where I was. Though it was before sunrise, Quash (for such was the negro's name) had gone. I amused myself by walking around the hummock, where there was surprising evidence of his ingenuity and industry.

I found a well-kept garden, in which there were growing pease, beans, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, wheat, and other edibles; while in an enclosure I found tame partridges and ducks, but no hens, and, as he afterwards said, "no other noisy fowl."

Upon Quash's return to the hummock he told me that, during the night, he had been out of the swamp, and had ascertained from some field negroes that my companions had been recaptured and sent to a down South prison.

One day, after rambling around the swamp with Quash, I returned, and, seating myself near the cabin, began to read from my Bible. I was thus engaged, when I was startled to find Quash standing by my side.

"What do you read?" he interrogated. When I answered, a sneer came to his face as he said, "My old master was a preacher of that gospel. Before he had a whipping he always read a chapter of it."

"Do you not," I asked, "believe in Jesus?"

Quash frowned, but made no answer. "You practise his teachings," I said, "if you do not believe him." — "I know only one saying in that book,"

said Quash savagely ; “ it is ‘ Servants, obey your masters.’ I have heard that until I know it. I’ve had it whipped into me ; but no one shall whip it into me again.”

“ Yet Jesus told us to do just as you have done. He has said, ‘ Do ye unto others as ye would that they should do unto you ;’ and He also said, ‘ Inasmuch as ye have done to the least of one of these, even so will I do unto you.’ He also said, ‘ A good man out of the treasures of his heart bringeth forth that which is good, for a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit.’

“ Is not this a test of real Christianity, rather than the profession of those who claim to be Christians, and yet violate all of Christ’s teachings? Was your motive not a Christian one when you fed me, and helped me to escape from my enemies ? ”

“ No,” replied Quash ; “ my motive was honest pity for a fellow-man in distress. That is better than professing to be better than poor, inoffensive men. My master did not believe God created a black man, except as a superior kind of brute, endowed with senses of hearing and speech. Can a good tree bring forth such corrupt fruit as that ? ”

I answered him by saying that my father had once said that the best testimony in favor of the goodness of Christ’s teachings is given by wicked men, who try to make their fellow-men believe they are guided by him ; for men do not counter-

feit worthless, but valuable, things. Hypocrisy is the tribute of bad men to Christianity. They profess to have this good, and try to make up in word service that which is lacking in their life service.

Quash knit his brow and sat in silence while I read, and did not refer to the matter again until some time afterwards, when he said, after I had read aloud the "Sermon on the Mount," "Yes, that seems good. Why is it that men professing to believe these things are so bad?" I replied by reading what my father had written on the fly-leaf of my Bible: "The church that does the least for man is least worthy to live; for no church which is not full of benevolent activities can be His church."

After this I often read aloud from the book, but there were seldom any comments, either by Quash or myself.

One morning I awoke with a throbbing head, parched tongue, and with chills and fever.

Quash examined my flesh and tongue, and then said, "It is swamp-fever. I will find something to cure you."

He went out and brought back some bark, from which he made a drink—very strong and bitter. I drank it hot, and soon began to sweat, and in the afternoon, though weak, the fever had left me. A few doses, taken from day to day, helped me wonderfully.

For nearly two months I remained with Quash, helping him in his garden, swinging in his hammock, growing stronger each day, until I was completely restored to health. Then I longed to be back again with my comrades in arms, and planned to escape to our lines. I asked Quash to join me in the effort, but he persistently refused, and tried to dissuade me from making the attempt; but when he saw I was resolved, he assisted in getting me ready. Previously learning, through Quash, the part of South Carolina I was in, I found I could reach our lines by travelling a little over a hundred miles.

I have never known the date of my leaving the swamp that had sheltered me from capture so long, but it must have been near the last of September.

Quash's admonition when we parted, after conducting me to a field-hand's hut, was to keep away from the houses of white men and mulattoes. "The blacker the man and the poorer," he said, "the more he can be trusted."

Many who escaped from rebel prisons will bear testimony that Quash's directions were not wholly false.

He conducted me to a cabin, which I could see was near a large Southern mansion, knocked at the door, when a decrepit old negro answered the summons very crossly, for he had evidently just got out of his bed.

"Mose," said Quash, "don't you know me?"

“Clar ter goodness! if you ain’t der” — but here Quash silenced him by a warning gesture.

“Mose, I want you to conduct this man — a Yankee soldier — near to Atlanta, or, at least, put him in the way of getting there.”

“Why,” exclaimed Mose, “de Yankee soldiers have tuk Atlanta!”

This was the first intelligence I had of the fall of Atlanta, and, as may be supposed, it was very gratifying to me; and I said to Quash, “That means that the Union army is planted right in the heart of the South; and it means freedom to your people, unless the rebs can drive them out.”

Quash’s plan for my escape was, that Mose should travel with me some eight miles that night, and then put me in charge of another trusted black man; and this man was to put me in charge of another; and so on until I reached the Union lines. It appeared to me there was an organized system of posts by which the negroes communicated with each other.

Here a difficulty seemed to occur, as old Mose said they were having a party at the big house, and that he was obliged to be around early, to bring out the guests’ horses in the small hours of the morning.

“You have time to go to the mills in that time,” said Quash.

“Well, I’s e got misery in dis yer back of mine, but I recon I kin do hit.”

On parting with Quash I grasped his hand and said, "If you are freed by this war, come to Minnesota and live with me."

"I'se believe de day ob jubilee am comin'; but 'pears like it wouldn't come in dis ole man's time," interrupted Mose. Here I gave my Bible to Quash, as a parting gift, and he said simply, "Thank you. It is good. It has softened my heart towards all men."

I shook hands with him; and my heart was full as he said, "You can trust old Mose. He is as true as steel. Follow his advice, and he will get you through. May the Lord you trust in guide you to your friends once more!"

And then I parted forever with the noblest and manliest black man I had ever known.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

I AM obliged to confess that had I followed the advice of "Old Mose," I should not at that time, in all probability, have fallen into the hands of the enemy. The circumstances which led to my capture were as follows: It was about ten o'clock in the evening when, accompanied by old Mose, I started out on my journey, travelling through the woods, which, like all timber land of the South, was very open.

Notwithstanding his seeming decrepitude and what he called the "misery in his back," old Mose travelled very rapidly, constantly muttering advice in an undertone which I did not always understand.

"Keep awa' fro' de big houses and no 'count white niggers; look fo' help in de fiel's," was his constantly muttered advice.

"You think they can't be trusted, Uncle?" I asked. Instead of replying, the old man made a motion for silence, exclaiming in a whisper, "Sh! wha' dat?" It was some one singing; it was a woman's voice, at first far away and indistinct,

but rapidly coming nearer, until clear, sweet, and distinct, it swelled into a volume of beautiful melody. The voice thrilled me in a manner which at that moment I could not define.

In a moment more the singing was interrupted; the clatter of hoofs and the yelps of dogs succeeded, which showed me that the singer was one of a party on horseback. "De white fokes gwine to de party. Dat Miss Sibley raise her voice powerful," said old Mose. The party still neared us, laughing and talking, and I recognized among the voices that of Marion Sibley.

I cannot remember when I ever felt as despondent and dissatisfied as I did then, at the thought that I was a fugitive among my enemies. It also angered and humiliated me to confess that I was so much affected at hearing that voice.

The dogs meanwhile had come nearer to us and barked several times, and I thought I heard an undertone of men's voices before the party passed on, as if discussing the cause of their dogs' snuffing and barking. As the party passed I could see the flutter of white garments in the patches of the moonlit clearings.

We travelled in the woods with no other interruption, and at last, near three o'clock in the morning, came out on the edge of a large opening.

"See dat big house — dar?" said Mose.

"Yes, I can see it."

“Keep awa’ fro’ dat;” then pointing to a mud-chinked cabin near us, said, “See dat li’l cabin standin’ ’lone dar? Ole Sam Marshal lib dar; get near dat cabin; wait till de sun do rise, den knock at de do’ and say Mose cum to put me wi’ yo’, and dat I hab to hurry back to ’tend to de quality folks’ horses.” And then without waiting for my thanks Mose disappeared in the woods.

Instead of obeying the old man’s injunction to get near the cabin, I sat watching the door of it with my back against a tree, despondently and bitterly communing with myself.

The next thing of which I was conscious was the sound of voices and the tramp of feet.

I sprang to my feet to find myself among a group of mounted ladies and gentlemen, whom I afterwards learned were just returning from the party mentioned by old Mose, and had surprised me asleep.

Among the group I recognized the young Confederate officer I had met at the Sibley mansion. He eyed me with a cold and curious look as he said, “Who are you, sir?” I was provoked at being so stupid as to allow myself to be captured in so unguarded a manner, and replied, —

I am Lieutenant Clifton of the —th Illinois. He then said with more gentleness than I had thought possible to one with so proud a face, —

“You wear nothing but chevrons, sir, but I accept your word, and am sorry it is my duty to

hold you as a prisoner of war. I shall ask you to give me your parole of honor, or shall I put you under guard?"

"It is very kind of you to accept my parole, and I will not attempt to escape while you are responsible for me."

We went forward and in a moment more were at the big house pointed out to me by old Mose, and, to my agreeable surprise, I found it to be the Sibley mansion from which I had escaped so long ago.

I can only here express my gratitude for the kindness which I, an enemy and "a stranger in a strange land," received at the hands of these people. I am the more grateful when I contrast my generous treatment there with the horrible months that followed.

In talking with the young Confederate officer, I found that he was one of those who had confronted us at Vicksburg, and was not unmindful of the great kindness which he there received as a prisoner-of-war.

On arriving at the Sibley mansion, I was allowed an opportunity of making myself as neat as possible before coming in contact with the family. I found that, notwithstanding my experiences in the swamp, my uniform was in very tolerable condition, and when I was brushed that I was quite presentable. That morning I breakfasted with the Confederate officer, and later took my dinner with the Sibley family, as their guest.

It showed the kindly Southern courtesy of this officer, when, at one time, the conversation turning to war affairs, he checked it by saying,—

“Do not forget, gentlemen, that Mr. Clifton cannot properly listen to your discussion without replying to your sentiments, and, as he is a prisoner on parole, he is at a disadvantage among you.”

I thanked the lieutenant, and so did my host and his family—not by words, but by their manner. During the day Mr. Sibley said, “Your friends,—that Irish dare devil” (so he termed Matt) “and the big half-breed,—were brought here after being captured.”

I inquired if they had been hurt, and he said they had not.

“Peter, as you call him, looked dangerous, but the Irishman was as irrepressible as ever, and was not in the least cast down, though,” said the doctor with a smile, “he was not quite as noisy as when he was playing Confederate guard over Yankee prisoners.”

When I had expressed my pleasure that no worse fate had befallen them, the doctor said with a shake of his head, “They were sent to Andersonville, and I have been told by a medical friend on duty there that the sanitary condition of that prison is bad—horrible—that the death rates are simply incredible.”

I remained at the Sibleys’ two days longer, almost forgetting that I was a prisoner-of-war,

but at the expiration of that time was told by the lieutenant that he was to turn me over to a guard coming through by rail with prisoners from Atlanta.

I left the home of the Sibleys, where I had been so kindly treated, and as I shook hands and thanked the members of the family, it seemed to me Miss Marion's hand lingered quite willingly in mine.

That afternoon I arrived at the station on the ——— Railroad, was turned over to the officer in charge of the Yankee prisoners, was crowded into a filthy box car, with some fifty other privates and non-commissioned officers, for my rank was here judged by my uniform and not by what I said.

The next morning we arrived at Macon, were fed with heavy, unpalatable corn-bread, and later were switched into a road at right angles with the one we had been travelling and that ran almost in an easterly direction.

I learned for the first time since my capture in July of the military situation since the capture of Atlanta — that all of its buildings and stores of a public nature had been demolished; that the Etowah Railroad was ordered destroyed, and that wrecked engines, bent and twisted rails, and lonesome chimneys and ruins were quite common, and saddening to the hearts of the chivalry.

"They say," says one, "that Uncle Billy is

going to make every family there move out, so if Hood gets possession again, he won't get anything worth a cent."

Among those in the box-car in which I was placed was a little drummer, very quiet and sweet-faced, whom they called "Bob." He seemed to shrink from the rude familiarity of the other prisoners. Along towards evening I found him snuggled next to me for protection. We became friendly at once. He told me he belonged to a Massachusetts regiment, and that only two others of his regiment were captured at the time he was.

We crossed a long trestle-work when near Charleston and emerged into a country where on either side were lonely looking trees, festooned with drapery-like moss, clinging to the top branches and swinging in the breeze as if, as little Bob said, they were mourning for the Confederacy.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that the cars stopped, and we discovered that we were near the water front of Charleston, S.C.

Evidences of the bombardment from our batteries down the harbor could be seen as we marched through the streets. Here an irregular hole in the side or end of a brick edifice, — the corner of a building knocked away, — or the blackened remains of those ignited by our shells.

We heard the explosion of shells above the city as we marched along, and the occasional dull report

of heavy guns, three or four miles distant, from whence these missiles came. I noticed that shoots of grass were growing up around the paving-stones in the streets.

The people on the sidewalks and at the open windows spoke kindly, and gave some of our number cigars and cakes. Most of them appeared to be German Jews.

The fall of Atlanta had compelled the hasty removal of most of the prisoners from Andersonville and their distribution to other points in the South, where they would be safe from Sherman's clutches. Among the prison camps established for this purpose was one in the rear of Charleston. To this we were consigned.

At the time of my arrival, September 25th, there were about five thousand prisoners at this place, known as the "race course," or "fair-ground," in the rear and west of the city.

The fair-ground, comprising about forty acres of level land, was surrounded by dense foliage, and, when seen under favorable circumstances, was no doubt a beautiful spot. Seen by a prisoner it looked very uninviting.

The area where the prisoners were encamped was marked by an ordinary plough furrow and surrounded by sentinels, while outside of these were several batteries of light field-pieces, to mow down the prisoners at the slightest exhibition of insurrection.

Filthy huts, about knee high, made from shreds of clothing and soldiers' dirty blankets, crowded this area in an indescribable jumble. A terrible stench emanated from this squalid place.

With little Bob by my side, and with my blanket and baggage over my shoulders, I walked the narrow, crooked paths among the mass of wretched men who, recognizing me as a new prisoner, crowded around to inquire the news, or invite trade.

Famine looked out from their lustreless eyes. Such hopelessness and wretchedness were stamped upon their skeleton-like forms, trembling, groping hands, their dry and parched lips, and dirt-clotted faces, as if they were blasted with some terrible fungus of disease.

Their garments and persons were infested with vermin, their dirt-stained faces made hard by suffering had in them something indescribably plaintive.

I observed that when they reached out their hands to take some article offered them, their arms described a curved line, as if they were too heavy to be put out straight from the shoulder.

Bare-footed, hair-matted, famine-stricken as they were, they were as eager in their inquiries for news of the army at the front as for food. In voices high-pitched and tremulous with weakness, they inquired the news from Grant and Sherman; but I could give them none they had not already heard, for this they got from fresh captives coming in

from our armies nearly every day. A sense of indescribable dread and loneliness came over me at the thought that I had not one single acquaintance, except little Bob, among all this throng of miserable beings.

We moved in and out among the jumble of squalid huts, seeking a place where we could camp. The difficulty of doing this was increased by the frequency of little shallow wells, eight or ten feet deep, which had been dug by the prisoners near almost every hut.

"What makes you have so many wells?" I inquired of one into whose well I had nearly stumbled. "When we get something good here and can get enough of it, we just take it. Now, at Camp Sumter"—here to my surprise the prisoner threw back the rim of a ragged soft hat, jumped from the ground, rushed forward with extended arms, and began to cry in whimpering tones, "Tom! Tom!"

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Why, don't you know me? Don't you know Sam Ryder?"

It was indeed Sam, but so changed that I might have passed him a dozen times without recognizing him.

"Do you know," I inquired, after the first salutations were over, "anything about Matt and Peter?"

"Yes; they started from Andersonville in the

same detachment with me, — they must be on this starvation lot somewhere ; but this place ain't so bad ; it's high up alongside of Andersonville ! ”

Seeing my incredulity, he said, “ Well, 't is tough for a new beginner at this boardin'-house to believe, but that place was a hell on earth and nothing short of it. 'Bout all them fellers captured at Kenesaw Mountain are dead 'cept Jim. You remember Jim Fowler. Say, Jim ! ” calling out to a picturesque collection of dirt and rags that had just hove in sight, “ come here. Do you know this fellow that looks as if he had come out of a bandbox ? ”

Jim looked at me from the sunken sockets of his eyes, toddled forward, and said in high-pitched, trembling tones, unlike the manly ones I'd formerly known as Jim's, “ Yes ; it's orderly Tom, I reckon ! ” Then, with something like his old humor, “ Have some supper with us, will yer ? “ Can't give you much of a spread, Sergeant Tom. They've been feedin' us for shadders and not for a cattle show, by a long sight,” said Jim, looking at me so piteously that, do all I could to restrain them, tears came to my eyes.

“ We get some wood hyer, and that's more than we got at Andersonville, and we get a sniff of decently cool air, but you couldn't get a sniff of that there.”

“ I guess I'll look up Peter and Matt and camp with them,” I said.

Sam laughed at the idea. "Why, Tom," said he, "they'll be as hard to find as a needle in a haystack, and you'd better take a good look at this place before you leave it, so as to find it again; but what's yer hurry? Camp right down side of us here."

So Bob and I spread our blankets by the side of Jim and Sam.

When rations were issued that evening I got myself put into the second hundred of the third thousand, and drew rations with Sam.

I got for my day's ration about two spoonfuls of hominy, three of rice, four of beans, and four of wheat flour, and as much for Bob.

I put in my stock of comforts with Sam and Jim, and derived as much benefit from this arrangement as they did.

The next morning when I produced my little long-handled fry pan to cook my johnny-cake, both Sam and Jim actually jumped with delight at the prospect of borrowing it.

"Why," laughed Sam, "yo'd a lost that and your whole kit before this if yer hadn't sort of providentially met me. These hungry fellers are awfully absent-minded. They'd walk away with the big dipper, north star and all; yes, the great ba'r, too, if they could get him; they'd eat him raw, too, ef he was anyways eatable."

That day the boys told me, in disconnected sentences, about Andersonville, and how our brave boys captured at Kenesaw had perished there.

"They are about all dead," said Jim mournfully, "and I guess the squad sergeant has got a paper marked for me."

"Oh, don't, Jim!" said Sam; "it ain't no use ter borrow trouble."

In reply to my inquiry, Sam told me that at Andersonville the sergeant of a squad pinned to the breast of each dead man a piece of paper marked with the name of the man and sometimes, in anticipation of death of members of his squad, he made them out in advance.

That morning, after breakfast, I went over the camp very confident of finding Peter and Matt, and came back discouraged.

"Better sit right still," said Sam, "and wait for 'em ter to come 'round. You will hit on 'em by accident before you do by looking yer eyes out."

So I took Sam's advice and tried to make myself comfortable, and settled down to the common lot of Union prisoners at Charleston, which steadily became worse and worse each day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLESTON FAIR-GROUND.

ONE morning, about a week after the events narrated in the foregoing chapter, upon looking over the camp once more (for I had not given up trying to find Matt and Peter), I returned to our mess discouraged.

I found Sam doubled up over a little fire, cooking mush, while "little Bob" was on his hands and knees blowing the fire to keep it blazing.

"That little fellow," said Sam, "ain't got breath enough in him to make a blaze. See here! Tom, you hold the mush-dish and I'll blow. Get out, Bob, and see me do it!"

"Where's Jim Fowler?" I inquired, noticing that he was not present as usual when any cooking was to be done.

"Well," said Sam, choking with smoke, "Jim ain't dead, but he has kinder gin out."

"What's the matter?"

"Now, look here," said Sam, sitting up and sniffling, "I'll tell yer how 'tis, Tom, when a man has got the scurvy, he's got most everything else in the shape of disease. If he's got a weak spot, or

ever had, for instance, weak lungs or sore throat, it seems to bring out the old disease, and yer can doctor it till doomsday ; 't won't do a speck of good — till he gets something for the scurvy ; then 't will leave as if 't was kicked eout."

"What's good for the scurvy?" I asked.

"Well," said Sam with a grin, accompanied by a snuffle produced by the smoke, "lemons and limes and potatoes and mutton-chops air good, but I suppose I might as well say gold dollars, for they ain't any harder to git."

"Can't we buy some lemons or potatoes here?"

"Yes, if we had money, but" — here Sam got on his knees again and began blowing the fire, saying in parenthesis, "if potatoes were selling at a cent a bushel, we couldn't buy a spud."

"Can't you buy them with these greenbacks?" I inquired, taking a small roll of them from my pocket. Sam resumed a sitting position as if he had a spring in his back, like a jack-knife, excitedly exclaiming, "Man alive! of course, it's the only thing you can get them with: they're next to gold. Jerusalem! Why didn't yer let on before? How much is there?"

"About fifty dollars," I replied, passing him the money.

Sam counted it and corrected me by saying, "Just fifty-tew dollars and this small stuff," and, passing back all but a ten-dollar bill and some fractional currency, said, "I'll get something ter eat neow rite off, if yer say so?"

I nodded my assent, and Sam gave a hitch to the waistband of his trousers, drew in his breath with a snuffle, as if to settle the smoke he'd swallowed, and started out.

He soon returned, happy in the possession of a dozen Irish potatoes, four onions, and two wheat biscuit, which he had procured at the rebel sutler's.

He gave Jim some potato to eat raw; but poor Jim's mouth was swollen, and his gums so sore that he declared he couldn't chew.

He swallowed some soup that Sam made, however, and also some raw scraped potato, but said, "I reckon 'tain't much use, but you boys ar' right good ter me, I'll 'low. It looks right good to see that," pointing to the cloud of a shell that just then broke over the spire of a church. "It's sort of a comfort to know that our boys down the harbor are just a-gettin' at these rebs, if a fellow can't ever fight any more."

The next afternoon Sam said, "Tom, Jim wants ter see yer," so I crawled into the squalid hut we occupied in common for sleeping, and said, "What is it, Jim?"

"Orderly, I don't believe," said he mournfully, "I'm a-goin' ter pull through this heat."

"Keep up courage," I said: "you'll come out all right and live to see your wife and boys you've told me about."

Jim looked at me mournfully from out of the sunken sockets of his eyes, and replied in the

dreary, far-away tones of a famished man, "I could live to get out o' the hands of any savages but these. See here," and he showed me the maggots crawling from his very flesh. Then, after a while, he said, "Say, orderly, if you ever get out of this, tell my boys that I had a chance at Andersonville to go out and work and save my life but would n't.

"Tell 'em I loved the Union, that I hated what these rebs loved, and I loved what they hated so much that perhaps God will forgive the rest. It's pretty good r'ligion for a or'nary man."

Later in the day, when I visited him, he said faintly, "Mother used to teach me a prayer, when I was a little chap, 'fore she died, and, — I'll try and pray it now;" then, clasping his hands above his breast, he said faintly, "'Now I lay me down to sleep — I pray the Lord my soul to keep. — If I should die'" — A gasp, and poor Jim's prayer was ended. He breathed heavily once or twice and was dead. He was one of the bravest and most faithful of our boys. I pray fervently that God his soul "may keep," for it was worthy of his great, all-embracing love.

The rations grew steadily less and less in quantity, the supply of wood began to fall short, and at last for two days no rations at all were issued to the camp of half-starved prisoners.

On the last of these days it was rumored around camp that food was to be given out.

Leaving Sam on guard over our quarters, I went with Bob to the south-west end of the camp, where the rations were usually issued.

After some time spent in waiting, an officer rode up here and, commanding attention, said, "We want some men to work down on the islands in the harbor. It is work you've all been accustomed to. We will give those who go out to do this work rations of vegetables, meat, flour, beans, rice, and all the tobacco and whiskey they want. None of you will be compelled to go, but all who accept this offer will be *made* to do the work whether they like it or not. All those who wish to go will come to this place after dark, and we'll take care of them. Who will go?"

"I!" "I!" "I!" came the answer from trembling lips down which the saliva ran at the very mention of fresh meat and vegetables.

A voice in the crowd of prisoners exclaimed, "Men, hunger has made you crazy! You forget the old flag! Listen to me a moment!" and, clambering on an empty rice-cask, a soldier in the tattered remains of a gray suit that looked suspiciously as if it had once been a rebel uniform, began to speak: "Comrades! this Confederate officer has told you what he wants you for. If you don't understand, I'll tell you. He wants you, who have fought for the old flag, to dig rifle-pits, behind which rebels to that flag may shield themselves from the shot of our guns down there! It may

be square for him to make this proposition, but it is treason for you to accept it. After fighting and suffering for the Union, who is there here that will use spades or muskets for their rotten Confederacy? Who is there here with a soul so small that he will not rot in Charleston rather than lift his hand against the old flag? Who can look an honest man, or your father, or mother, in the face, after being a traitor? Let them starve you, men, that's their business. Yield and you are cowards."

"Go on! Go on! It's the right kind of talk! Go on!" came the shout from starving lips that but a moment before were clamoring to go out.

"Bully for you, Matt!" I shouted, for before this I had discovered that it was Matt Ryan. As he turned I called again to him. His eyes met mine, and it was ludicrous rather than heroic to see him scramble down from the rice-cask, excitedly exclaiming, "Tom! — Tom Clifton! by all the powers! where did you come from?"

By this time others among the prisoners had caught the spirit communicated by Matt's eloquent words and had begun speaking.

Matt was shaking hands with me when Bob, by my side, began to cry. "Who is this little squealer," said Matt.

"I wanted to go out," cried Bob; "but I could never have looked my mother in the face again if I had."

"Oh, hush up! that's all right. I wanted to go

myself," said Matt, putting his ragged arm around the boy's neck; "it's all right; shut up!"

"Where's Peter?" I inquired.

"At home, cooking."

"Home," in its application here, struck me as an outrageous travesty on the real thing, but it was an expression often heard.

I was soon shaking hands with dear old Peter, but how thin, hollow-eyed, and ragged he was!

Matt's declaration that he had "only an outline map of a suit," applied also to Peter's clothing.

"What's the matter, Peter? You look down in the mouth."

"Takes more grub fill me dan Matt," was Peter's reply.

After the meeting Peter, Sam, Matt, Bob, and myself agreed to mess together and help each other fight disease and death. It was agreed that each one of us should bathe all over each day, and that in the division of food Peter should have a little the biggest share.

We first constructed a larger and more comfortable hut, and to one of us each day was assigned the duty of airing it and making the interior orderly, clean, and as comfortable as possible.

My money was mostly gone, but I was able at first to purchase a little vegetable food for Peter, and he seemed for a time to gain in health and strength; but, like the great mass of prisoners, he had been starved and confined to the foul air of a

fetid prison camp so long, that nothing short of a radical change could benefit him.

His limbs were bloated with scurvy, and he began to grow worse when he was no longer able to obtain nutritious food.

"No good; take me hospital," said Peter.

The word "hospital" had always been associated in my mind with kindness, generous food, and good care, and I at once said, —

"Why didn't I think of it before? It's just the thing!"

Matt grinned sarcastically, and said, "Guess you never was in a rebel hospital, Tom."

"Where is it?" I inquired.

"Just out here, north from the prison," said Matt. "Come, I'll show you;" and so I went out with him and from the prison camp could see a collection of huts similar in appearance, though the camp was smaller than the prison camp.

"Perhaps it's like a singed cat," I suggested, "better than it looks."

"Well, Tom," said Matt, "we might take Peter out there and get him some medicine. You know they won't prescribe or give out any for a sick man unless he is carried to 'em."

So we concluded to take him out, see for ourselves what kind of a place it was, and, at least, get the medicine for him.

He was not too sick to walk, but to impress the prison authorities Matt and I walked on each side of him.

I found the hospital squalid beyond description ; the place did not contain a single tent, the only shelter being blankets. The inmates were more destitute of these than even ordinary prisoners.

We passed along the stenching, polluted thoroughfares, my courage and hope oozing away at every step, until we met the crowd of miserales around the surgeon's booth.

Here were terrible cases of gangrene (produced by long exposure to the poisonous prison air), which had rendered the blood impure, so that the slightest abrasion of the skin had become a putrid sore ; and these, on removal of the foul shreds of woollen cloth, revealed the flesh falling from the bones, where among naked cords and ligaments maggots held a premature feast.

Other poor creatures, once brave and manly, now weakened in intellect, with faded eyes in hollow sockets, their hands and naked feet covered with filth and dirt, their foul rags hanging in tatters, their voices, once strong and manly, now an inarticulate whine, the skin clinging tightly to the bones from which the flesh had wasted away, presented a terrible sight.

I cannot describe the horrible scenes I saw, — language is too feeble, — and I would not if I could. They can only be comprehended, as inaccessible heights are measured, by the awful shadows which they project — by the accumulative testimony coming from the survivors of these scenes.

We reached the surgeon after passing through this crowd. That officer gave one look at poor Peter, then hardly able to stand, and exclaimed angrily, "What do you bring this man here for?"

"He's sick," I said. "Will you not give him medicine?"

"We don't doctor men who can walk around."

"No," I indignantly replied, "it seems not; you endeavor to save only when there is no hope."

The surgeon, as if struck by the remark, gave another look at Peter, and then again looking me steadily in the face said, in an expressive undertone, "The best medicine for him and all these wretches is food. Here are some camphor pills. Take him away!"

We were glad to escape. It was no place, as Matt said, for either a sick or well man. We carried Peter back again, and he lay down in our hut with a sigh of relief, saying, "Better place die in here."

But he did not die.

I had pondered on the remark of the rebel surgeon, "The best medicine is food." I had a gold watch, of fine workmanship, which had been given me by my uncle John, and I knew I could trade it for more Confederate money than I could carry with Peter's portage straps, and I then determined to sell it and get nourishing food for him.

The Sisters of Charity had begun at this time to come into the prison, doing errands for the prison-

ers, performing offices of mercy for almost naked creatures, without ever inquiring their creed, or expecting reward. I called the attention of one of these to Peter, and proposed that she should sell the watch and bring us the money.

The next day she returned it, saying that she could not find any one with enough spare money to buy it at its proper price.

“What is its proper price?”

“Five thousand dollars in Confederate money, or a hundred and seventy or two hundred in gold,” was her reply.

“How much,” I inquired, “did they offer for it?”

“Two thousand dollars in Confederate money,” she replied. “If I get another offer, I’ll let you know.”

That day, while near the sentinels, an officer passed, and I asked him if he would hand me a stick of cord-wood which lay just outside the guard-line, and he complied with my request. I thanked him, and he was about to pass along, when I detained him by inquiring if he would like to buy a fine watch.

“Let me see it,” he replied. I passed it over to him. He examined it and said, “It is a beautiful watch. What’s the price?” I told him. “I’ll take the watch,” he said. “What do you want to buy with the money?”

“Food.”

“I can give you part money and part orders on the sutler, if you prefer. I am in command of this camp, and I will see, if you should leave here, that your orders shall be good wherever you go.”

So we traded, and the arrangement proposed by the colonel proved to be an unusually fair one.

Under good and abundant vegetable and meat diet Peter improved daily, and in three weeks was quite vigorous once more.

From this incident I drew the inference, which I believe is a correct one, that scurvy is but another form of starvation.

In October it was rumored that the yellow-fever had made its appearance in Charleston, and during the excitement caused by this rumor, the order came for our removal.

A detachment was sent away next day, and about two thousand thereafter daily until there were but few remaining in camp.

At last we got the order for our removal, and were packed on board of box-cars, *en route* for we knew not where. As we left Charleston we saw also leaving the city a train-load of our officers, who shouted to some of the men they were acquainted with, on board of our car.

At some of the switch-off tracks near the city we noticed families living in cars which were carpeted, and in some instances there were carved bedsteads, and in one instance a grand piano, which led me to the inference that it was not entirely the

“low down” or poor whites who were living in them.

Peter and little Bob had become great friends, and it was beautiful to see Bob take refuge with the big half-breed when roughly spoken to or rudely jostled.

During our first day’s journey I found Peter holding Bob in his arms.

“What’s the matter, Peter?”

“He got pain here,” said Peter, pointing to his throat. I thought no more of it till later.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FLORENCE PRISON.

THERE was a creaking and outcry from the brakes, a sudden clang and jolt, when, at midnight, the train halted. Many of us who were still asleep were after this awakened and ordered off the cars. The rain was pouring in torrents.

“Bad place sick little boy,” I heard Peter say as we stood in the drenching rain, where we could not see a hand before us, it was so dark.

Those who had constituted our mess at Charleston kept close together as we left the cars, and I inferred from an occasional word that passed between them that Peter was carrying Bob in his arms.

After a half-hour of stumbling forward for short distances, and then stopping, and then going forward again, we at last halted and lay down together in the mud. The ground was miry and covered with hubbles of a cornfield.

Little Bob lay down between Peter and myself, in the rain, which poured down throughout the remainder of the night in uninterrupted fury.

In the night I heard Peter say, “What matter,

Bobby?" and once I felt Bob clutch my shoulder. I thought nothing of it till morning dawned, when the little fellow was found dead by my side.

Peter was kneeling by the side of his little friend, silently telling his beads, as if that was the only thing he could think to do for the dead boy.

I went to the officer of the guard and said, "We want permission to bury a boy who died last night."

"Don't distress yourself, Yank. We'll bury him."

"But we want to know where he is buried. Can't we bury him so as to send word to his mother?"

"I reckon not."

"Just think of your own little boy dying in a strange land, and you not know where he was buried."

"Haven't got none; boy no business here."

"But the little fellow is only a child!" The officer sat stolidly, without deigning a reply.

There was no redress; no appeal. I went back to the boys and told them.

Peter made no remark, but covered the little fellow's face with his tattered handkerchief. On a piece of paper Matt wrote his name, rank, regiment, company, and age, and pinned it to his breast, with the request that those who buried him would mark the grave.

Then we all knelt silently, praying, each after

his own fashion, to the same merciful Father and Son, for the brave little Union soldier who died in this dreary place, away from his mother's arms.

Before we marched away I folded his frail brown hands over the New Testament which was found in his pocket. On it were written the words, "From mother to Robert," — that mother who would see her boy no more until the glory of a brighter morning should bring them together. Alas, how many who entered the prison that day found their final resting-places where the tall, weird, southern pines still whisper their requiem!

We marched eastward a half-mile, when a stockade of pine logs loomed up before us. The great gate creaked querulously, yawned, and closed on us.

Wretched men gathered around us to inquire the news. With very few exceptions the prisoners we met had come from Andersonville.

The enclosure which marked the limits of the prison was built of pine logs, scored on the sides, and set upright in a trench. The area enclosed consisted of two opposite hillsides and the level plateau back of them. Through the centre ran a narrow and swampy brook, on each side of which was low land, covered in part by the stumps of trees which had been cut down for the purpose of building the stockade. The ground was black and without vegetation.

The prison area was in the form of a parallelogram, about seven hundred feet wide, and eleven

hundred feet long. There were two gates at the west end of the prison. At the north-east corner of the stockade there was a railing, enclosing an area allotted to the hospital. All around the interior of the stockade, eighteen feet from it, was a wide ditch, for a dead line, and to prevent the prisoners from tunnelling or digging out.

Outside the stockade was another broad ditch, the earth of which had been thrown against the palisade, making a walk, which brought the sentinel breast-high above the walls.

We employed the first hours of the morning in looking for a place to build a hut. We finally selected as suitable for our use a vacant spot on the west hillside, and at once began the attempt of making ourselves comfortable.

We first levelled off a spot, which we partly dug into the side hill, and over this pitched two blankets, resembling in form an A tent.

In the afternoon Matt and I obtained permission to go outside, under guard, for wood. We brought as many pine boughs as we could drag, stripped off the pine needles, and covered the bottom of our hut therewith. This made a more comfortable bed than we had enjoyed in prison up to this time, and the boughs, when cut up with my large knife, gave us a good supply of wood for cooking.

During our absence Peter had been in the lowlands stripping the stumps for bark. We used

part of this to patch the rear of our hut, and felt, when we had completed it, that we had done a good day's work. Such was the beginning of our life at Florence. It daily became worse and worse.

In November the nights were intensely cold, and every morning the bristling frost was white like snow on the ground.

As the Confederate sergeant counted the different squads at an early hour, my comrades, who had no shoes, suffered intensely from cold.

The prisoners were starved, poorly clad, and could not resist cold like those in ordinary conditions of life.

During the winter it seemed impossible to keep warm, and all night men were to be heard walking the narrow streets, with plaintive wails and chattering teeth, in the endeavor to keep warmth in their poor starved bodies.

Often, when we found it too cold to sleep nights by "spooning" close to each other in our hut, we adopted the same expedient, and then slept in the warm sun during the day.

Our rations were even less in quantity here than they had been at Charleston. This may have been caused in part by the fact that Sherman had begun his march from Atlanta to the Sea, gathering the sustenance of the country for his army; and in part by sheer indifference or negligence.

The Confederates opened a recruiting-office outside, and offered bounty of food and clothing to

our men who would join their ranks. Very few joined them who would have been good for anything in our ranks, or who would prove of much use to the Confederates.

The rebels themselves showed their estimate of the men by calling them "galvanized Yanks."

When they came to Shaw — the big Massachusetts man, whom we found here on our arrival — with an offer to go out and work at his trade as shoemaker, Shaw said simply, "No, sir; I know how to starve; you've taught me that; but no one has taught me to be a traitor." Such were the men who died by thousands, — men who could die, but would not prove false to their country, — worthy descendants of those who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill that civil liberty might bless the land.

Matt and Peter had gone out to draw the rations, which were usually issued late in the afternoon. They both came back later, saying, "No rations; the Confeds say we have got a tunnel somewhere and that men are escaping."

"What has that," I said, "to do about issuing rations?"

"They say none are to be issued to the prisoners until the tunnel is discovered. Got any money left, Tom?" asked Matt.

"All gone but five dollars Confederate money," I replied. "I was holding on to that for an emergency."

50 CENTS
MECHANICS' BANK
 WILL PAY TO BEARER ON DEMAND
 January 1, 1862
 Savannah, Ga.
Wm. H. Davis

25 CENTS
ECHANICS' BANK
 SAVANNAH, FEBRUARY 22, 1862
 enough that Wm. H. Davis has deposited
FIVE CENTS
 in, bearing four per cent. interest, payable to bearer on return of this script.
Wm. H. Davis

50 CENTS
MECHANICS' BANK
 WILL PAY TO BEARER ON DEMAND
 January 1, 1862
 Savannah, Ga.
Wm. H. Davis

50 CENTS
Marine Bank, Georgia
 WILL PAY TO BEARER TEN CENTS
 presented in sums of five cents
 Savannah, January 15, 1863
Wm. H. Davis

50 CENTS
The Merchants and Bankers Bank
 WILL PAY TO BEARER FIFTY CENTS
 in Confederate Treasury Notes
 Savannah, January 15, 1863
Wm. H. Davis

25 CENTS
Manufacturers Bank
 WILL PAY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in Confederate Notes and upwards
 Notes to bearer, when presented in sums of five cents
 Macon, Mar. 2, 1863
O. B. Wells

15 CENTS
AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK
 CERTIFICATE
 EIGHTEEN CENTS
 Made in payment of Confederate Notes
 Deposited in the
 City of Augusta, Ga.
 Dec. 1, 1862
Wm. H. Davis

Confederate Script, used during the war. (Much reduced from the original size.)

"I guess this is the emergency fur yer," said Sam.

The result was we bought two cakes of Indian-meal.

There were no rations issued the next day, for the reason given the day before, and from morning till night we tasted no food.

I determined to sell my shoes, if possible, to one of the rebel sentinels, and with this purpose went around the enclosure, looking up at the different men on post in hopes to sell them.

While so engaged I smelled a most inviting odor of fried bacon. No one but a man who has suffered the keenest pangs of hunger can understand me when I say I was drawn irresistibly to the spot where that bacon was being cooked.

The man who was cooking the bacon proved to be a sailor, or was dressed in sailor clothing. He had quite a pile of sweet potatoes by his side, and some others cooking in a tin pot on the fire where he was frying the bacon.

As I stood sniffing the fragrant smell, the man looked up and said, "What are you standing there for?" Then, as I did not answer, he continued, "You're a thin specimen; how long have you been a prisoner?"

I replied I had only been a prisoner since September, but hadn't been very well, and wanted to sell my shoes.

"I can't trade; these potatoes belong to a reb out-

side, and my partner is acting as a trader for him. You know the rebels have a law against taking United States greenbacks, but the rebs outside had rather have a dollar of it than a hundred of Confederate money; so they get around it in this way. 'T is time my partner was round here. Hold on a minute, he'll trade with you. Why, here he is now."

Standing by my side, with his black eyes gleaming from under his straight, shaggy brows, was Pat Pike.

A rebel prison was like a large city, where one was likely to meet any one; but, though I had been accustomed to unexpected meetings in this jumble of men thrown together by the strange happenings of war, in this instance I confess I was too surprised to utter a word.

Not so with Pike. "Ah, me boy! Shure the rebs have got you, have they? Where's Matt?"

"He's here; so's Peter and a lot of our boys."

"And the lot of them starving, are yees? Ah, thin, it's yer shoes ye want to sell? Put um on, it's cowl'd. Here, I'll *give* yees more spuds than yees can buy wid um. Here, take these potatoes to Matt. Till him I have jist something important to till him."

I went to our hut, told Matt, and while the potatoes were being boiled and the bacon fried, we discussed the occurrence of the morning.

Matt simply replied, "This grub is good, what-

ever Pike may be." We ate thankfully, and were indeed in luck, for, during three days, no rations had been given out to the prisoners, and men died like sheep. Then some of the prisoners, it was said, who had dug a tunnel for that purpose, discovered it to brute Barrett, who had caused the rations to be stopped, and food was once more doled out in scanty rations to the unfortunates.

When I told Matt that Pike had something to say to him, and had requested me to bring him up that afternoon, he at first refused to go; but Peter said, "Go," and Sam Ryder said, "'T is no place to stand on bygones with a man who's got sweet potatoes and bacon to give yer, when yer grub-struck as we be."

So Matt went with me. When Pike saw Matt in his ragged Confederate suit, he said reproachfully, "Shure, they haven't made a galvanized Yank of yees, have they?"

As Matt was not inclined to explain, I told the story of our attempt to escape. "A bowld thing, an jist like your father's son," said Pike, his face lighting up with an expression of pleasure.

"Did you know my father?" said Matt.

"Shure, Matt, he was me own cousin."

"Why did you join our company," said Matt, "with a lie on your lips, and take my father's name and letter?"

"An' it was a cheap way to conceal me identity, and I had at first no idea that I should find Michael

Ryan's son in that company, or any one who knew him. A man, while in my hazardous employmint niver knows what good may come of such a concealmint. It happened your disthrust and me change of names so re-established me in the confidence of the rebels at Vicksburg, that I have been able to do good work for the country since."

"It seems to me," said Matt, "that spying is a pretty mean business."

"Yes," said Pike; "and more dangerous than fighting. This very minute there's a halter round me neck: no knowing when I'll swing by it."

"You take it pretty easy," I said, admiring his coolness.

"An' it's me way. Shure if I lost me nerve, I should be worse than nothing, in playing a game like this. I came near losing it at Vicksburg—I was vexed jist a moment. 'How did I come here?' I'll till yees a bit about it. Before I lift Gineral Sharman,—after the time I came down over Musclee Shoals, bringing the lettther from Gineral Grant,—I agreed to go into the inemies' counthry and burn some bridges to prevint the rebs concentrating against him. Then I thried it ag'in on the Atlanta campaign; got caught; then,—no matther, I satisfied the rebs." Then, in lower tones, he said, "I've been sent here by the rebs to spy on the prisoners, for they think there's a plot for an outbreak. It's not long that I will stay here. Ould Sharman has started out from Atlanta,

and will rache the saycoast before New Year's. Shure, I must git to him before thin." Then, with an expressive gesture, he said, "Kape still av this," then began to talk about selling us some sweet potatoes.

"Give me yer note for what potatoes yer want, Clifton."

I gave him my note for four bushels of potatoes at twenty-five dollars per bushel.

This note was never presented for collection, and I don't think he intended to collect it when he took it in payment.

In a few days this mysterious man disappeared from camp, and I never saw him again.

Before he went he gave Matt a detailed account of the reasons of his father's non-return to his home, and of his death, all of which is immaterial to this story.

The only thing learned of Pike after that time was recently, while reading the memoirs of a prominent Union general, I saw the statement that during the March to the Sea a certain spy named Pike came into our lines at Columbia, S.C.; that after the war he received a commission in the regular service, and accidentally shot himself while on the frontier, some years later. I believe he was the same man I have written of here.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

I WAS cooking potatoes one morning, when I heard a Confederate guard in camp making inquiries for me.

I looked up from my smoky fire, saying, "I am the man. What do you want?"

"I reckon ye'l hef ter cum with me," said the Confederate. "Cheatam, our adjutant, wants yer."

"What have I done?" I inquired, for I imagined that this might mean my arrest.

"Reckon ye'd better leave yer fixin's and tote yourself along wi' me," was the only answer the guard gave me.

I was not very presentable, even for a prisoner. My face was black with the smoke of numerous fires of pitch-pine limbs and roots I had wrestled with; my feet black with the dark soil of the camp, where I had waded in the stream for cooking water; my clothes were ragged, and scarcely broke joints over my nakedness. Besides this, I was not, as a whole, in a frame of mind conducive to confidence in myself. It always took a certain amount of soap and water, as well as clean, whole

clothes, to thoroughly establish my moral courage in trying situations. I think if I were required to face a lion in his den, I could conduct the campaign against him on more equal grounds with a clean face and in a good suit of clothes.

But no matter what my misgivings were, I had no choice but obedience, and so accompanied the rebel guard to the headquarters of the commanding officer, a comfortable-looking log house outside the prison limits.

As I entered the door, a pleasant-faced Confederate officer looked up from the pine table whereon he was writing, and said sharply to the guard, "What do you bring this Yank here for?"

"I reckon," replied the guard, "yer'l hev to ask our adjutant, for dogoned if I know."

"What regiment? Who's your adjutant?"

"The five Georgia — Cheatham, he's our adjutant."

The officer smiled as if he understood, and just then a tall, lean man, with humorous wrinkles around his eyes, said as he came in, "It's all right, Colonel; this is the lieutenant we heard about."

Colonel Iverson (for this was the commanding officer's name) looked me over with an amused smile for an instant, and then a pitying or compassionate look came into his face as he said, "My poor fellow, can you write?"

For answer I drew a piece of paper to me, seated myself at the table, and wrote rapidly.

"Can any good come out of Nazareth? Come and see!" then added my name, rank, and regiment; and handed it to him. He read it, passed it to the adjutant, and said, "Very good; we'll use you well out here."

"What do you wish me to do?" I inquired, for I did not intend to do anything inconsistent with my allegiance to the old flag.

"There is some clothing which has just come through our lines to be distributed to the prisoners; and we wish you to take charge of it. You must issue a receipt for it."

I was only too willing, as the reader may imagine, to do this.

"The adjutant will show you where the goods are stored," continued Iverson; then with a grin, "You'd better issue some to yourself at once."

I found stored in a log building near by, a large quantity of clothing which had been sent from Charleston by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, from which I selected a suit, including underclothing, hat, and shoes.

After a bath in a brook, where with soap I washed away the prison filth, and with my courage and confidence increasing with every article I put on, I got into that suit. When I again entered Colonel Iverson's quarters I felt that I was on equal terms with him or any one else in the Confederacy.

He invited me to seat myself, and soon became very social; told me that I might use the office for

my quarters, and send for such prisoners to assist me as I thought best, to the number of four or five.

After a good supper of fresh meat, bread, and sweet potatoes, scarcely believing in my great good-fortune, I rolled myself in my blanket and slept before the office fire, which was built in a fireplace made of sticks and mud.

The next morning I signed a parole, in which I agreed not to go beyond certain limits, or communicate with the prisoners within the stockade except by permission of the prison authorities.

I sent for Matt, Peter, Sam, and two others, who were to assist me.

Sam Ryder was sick, but he could help write, and his chances were better outside the stockade than inside, especially if there without our assistance and help. We formed a mess, installed Peter as cook, and knew hunger no more during our stay at Florence.

While issuing clothing, I came upon men who had barely a stitch of clothing to their backs — one had only a pair of drawers, another had a ragged overcoat, but had no shirt, drawers, shoes, or stockings.

Among the destitute ones was a mulatto sergeant of the 54th Mass. (colored troops), captured at Fort Wagner, of whom I shall have more to say.

After a little over a week I finished my task and had given out all the clothing, but had by no

means supplied the prisoners with what they needed.

I reported to Colonel Iverson that my duty was performed. I expected to be returned to the stockade, but Adjutant Cheatham informed me that a Confederate mail-agent had come to the post with a large number of letters for distribution among the prisoners, and that I might assist in distributing them.

“My men,” said Adjutant Cheatham, “can fight like devils, but don’t take much to fancy tricks, like reading and writing.”

I began at once to assist Mr. Christian, the mail-agent, and while at work at this duty found two letters for myself, one from my father, written on a single letter page and giving only meagre home news, according to conditions under which such correspondence was allowed.

Good-fortune, like misfortune, seldom comes singly. Of this I have had abundant evidence in my life, as the events which followed proved.

Sam was so sick that, as he was promised good attention, I consented to his going to the hospital near us.

I soon finished distributing the mail, and was lying on my bed in the corner of the office, when Colonel Iverson came in and said, “Lieutenant, there’s going to be an exchange of the sick in this prison. Will you remain and put your clerks at work to assist the paroling officer?”

I signified my willingness, and in the course of two or three days we received the printed rolls provided for this purpose, and began work.

The famished prisoners, rallying strength at the thought of home and friends and food, came out in squads, feebly cheering. They were cheers that brought tears to the eyes, and I cannot recall the scene, even now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, without bringing a throng of sad remembrances.

Among those who came out to sign the rolls was my poor cousin Sam Ryder.

I heard behind me some one saying in a tremulous, high-pitched whine, peculiar to these men, "You'll have to sign my name, Tom. I used to write, but I can't see, and my hand trembles so," and found it was Sam.

"I guess we shall see the color of the old flag," he said, trying to smile, "neow shure 'nuff, Tom!"

Among others who pressed forward was the colored sergeant of the 54th Massachusetts, before mentioned — Jeffers, I think, was his name.

He had signed his name to the rolls without comment of the paroling officer, when a man with thick lips and as black as the ace of spades pressed forward to put his name with the others. The paroling officer, with an oath and lifting his foot at the same time to emphasize it, exclaimed angrily, "Get back, you nigger you."

I saw the sergeant of the 54th Massachusetts,

who had set his face toward home and friends and freedom, hesitate for a moment, then he turned to the paroling officer and said in those deep, husky tones men use when terribly in earnest, "Take my name from your list, sir! I, too, am a colored man; these are my people, and I will live and die with them."

And then for a sentiment dearer than freedom and life, he turned his back upon home and friends, and entered again the gloomy prison gates to die amid its terrible scenes.

I thought then, and I have often said since, it was one of the grandest things I ever saw.

"We have no need to despair for the black race," said my father, to whom I afterwards told the incident, "when humble men can die like that."

I was included in this parole of the sick, as were also Peter and Matt, and it was a happy day when we turned our faces toward home and the old flag once more.

We embarked on the top of freight cars, and rode all night. Though it was very cold and windy, we were content, for were we not going home?

We arrived at Charleston, were marched through its streets once more, and put in the jail-yard.

Here we waited all the next day for a heavy fog to clear away, so that the flag of truce boat, containing the prisoners, would not be fired upon while crossing into our lines.

We were not in very comfortable quarters, and,

as Sam was sick and feeble, we gladly availed ourselves of the offer of a Northern man attached to the rebel ambulance corps to take us to better quarters, at the Roper Hospital, where we had a fire and plenty of room.

The last and saddest sight I saw in Charleston was when (the third day after our arrival) we took poor Sam out to the sidewalk to be carried to our flag of truce boat.

"This man won't live to get there!" roughly exclaimed the brutal, red-headed surgeon in charge. "Take him out of the ambulance."

He was removed and laid on the sidewalk, gasping.

Peter clutched his fist angrily and went toward the rebel surgeon, when Matt said in a low tone, "It's no use, Peter! God rest his soul! Sam is dead." It was too true, and his last articulate words were, "It's hard." Yes, it was hard to be so near and yet so far from home.

That afternoon we sailed down the harbor, were out in the broad blue sea, were lashed to our receiving-ship, and silently — but I trust reverently — thanking God for his great mercy in once more bringing us under the protection of the flag of our country.

It is a singular study in human nature that these starved and long-suffering men were very quiet and undemonstrative in their joy.

There were no cheers, but many half-plaintive, joyful faces.

We arrived at the parole camp at Annapolis, Md., on December 25, 1864, and I at once telegraphed to my father of our arrival.

Shortly after we received the tidings of Sherman's successful march from Atlanta to the Sea.

My commission as first lieutenant was forwarded to me here.

The last of January I was furloughed and given the money for commutation of rations and three months' extra pay (as were other prisoners), by order of the War Department.

I arrived at Lakeview on the 18th of February, 1865, accompanied by Matt and Peter.

On account of our hardships in prison, none of us were again able to report for duty, and, after an extension of our furloughs, were at last mustered out of the service on account of the close of the war.

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One of the first persons whom we met on our return to Lakeview was Mrs. Perkles. She had taken possession of Peter's sod house, and as Peter hated to turn her out into the cold, of which she complained grievously, and as he wished to occupy his own house which had Mrs. Perkles as a fixture, he proposed a partnership, which was accepted and exists to this day. He has a good farm and a large family, and owes not a little of his prosperity to his Tennessee partner.

It was about two years after the surrender of Johnston's army that ex-Confederate General Pres-

ton visited us at Lakeview. He had but little to say about the war, but so much for himself that my sister Bess married this one-armed Southern soldier, and returned with him to the South to build up his fortunes. His Northern wife has at last so thoroughly reconstructed him, that he says he is glad that the war ended with the abolition of slavery, and that he would now be as willing to fight for "one country and one flag" as he was to fight for a contrary principle when the war began.

Soon after my return home I wrote a letter to the Sibleys to thank them for their kindness to me at their home. I did not receive a reply for months, and then one came from Miss Marion. She informed me that her father was dead — died, she said, of a broken heart because Sherman's thieves stole all their property and ran off all their servants except old Si (and he was too old and dependent to leave); that she was still loyal to the cause of secession; and much more in the same style.

The expressions of her letter were so unrepentantly rebellious that I put aside all thoughts I may have had of reconstructing her non-union sentiments.

Aleck came to us a few years after with a wife and four children. He is never tired of telling of his war experience, and especially proud of the fact that he was an "ossifer in the army — a corporal!"

“Clar ter gracious ’f yer had seed me make dem men git ’round by the right wheel and de lef’ flank, ye’rd know’d I war a right smart ossifer!”

He has built for himself a sod house on my father’s farm, and is now its faithful superintendent.

In 1866 Matt and I formed a co-partnership and began a lumber business, at first in a small way, by buying and cutting the timber that remained on the island in the lake.

Our business has gradually extended until it, together with our growing land interest in Minneapolis, has led to our removal to that city.

My aunt comes down from Lakeview occasionally, and at unexpected moments calls at our office. She never comes up by the elevator, but prefers the stairway, because she declares, “There’s no knowin’ where that freak o’ natur’ (the elevator) will light.”

Yesterday afternoon, while returning home, Colonel Ryan called my attention to a flaming handbill which announced that the Reverend Uriah Johnson, of Lakeview, would lecture on “Battles and Scenes in the Civil War, in which he bore a conspicuous and distinguished part.”

If my readers come to the city of Minneapolis they will find our latch-string out at the Lumber Exchange, and will be welcomed, especially if Colonel Ryan can persuade them to buy a corner lot in the “Clifton Addition,” or the material for building a house.

While "Clifton & Ryan" are reputed "to be hustlers," I trust that neither of us has forgotten the lessons impressed upon him early in life: that wealth and success of every kind are secondary to righteousness — right doing and right thinking.

My father, hale and vigorous in his eighty-third year, still lives at Lakeview, and has never regretted that he came to the "Great North-west," where he retrieved fortune and health.

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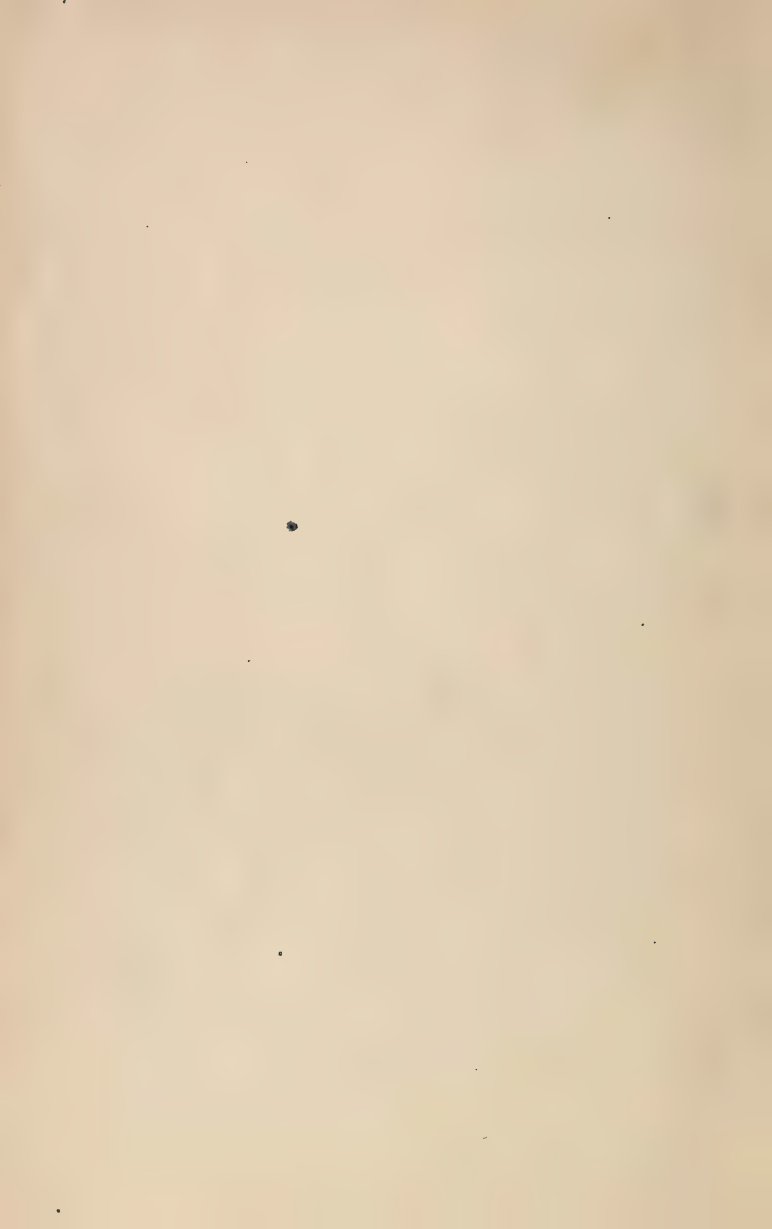
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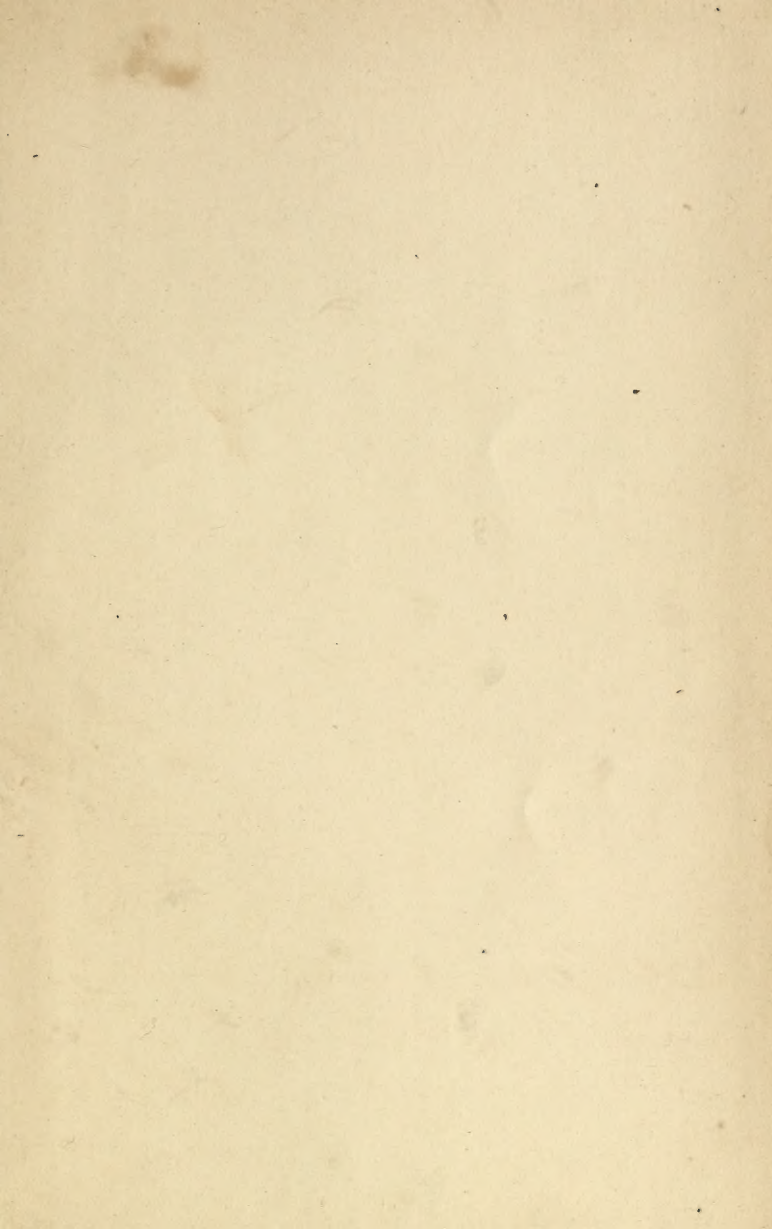
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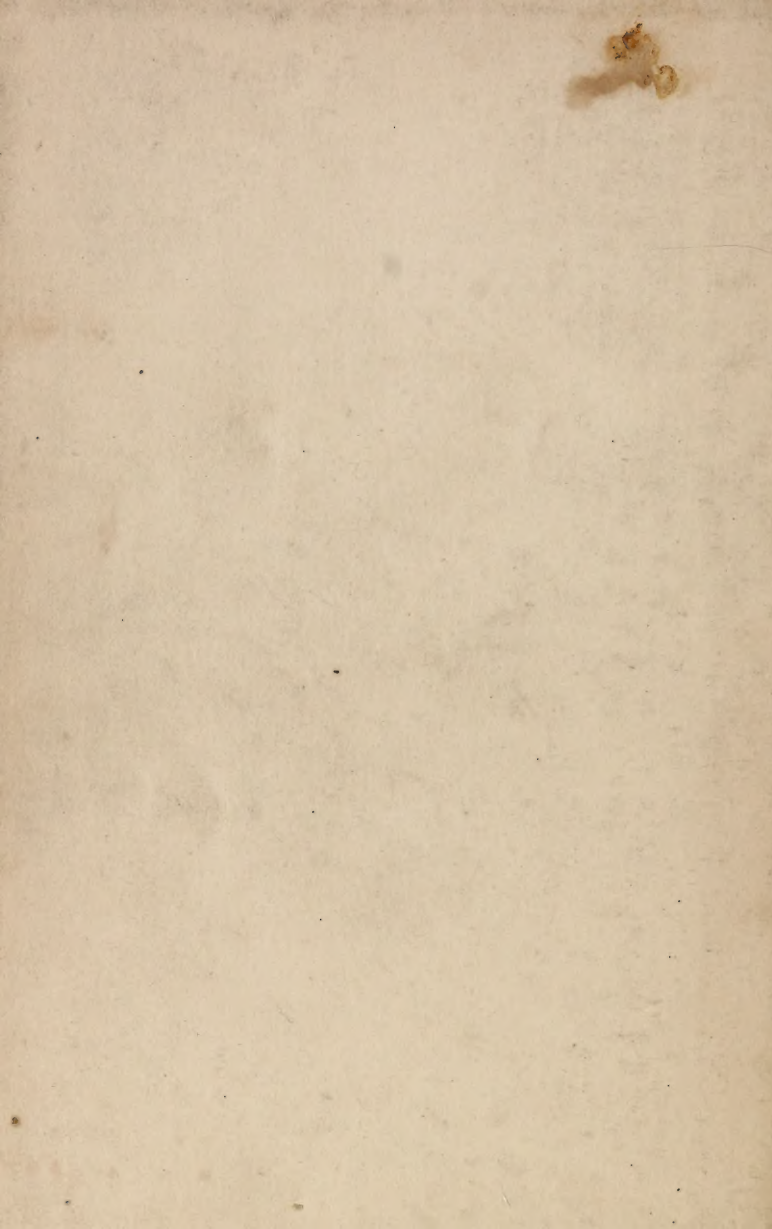


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